THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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STEAMING UP

By Samuel M. Vauclain

As Told to Earl Chapin May

THE first time I wore pants I rode an iron horse. It wasn't one of those toy rocking-horses or hobbyhorses with which so many small boys play in family nurseries. My steed was stabled in the Altoona roundhouse of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it balanced the scales at thirty tons, ate coal by the carload, drank rivers of water and snorted steam. It carried me twelve miles into the Alleghany Mountains and back again—me and my pants—and everything. It was, as you've guessed, a locomotive.

A lot of steam has gone through cylinders since those first pants were made by mother to celebrate my fourth birthday anniversary, but I recall them vividly. They were fashioned from a white-duck naval uniform discarded by my elder brother. So were the snow-white coat and cap. Bronze shoes were added to give a touch of color.

Samuel M. Vauclain and One of His Grandsons at the Vauclain Home in Rosemont, Pennsylvania

Mother selected a warm Sunday afternoon for the first public display of my magnificence. She bade my proud father lead me by the hand along the few streets of that straggling railroad town.

"But," she warned him, "don't you dare take Sammy to the roundhouse."

She had good reason for thus warning him. Father was the roundhouse foreman. A roundhouse is a circular structure in which locomotives are cleaned, polished and manicured before they are taken out on runs by engineers.

The Kindergarten at the Roundhouse

FATHER sure knew locomotives. While I was a wee, small youngster he used to set me on his knee and tell how he helped Matthias W. Baldwin assemble Old Ironsides, "first practical locomotive built and run in Pennsylvania." Though Old Ironsides weighed less than five tons, had no cab, whistle, bell or sandbox and was scheduled to run only in dry weather on the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, father was proud that he had a hand in making it.

My first picture book was an illustrated catalogue of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, showing wood-burning engines with smokestacks almost as large as their fire boxes. But I knew how gorgeous those old-timers were in reality—painted bright red, yellow, blue and green! I was still in dresses when father often carried me to the Pennsy yards, where my fellow railroad men, the engineers, would ride me in their cabs for hours.

This locomotive kindergarten grounded me in the knowledge of grate bars, water tubes, cylinders, crossheads and connecting rods long before I began to learn A B C's in a school reader. I inhaled coal smoke greedily. Valve oil was part of a daily freight yard's diet. That's why, on that eventful Sunday afternoon, mother warned father and young Sammy to keep away from the Pennsy roundhouse and why father and son sauntered to that roundhouse automatically.

A locomotive was hissing and grunting on the track, attached to a train, ready to climb the mountain. An engineer was leaning gloomily from its cab.

"Hello, John Dumphy," my father said.

The Boss

JOHN and Frank Dumphy were twin engineers who looked so much alike that if one wanted to see his girl the other took the run for him, because few of their friends could tell them apart—but you couldn't fool father on a Dumphy.

"Hello, Andy," replied my friend, the engineer.

"How's everything?" inquired father.

"I'm not goin' to take this engine up the mountain," John truculently volunteered. "Not when I have to depend on one of these newfangled, imported, damn-fool, patent injectors to put water into this boiler."

"That injector'll do the business," father assured him.

"How can a 100-pound head of steam force water into a boiler against 100 pounds of steam pressure?" John retorted, squirting tobacco juice halfway across the yards. "There ain't no sense or science to it. I'd take a chance if this engine had an emergency pump or water feed, but if this injector dingus gets plugged up or stutters I'll be out of luck and water. She'll die on the hill, or," he added darkly, "the crown sheet'll go dry and she'll blow up."

Father had installed that new injector. He knew it worked on the principle of a small boy sucking lemonade through a straw and blowing it back into the glass again.

"I'll take your engine up the hill for you," he told John Dumphy encouragingly.

Suiting the action to the word, father boosted me up the gangway and across the cab deck, deposited me on the left-hand seat behind the fireman, sat down behind the throttle on the right-hand side and gave the pessimistic engineer a demonstration of an injector-equipped locomotive going twelve miles up a mountain and down again.

But that demonstration was not nearly so dramatic as that staged at the humble Vauclain home when mother caught sight of her returning smoky, sooty, oil-stained husband and her smokier, sootier, oilier son. Andy Vauclain was a stocky person, with a heap of power in his frame. Mrs. Andy was physically a fragile individual, but had strength of spirit and vocabulary. Father was big boss at the roundhouse, mother was mistress of the home. My once-white pants and their appurtenances were peeled permanently from my shrinking figure. I never had white pants again. Mother adopted neutral colors for me.

In spite of paying that heavy penalty I never could stay away from locomotives. I've lived a long and happy life with them. I've helped build nearly 60,000 of them,

and still spend from twelve to sixteen hours daily in the works or offices, or selling motive power on the road. Motive power means locomotives, without which railroading wouldn't be our second largest industry.

Though nearly all my waking hours are devoted to planning, making, repairing, improving, patenting and selling iron horses, the life has never lacked variety. Though much is said about standardization, we seldom make many locomotives from one set of patterns. Our biggest output from the same specifications were the wartime Pershing engines. About 2500 of those 2-8-0 Consolidations went to France. Most of them stayed there, where, for all I know, they're still running. But we are in luck if we can get 100 engines into what other industries term a mass production. And then each engine has a different number plate.

M. W. Baldwin, the Founder of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

And as for selling locomotives, each country, railroad and master mechanic has its or his own idea to which the manufacturer must conform, and there are fifty-seven varieties of track gauges. The gauge is the width between the rails, you know. So the locomotive business is a busy business—that's why it's kept me interested.

An old friend asked me recently when I was going to have a real vacation. I answered, "When I take a lay-off in Bryn Mawr Cemetery." That resting place is near my Philadelphia suburban home. I've had too much intensive training to retire voluntarily from a game that calls for all the stuff a man has in him.

You have to rub rough edges in turning out the smoothest locomotives, but all life was rougher when I learned something about arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, physical geography and German from old John Miller in Altoona, a mushroom railroad town. Before old Miller settled down among us the boys followed the quaint, crude country custom of stoning schoolmasters out of office. But the quiet, cultured Alsatian, who had a degree from Leipsic University and knew Greek and almost everything, also had ability, persistence and personality.

Strikes

SO HE became our semipermanent professor and taught me to read books and read character. Mother had some of Miller's qualities.

I was just qualifying for what we called a high school when she presented me with an idea that has aided me in meeting labor problems. Our country was drifting toward a civil war. Disagreement as to social policy promoted restlessness among workingmen. This restlessness encouraged agitators, and, through them, a railroad strike was imminent. The picture of my first white pants is no more vivid than the picture of an excited workman, with a shotgun, shouting from a lumber pile near the oil house in the Altoona yards that he would blow the head off our roundhouse foreman.

This declaration frightened me, because that foreman was my father, and, as he was also in charge of engineers, he wasn't standing for strike foolishness. The shouter with the shotgun was my uncle. The louder he talked, the more he scared me. But just as I was getting desperate a little woman came around the pile and silently pointed a finger at my uncle. Then she pointed her finger up the tracks toward Altoona's business center.

At times my uncle had good judgment. He swallowed his last sentence hastily, climbed down to the ground and, gun in hand, beat it—and left his audience laughing at him and the strike he'd championed.

The silent little woman was my mother. Father remained in charge of roundhouse, engineers and situation. Since then, strike talk has never frightened me. Self-control and common sense nearly always overcome agitation and tomfoolery.

The way that uncle episode was settled appealed to me forcibly because I was born to like law, orderliness and labor. Because of this inheritance my penchant for work is not particularly creditable, and yet, through heredity, I might have been a wanderer.

According to family history, my French grandfather, Jacques Leonard Vauclain—whose name is spelled "Vauclain" in the old Bordeaux birth register, though it is "Vauclin" on modern maps of Martinique, where he had a plantation—was master of a sailing ship in Bordeaux harbor during the Reign of Terror, when a young daughter of a Bourbon family rushed aboard, pursued by soldiers whose associates had beheaded Marie Antoinette.

My grandfather was not an ardent royalist but he knew this young girl's family. Hastily disguising her as a sailor, he sank her own clothing in the harbor. Then he made her climb the mainmast. When the searching party boarded him he listed the young girl as a lookout, and after his ship had been searched without revealing her identity, he sailed with her for the French West Indian colony of Santo Domingo.

There they lived with her relatives until the negro slaves revolted against the white inhabitants, when they fled to Philadelphia, home of Stephen Girard, native of Bordeaux, shipmaster and rising banker. I'm not sure that Girard, who later amassed a mammoth fortune, came to the refugees' assistance, but I do know that grandfather and the girl were married in Philadelphia and that their son, Andrew C. Vauclain, my father, became a machinist.

Perhaps enforced traveling cured my grandparents of wanderlust. At any rate, they settled down in the Quaker City and Andy Vauclain stuck to railroad machine shops and locomotives, first at Philadelphia, then at Altoona.

Mr. Vauclain, From an Early Photograph

Exercise

AT TEN I began a life of adventure which included digging wells, chiseling tombstones, laying out frame houses, lathing, plastering, helping mother with the ironing, and doing any kind of job that offered or could be discovered before and after my few school hours.

If I want to, I can still save sixteen dollars a day doing my own rough coating, stain coating and skim coating, which is one proof that it pays to labor while you wait.

Early rising and exercising at something useful and profitable are, for me, perfectly natural. That's why I always had a job. I've never labored in a spirit of self-sacrifice or through stark necessity. My people were poor, but not poverty-stricken. I worked because I was inclined that way.

Personally, I take little stock in stories about poor boys who struggle up from the bottom by sacrificing what are usually termed creature comforts and conveniences. If you have to sacrifice, there's nothing to it. Unless you get a kick out of the job you're doing you'd better hunt another one. If the jobs I had didn't interest me, I managed to find some other ones.

As a boy I planned to follow my sailor brother, until he came home on furlough

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The Baldwin Plant at Eddystone

HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Allison Came Over to Him and Put One Arm Over His Shoulder and Kissed Him, and Said: "God Bless You, Charlie. I Say That Every Night"

LEANING back in his chair, he watched them all, not unamused. The city banqueting hall was so high that its roof and corners were lost in shadows which even the lights, scintillating and glistening from the glory of the three early-Victorian chandeliers of cut crystal that hung from the roof, could not pierce.

The noble earl was speaking; his eyeglass on its narrow black ribbon, which he swung backward and forward in his hand, shone like a large drop of water. Some of the fog from outside had got into the banqueting hall, giving it an eerie and ghostly appearance, so that the lean, liveried flunkies who came and went with wines looked like wraiths from another age.

The words of the noble earl came with difficulty from him, each one born in pain, with its own little "er" and "um." Around the table sat most of the chairmen of most of the prominent companies in London—long, alert men, small, froglike men, men who ought to have retired long ago, men in their prime. To them the noble earl was speaking, and Sir Charlie MacPherson was the guest of honor.

He was easily the largest man there, and his evening clothes did not appear entirely at home upon him. For all the measuring and sniping and chalking and trimming of the best London tailor, he had about him still a rugged look that ever put men in mind of Highland cattle on a lonesome moor, or a certain very rough and benign sort of sheep dog.

He was being fêted because he had recently had a baronetcy conferred upon him; because of one thing and another thing. And the noble earl was paying him compliments, and presently he ended his speech with a long, long Latin quotation. Amid the applause that followed Sir Charlie stood up to reply.

"The noble earl," he said, speaking slowly, after his fashion, "has capped his kind remarks about myself with a long Latin quotation. I am unable to appreciate it, being a man devoid of education."

They all laughed at that—the long, alert men, the small, froglike men, the men who ought to have retired long ago, and the men in their prime. The noble earl, still swinging his eyeglass that looked like a large drop of water upon the end of its black ribbon, said: "Where would you be if you'd had an education, Sir Charles?"

The big man smiled, swaying slightly as he stood there. He kept his hands behind him, and his great rugged head was bent forward a little.

"If I had had education ——" he said, and laughed. He looked over the heads of them all, into the fog that had crept from outside into the banqueting hall. He saw a wide moor and, among the heather, a little cottage.

It was built very low—only one story—and of rough-hewn stones. It had to be low and heavy or the winds would have taken it away altogether in the autumn gales or the spring gales. Many the time poor Margaret had to watch her hens blown off down the brae like waste paper. A wild place was the keeper's cottage on upper Shean Afric. To get to the valley at all you had to scramble over four or five miles of rock and heather, with nothing but the sheep track to guide you. Then you came to the river. In summer it was a peaceful stretch of water, but for half the year down it came in spate, with fragments of bridges, and poor forlorn sheep and sturruks, and many a farmer's turnips and cornstooks borne along on its bosom. Is there any wonder Margaret would not send her boy to school?

All he learned was the way of the stags in the forest and the comings and goings of the birds, and the call of the grouse mating, and the times of the coming of the woodcock and the snipe. At eleven there was little he did not know of the ways of Nature, and he could tell, as well as any barometer, the weather from the look of the sky and the ways of the beasts. But he couldn't read.

Twice yearly the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew from the kirk in the village toiled up that terrible hill and came peching up the sheep track to remonstrate with Margaret and with Tammas about it.

"You'll have the law arter you, Maggie, if you give the lad no schooling. What like of a laddie is he growing to be, that canna read and hasn't heard on his catechisms?"

"What way would I be sending him off down the mountain a six-mile walk to the school and six-mile walk away back? And as often as not the storms coming fit to take him off, and the river below there in spate enough to carry a grown man away. I have na but ain laddie," said Margaret firmly, "and if the law has a'thing to say aboot it, I'm fine and willing to listen."

But the law, in person of Alec MacMurray, the constable, was no build for hill climbing. He mentioned the matter whiles and again to Tammas when he met him on the level. So Tammas bought a few books and together they made a struggle to teach their boy to read, more than half convinced the while that it was a fine waste of time. For what did a man want with book learning who lived halfway up Shean Afric. In those days it was a foregone conclusion that when Tammas died, Charlie, his son, would reign in his stead.

Once a year they went down to the village for the fair and fête at the big house, but it was little pleasure it gave any of them, having lost, through solitude, the art of gossip. Once a year they took the steamer from Drumnashean down Loch Ness to the little wind-blown market town of Inverness to do the year's shopping. The boy disliked the noise and bustle of the town, for it seemed to them, after the silence and the isolation of the hills, a very gay and dangerous spot. Indeed, Tammas warned his son against it and the ways of it, as against Gomorrah.

Sometimes they came across the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew on these trips, and there was nothing but black looks they got from him.

"Are ye no sending that great laddie of yours doon to get a schooling the noo, Margaret?" he demanded angrily.

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How Do They Get Their Money?

By Samuel Crowther

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IF ANYONE be meditating—and who is not?—on ways and means of getting rich, quickly or otherwise, the present plight of certain very responsible and very conservative gentlemen may be of more than casual interest.

These men are among the higher executives of a corporation whose stock has within the past year simply sky-rocketed. They are high-salaried, but not wealthy men. All of them bought stock in their company at its issue several years ago, in the belief that over the years it would make them wealthy. The company not only has enormous possibilities but has the skill and the financial resources to realize those possibilities to the utmost. When the stock began to be active on the Stock Exchange, they were pleased that the public had at last come to an appreciation of its worth. They saw the value of their own holdings increase to four or five times the price they had paid. Then they became astute. They reasoned among themselves in this fashion:

"We know better than anyone else just how much this stock is really worth at the present time. In a year or two it is going to be worth more than it is now selling for, but at present it is not worth the market price. The market has run away from values and there will be a severe readjustment. If we sell short right now, we shall make a lot of money on the drop and be in funds to buy a great deal more stock for the long pull."

The more they pondered, the foxier they felt. They pledged their own stock and all the cash they could raise and sold short. But instead of the market breaking, the stock continued its phenomenal rise, until today the price at which they sold short would be considered absurdly low. That, however, does not now interest any of them. Long since they were completely wiped out. Most of them have lost their lifetime's savings, and we have the extraordinary spectacle of a prosperous and progressive corporation, with its higher officers stony broke. That, however, is only the half of it. Nobody believes that these men are broke. It is generally assumed that they are just trying to conceal how greatly they profited by inside knowledge. Their friends are especially bitter; they are certain that they have been double-crossed in a most ruthless way; for most of them took the tip and also went short.

Buying a Chance to Build

THE obvious moral is that a shoemaker should stick to his last—which is sage enough advice under most circumstances. But a few days after I learned of this harrowing case I happened to meet a man who had built up a great corporation and was chairman of its board. He had bought of its stock whenever he could, although he had started with only a salary. Through the course of twenty-odd years his holdings had increased mightily in both volume and value. He had never sold any of this stock and he was wealthy.

"I have had a most extraordinary experience," he said. "Some time ago I was rearranging my outside investments, and I bought a thousand shares of X Common." He named the very stock in which the executives had lost their money. "I had no intention of speculating. The company looked good to me and I thought its stock was cheap. Do you know that ever since I bought that stock it has been rising? If I sold out today, I should have a profit of around two hundred thousand dollars. That sort of thing never happened to me before!"

It would seem that the corporation officers had been sticking to their last. For they had traded in their own stock and the manufacturer had not. In fact, the executives had gambled in their own stock, and if one elects to gamble—that is, to play for a quick return—a knowledge of intrinsic values is no more helpful than a hunch. The manufacturer was not gambling. He had bought outright for investment and, even though he had a large profit, he had no intention of taking it. He would not have been gambling had he taken his profit. Primarily he had bought securities, and he had bought them on the Stock Exchange because it is there that the price is registered. The Stock Exchange is the place to buy securities, just as a shoe store is the place to buy shoes. The executives had simply bet against the market, having first convinced themselves that they were not betting in any sporting sense, but playing a sure thing. And sure things belong to the great didn't-know-it-was-loaded group.

It is nonsense to say that no fortunes are ever made by playing the stock market. But most of the fortunes which are supposed to have been made in the market are not made there at all. The market only registers the results of sound constructive work in the corporation whose securities are listed for trading purposes. These stocks are not just so many slips of paper dropped in a great lottery wheel. They are the evidences of the capitalization of American industry, and eventually they rise or fall with the state of industry. The shorter swings are governed by numerous uncharted influences, many of which have to do solely with emotion. A man of means may take his wealth into the market and, if he stays well within his resources, will probably have his profits exceed his losses. The late James R. Keene, after many years of experience as a stock operator, said that he had seen many wealthy men come into the market intent on gaining tremendous fortunes and that invariably they lost all their money; but that if a man came in with sufficient capital and never tried to make killings, he could by speculating earn a fair—but only a fair—interest on his money.

There are today some very wealthy men who are continually buying and selling stocks for speculative rather than investment purposes. Most of these men—if they would but tell the truth—would confess that they speculate purely for the excitement of the thing, and that their profits or losses are incidental. They like to think they are big stock operators and join many pretentious poola. Actually they are only dilettant traders.

The really large operators are not gamblers. They trade only in the stocks of companies in which they are interested to the point of control. They quietly buy into a corporation which they think holds promise, get a representation on the board of directors and then try to build up the corporation as well as increase the price of its stock. These men have invariably earned fortunes before they attempt so to control the industry. They are acute business men who can contribute to the management and success of the corporations they take up; often they can swing business to them. They may have several professional speculators as partners, but the strength of the group is always in the capacity of the business men. No matter how powerful they may at times seem to be, they lose out unless they make good on their corporate management. For instance, among the principal operators today are several brothers who founded a great automobile-body plant and early discovered that good bodies could be turned out cheaply by the application of modern engineering methods. Their principal business is not in the stock market. They follow the familiar plan of not heavily investing in anything which they cannot at least help to manage.

Nearly all wealthy men purchase securities for investment. That they must do unless they can employ their funds in their own affairs. But the general opinion among all business men of the first rank is that operating in the stock market is not in the long run sufficiently profitable to repay the time it takes. No one has as yet succeeded in amassing and keeping any considerable fortune by speculation. Indeed, no fortune has as yet proved to be large enough to enable a chronic speculator to carry on. One of the really great American fortunes disappeared in the Chicago wheat pit and its holder died of a broken heart. The boom stock market of last year caught one of the most vivid market characters and eventually hurled him on the beach. His millions have gone, his houses are in the hands of his creditors and his friends are trying to give him another start.

None of the great American fortunes is traceable either directly or indirectly to operations in the stock market. Some of them seem to be, but actually it will be found that every fortune has its origin in the creation of new values—by projecting and developing a new idea or by taking over an idea already in existence and applying more brains to its extension than previously had been applied.

The game of chasing money is played without rules. This is not to say that rules do not exist in plenty or that any great fortune has ever been created without adhering to some fundamental principles. Nearly every highly successful man has somewhere in his career paused a moment to tell how he did it. All the rules now extant are good and no one can go wrong by following them, but whether one can go right by following them is another matter. And then there is the affair of selecting which set of rules to follow. For they do vary! Crœsus must have laid down the law of wealth, although his findings are not at hand. Benjamin Franklin was quite specific, but he was more lucid in telling what not to do than what to do. One of the Rothschilds enunciated the perfect dictum of never buying at the top or selling at the bottom, but he did not mention what to buy. The late J. P. Morgan advised being a bull on the U. S. A.

What Every Man Should Know

THAT is the foundation of all American fortunes, but one must pick the right thing to be bullish about and have a care not to get too wild. George F. Baker, when asked if the time were not a good one in which to sell, is reported to have remarked that he did not know because he had never sold anything—which is a variation of the Morgan advice. And then he contributed an entirely new rule: "Silence is the secret of financial success."

There are rules and there are rules. Back in 1858 the late A. B. Farquhar, in the quiet of his father's home in Sandy Spring, Maryland, gave thought to finding the best road to wealth and, being then twenty years old, decided that the quickest and surest method of starting his career aright was simply to go to the rich men and ask them how they got that way. Therefore he entrained for New York determined to ask the then moneybags of the nation the single direct question: "How can I make a million dollars?"

William B. Astor told him that he did not know—that it was all he could do to collect the rents and keep what his father had bequeathed to him. He said that his father, expecting New York to grow into a great city, had bought many tracts of cheap land and then, as the streets were cut through, had sold off all but the corners. These he had rented, and the task of the son was to collect the rents. He had no specific advice, but referred feelingly to what would have happened to "Old Moses," as he called him, had he been foresighted enough just to put out a penny at interest and let it go on compounding.

Farquhar saw several bank presidents, but they, like Astor, told him that they knew only how to care for money and not how to earn it. Hamilton Fish, whom he met in one of the banks, said: "If you never break a promise; if

you always pay the money you owe exactly on the day it is due, nobody will know but that you are worth a million. And you will be just as good a risk as a man worth a million, for all that he could do would be to pay on the due date." The elder James Gordon Bennett refused to talk money and insisted on talking health as the foundation of wealth. Finally Farquhar saw the austere A. T. Stewart, who said: "Money is made by saving—saving and investing. You get your profit out of the leaks you stop." Many years later he talked with Andrew Carnegie on the same subject, although by that time Mr. Farquhar was a very successful manufacturer and had made his millions. Mr. Carnegie's recipe was very simple. "What I do," he said, "is to get good men and I never give them orders. My directions seldom go beyond suggestions."

These precepts, although valuable, do not get one anywhere. Within the last ten years no end of people have become rich. A man with a million dollars cannot, in these days, be counted as really rich. But taking the somewhat obsolete word "millionaire" as denoting a person of wealth, then the possession of wealth is no longer a distinction, for it has been estimated that at least thirty thousand people in the United States have at least a million dollars each. Everyone knows that the Fords, the Rockefellers, the Mellons and the Du Ponts are very wealthy. Those are the great fortunes of today. The fortunes of yesterday—the Astor, the Gould and the Vanderbilt—are not great today except as legends. But there are millionaires tucked away in every nook and cranny of this country that no one ever heard of. Some of the country's known rich men are much richer than is imagined, while others are much poorer. Payne Whitney was known to be very wealthy, but not even his friends had any notion that he possessed the one hundred and seventy millions which the settlement of his estate revealed. Judge Gary, on the other hand, was found to have left only thirteen million dollars, whereas he was supposed to be worth several times that amount. Many rich men, when their estates come to be settled, have apparently much less than they were supposed to have, but this is often because they have made their bequests during life in order to avoid the heavy death duties.

There is a vast new crop of millionaires, but by no means all of them have become rich quickly. It is merely that the property which they had already developed has been turned into a more marketable form and definitely dollar-marked. Since 1924 a large number of family concerns, which may or may not have been corporations, have been changed over into corporations with adequate—and sometimes more than adequate—stock issues, and these stocks have been in part marketed to the public. In other cases, such as the Dodge Brothers, the death of the founders caused an eventual sale to bankers and the public. The owners have transformed the wealth which was frozen in bricks and mortar into stock certificates that have a ready sale. The boom market took many of these stocks to several times their issue price.

Every consolidation of corporations exchanges stocks which may not have been marketable for stocks which have a ready market. The same thing often happens when a small, closely held corporation sells out to a large, widely held one. Take a typical case: The proprietor of a drug store some twenty years ago decided that he could manage more than one store; out of the earnings of his store he bought a second one on terms, and when that one had nearly paid for itself, he bought a third, and so on until he had a dozen or more stores. They were profitable and he made a deal of money, but always the profits went into new stores. On paper he was well-to-do, but if he had died the properties might easily have gone bankrupt for lack of a purchaser who wanted exactly that set-up. A banking firm induced him to capitalize at a considerable sum and add many more stores to his little chain. As a result, he owns the controlling interest in the new company, and instead of a doubtful asset, he has around five million dollars in securities which have an instant market. As an individual proprietor he was not poor, but he never had much ready money. Now he can use his income as he desires. He is no longer compelled to reinvest it in his stores. His whole estate is liquid. He was formerly store poor in the way old families are land poor. That sort of thing has been happening everywhere through the country. The public is in a mood to take shares in enterprises which have a record of success, and in some which have none. It is not profitable for bankers to float issues much under five million dollars, and so, in order to have a marketable property, it is quite usual for promoters to combine quite large numbers of very small companies. These small companies, as units, have no quick market value; only the local bankers know them. But if they are combined in one large unit and stock is issued for them, then the proprietor has a salable stock instead of a nearly unsalable business.

It is this process in endless variety that accounts for what might be called the emergence of so many rich men in recent years. The same process has been going on for many years. Andrew Carnegie was a rich man long before the United States Steel Corporation was organized, but he became a very rich man by selling his interests to that merger. And a group of other steel fortunes were brought to light at the same time.

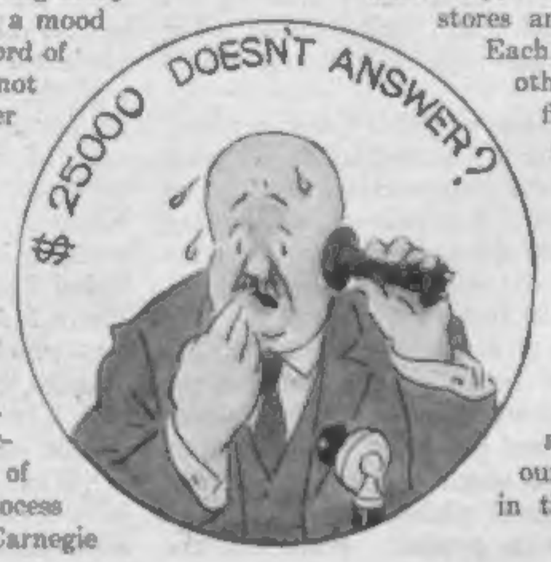
One might imagine, from reading the comments and speeches of those sincere but puzzle-minded souls who cling to the notion that a corporation is somehow an offense against democracy and that a merger of corporations is a concentration of sins, that the creation of a new corporate body to take over existing properties is some sort of fraud upon the public and the money which is apparently made is ill-gotten and sordid. The phrase "watered stock" is still used portentously, as though it meant something. It is still possible, in effecting a consolidation, to issue securities of a face value which is far beyond any actual values, and the bankers who do the financing may succeed in selling the securities above the value of their earning power. A banking firm may do that once or even twice and get away with it. But rarely can it be done a third time. The price of the stock in the open market quickly sinks to the level of earning power or of earning expectations, and the bankers end up by losing more than they had hoped to earn. For it is part of the undertaking of a banker in bringing out a new corporation to support the stock at a reasonable level. If it starts to drop, he must buy to check the decline, and that may be very expensive.

Finding the Pioneers

THE real values will in the end predominate, and therefore every big corporation, although it may seem to exist of itself, actually has its being in the strength of the ideas on which it is founded plus present management. The General Electric Company, for instance, is a consolidation of the pioneer work of Mr. Edison and Professor Thomson and the equally pioneer work of Charles A. Coffin in the finance of the electrical industry. The Westinghouse Company grew out of the inventive genius of George Westinghouse. The original Standard Oil Company was a result of the skill of John D. Rockefeller; first in developing his own properties, and then in having the best brains of the industry join with him as partners, instead of fighting him as enemies. These men erected a powerful corporation, but the extent of its potential wealth was unknown until the United States Supreme Court dissolved it into a number of competitive corporations, and the automobile came along and made a money-maker out of each of these segregated corporations. Rockefeller gave the oil industry a formula of management, and the new managers, nearly all of whom had been trained under him, just used that formula for a time and then enlarged and developed it as conditions changed.

The corporation is only a method of holding wealth and the securities are only evidences of a share in or of a debt owing by the corporation. These securities may temporarily sell for more than the actual or the potential value or earning power of the corporation, but in time the market prices will go down or go up to real values. Those real values trace back to the ideas and the work of some pioneer. As the years go by, he may get lost sight of in the welter of talk about the antics of the stock market.

Sometimes it is hard to name the pioneer, for a number of men may be seized with the same thoughts at about the same time, or again, an imitator may push the ideas better than the founder. Woolworth was the first really to apply the chain-store plan as a system of merchandising, but the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company and others had much the same plans in the selling of groceries. Kresge, Penney and several other men worked out the chain plan differently, while Liggett applied it to drug stores and Whelan to cigar stores.



Each of these men, as well as others, supplied new ideas in a field that had already been opened. On the other hand, Eastman is unquestionably the pioneer in making photography easy, while Ford showed that an automobile could be made as a commodity.

Any man who brings something new into the world is a pioneer. The builders of our first railroads were pioneers in the fullest sense, but after

(Continued on Page 85)

THE ROAD AWAY

By Eleanor Mercein

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

The fellow with the fiddle plays—
He plays; the little lassie sings—
She sings an ancient Roman ditty;
Now hear the Roman ditty.
—GYPSY BALLAD.

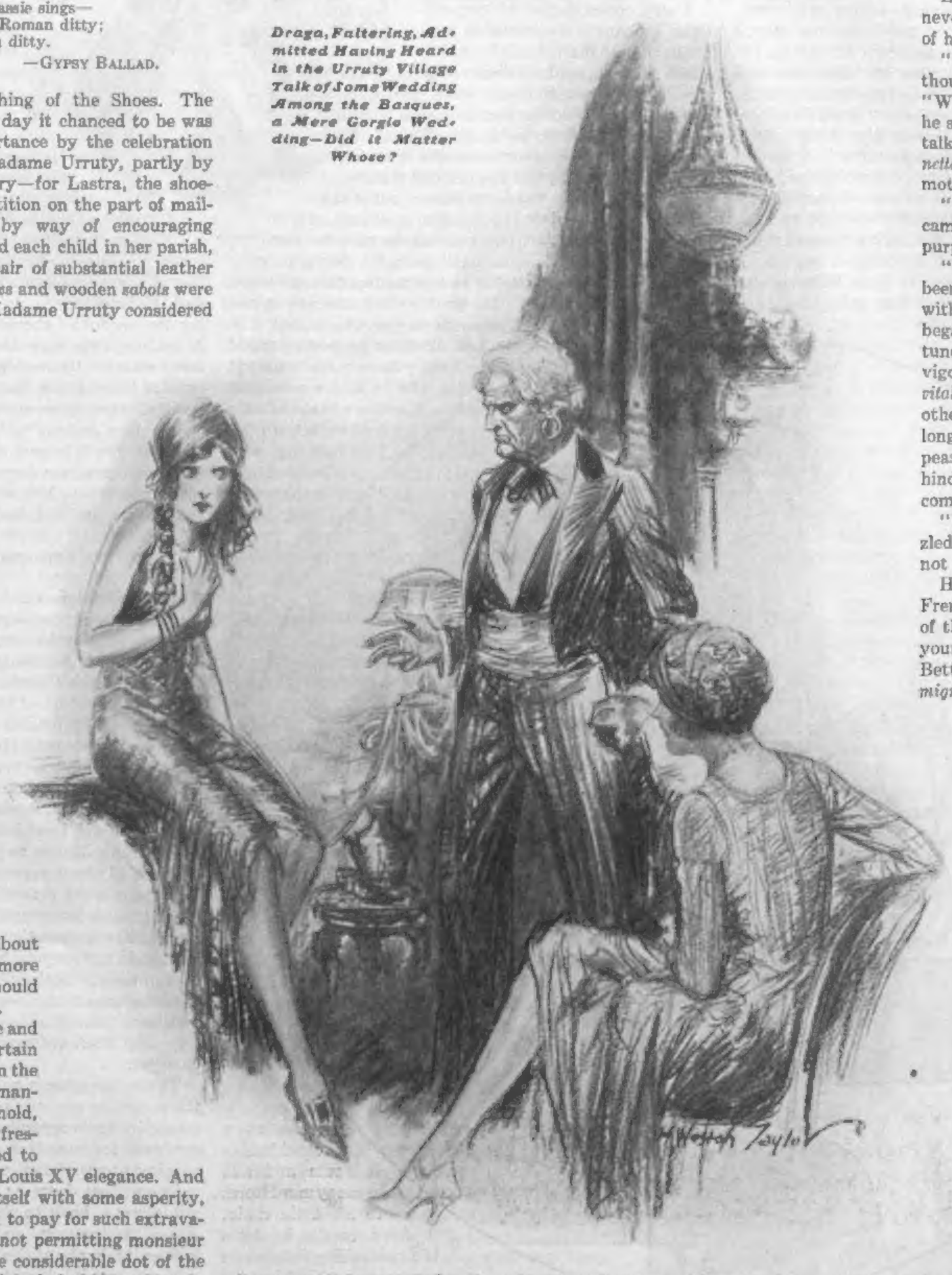
IT BEGAN with the Marching of the Shoes. The particular saint whose feast day it chanced to be was somewhat overlaid in importance by the celebration itself, since on this occasion Madame Urruty, partly by way of patronizing local industry—for Lastra, the shoemaker, reported growing competition on the part of mail-order catalogues—and partly by way of encouraging reverence in the young, presented each child in her parish, of school-going years, with a pair of substantial leather brogans. While canvas *espadrilles* and wooden *sabots* were well enough for ordinary wear, Madame Urruty considered that on a Sunday a certain amount of formal behavior was desirable; and what could be more conducive to formal behavior than feet confined in boxes of uncompromising leather?

Round and round the Plaza Mayor they paraded as long as the candles lasted, the smallest of the Urruty stumbling along in shoes as stout and uncompromising as the rest; while the sound of their proud squeaking filled the night. And Bette Urruty, who only a few years since had marched in that parade herself, solemn with importance, turned upon her newly affianced husband a look whose sweet, unconscious promise touched him to the depths of a very deep heart. "But a few more seasons, Monsieur Tubal *de mon cœur*," it seemed to say, "and there will be Etcheverray also marching among the little ones!" For now that the fortunes of his ancient house were about to retrieve themselves, it seemed more important than ever that there should be heirs to inherit l'Ey Kahatcia.

The village viewed with surprise and not entirely with approval certain changes which were taking place in the old *chastel:* New roofs of tile, the mantling ivy torn from its destructive hold, much masonry repaired, even the frescoes of the grand salon retouched to their former somewhat frivolous Louis XV elegance. And where, the village demanded of itself with some asperity, was the good money coming from to pay for such extravagances? Surely the Urruty were not permitting monsieur le comte to spend in advance the considerable dot of the little Mademoiselle Bette? A good deal of whispered gossip was current during the Marching of the Shoes.

The *corbeille* was credibly reported as being nothing less than princely; that traditional gift of the groom which in old French and Spanish families sometimes assumes magnificent proportions. His mother's jewels reset, laces, fans, costly perfumes—nothing, it appeared, was too extravagant for this erstwhile impoverished gentleman to offer their Mademoiselle Bette—and no wonder! Was she not giving him in return the priceless and pathetic boon of her sweet youth? But the question remained: Where did all the money come from?

Manuelo, uncommunicative as became a proper servant, rather gave himself airs over it; hinted loftily at gains accruing from certain hitherto unappreciated writings on the part of his learned master. But that was on the face of it ridiculous—money, real money, in return for mere words printed upon paper? At such a rate, one might as well sell plow and pruning knife for the price of pen and paper, and retire to a life of elegant idleness! Ah, no, muttered the village darkly; here was more than met the eye. Certain old rumors about the family Etcheverray revived themselves. They had long been a people interested in strange things—book magic and such witchcraft; disturbers of prehistoric burial places, consorters with soothsayers, with poets, with gypsies. Were not the



Draga, Faltering, Admitted Having Heard in the Urruty Village Talk of Some Wedding Among the Basques, a Mere Gorgio Wedding—Did it Matter Whose?

gitanos, publicly accursed and avoided by all decent citizens, made free of Etcheverray lands and openly welcomed there, so that on any day during the wander season one might encounter in the Etcheverray meadows a band of those *mauvaises sujets* disporting themselves as innocently and carefreely as honest Christians?

The gypsies were, of course, forbidden Urruty property, but the alcalde himself had not power to drive them from lands belonging to the Etcheverray, the real feudal lords of that valley; and it was whispered that this last scion of his house had even entered into some sort of blood pact with the sinister dark people, so that they left untouched his few remaining possessions, no matter how free they made of the property of his neighbors. This did not add to the popularity of the Comte des Luynes in his neighborhood, where a rumor spread which had gained some credence in his lonely and celibate young manhood: That Tubal Etcheverray, like a certain other Basque writer, Pierre de Axular, had sold his shadow to the devil in return for—who knows what?

Bette, to whom this rumor came in due season, went with it to the savant himself, her unfailing source of information on any subject.

"What do they mean—those foolish ones? Because I have myself seen your shadow—a very elegant and handsome shadow!" she said indignantly.

Etcheverray did not smile. He never took lightly the wise ignorance of his humbler Basque neighbors.

"So, they say that?" he murmured thoughtfully, and was silent awhile. "What they mean, I think, is this," he said presently. "You will let me talk to you for the moment, *mignonnette*, as if you were your grandmother?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur!*" Bette became at once, to all intents and purposes, her grandmother.

"People who, like ourselves, have been for some generations associated with interests of the intellect," he began hesitantly, "have the misfortune sometimes to find that their vigor, the creative energy, the *élan vital*, had turned itself into channels other than the physical. We are no longer of sufficient substance, the peasants would indicate, to leave behind our shadow upon earth. You comprehend?"

"No, monsieur," said Bette, puzzled. "It is true that you are thin, but not of such a meagerness as that!"

He sighed. It was not easy for a French-thinking gentleman to speak of these things to a French-thinking young girl; but Bette, after all, was Bette. "*Alors!* . . . You recall, *mignonnette*, that of my mother I am the sole son, of her parents she was also the one child, of Etcheverray cousins I have none at all? That is what the village people think of when they say we Etcheverray have sold our shadow to the devil—in return for the very inadequate substitute of intellectual attainment."

She gazed at him, wide-eyed. "You mean, monsieur," she asked him directly, "that of our marriage there may be no children?"

"It is at least a possibility of which you should be warned, my little one."

"But who ever heard of marriage without children—an Urruty marriage—a Basque marriage?"

"Remember, *mignonnette*, that you marry a man who is not entirely Basque. My father was French—a stock less vigorous. There are many French marriages, unfortunately, which know the sorrow of childlessness. It may well be," he said very soberly and gently, "that the children of this house—such shadows as I may yet cast upon earth—will be only brain shadows."

"*Eh, bien!* None the less dear," she exclaimed stoutly. "Immortal brain shadows! Shall I not have my mother's share in them—I, Bette Urruty, wife to a great savant and famous author? *Comment donc*," she cried, rising to her occasion, "but how other women will envy me, they with their little ordinary shadows of flesh and blood, which die!"

Nevertheless, at the Marching of the Shoes, Bette came to understand, to realize at last how necessary to her, how more than necessary, were those little ordinary shadows of flesh and blood which die. She could have taken the lot of them into her arms at once, those proudly peacocking Basque babies, squeaky shoes and all, and fled with them into the heart of the nearest mountain, there to hide, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, from any cruel, stupid Fate which threatened to take them from her. And thereafter a sort of panic was upon the girl, a secret fear which etched a new poignancy in her features, gave a certain pathos to the vivid, confiding smile; and which caught presently the attention of John de Maytie, otherwise known in the valleys as John Smith, whose painter's habit it was to note such things. Did the little Urruty begin already, he wondered, to regret her bargain?

"Serve her right!" he shrugged vindictively; for the village folk were not the only ones to eye with disfavor the approaching nuptials. John resented the marriage of the friend who had been more than father to him. This child, still in her teens, offering up a youth she would never realize to a man who could not truly desire it, greatly as he must value the gift—something in John de Maytie, deeper than he understood, protested vehemently against such needless sacrifice. And being the son of Pilar de Maytie, and therefore subject to ungoverned impulses of generosity, he had the temerity to remonstrate with Bette's grandmother, the redoubtable head of the clan, in person.

The matriarch eyed this usually shy and reserved young Basque-American with some astonishment. It was as if a discreet white rabbit had suddenly stepped up to her fierce old watchdog, Nagarro, and dared him to mortal combat.

"*Hein*, you find yourself unable to approve the marriage which arranges itself for my granddaughter? How that is to be regretted," she said blandly. "Bette's parents, her brothers, and also myself are pleased that so suitable a consummation should occur of a friendship between two ancestral houses of the Eskualdunak long united in neighborly interest; a union, moreover, which will keep the child within our reach. Since you disagree, however, perhaps you have a better suggestion to offer? Time presses, cousin. The girl is nearing eighteen years. At that age I was already weaning my first child "

"If it is a neighborhood marriage you want for her, why not have selected a husband nearer her own age—myself, for example?" he blurted out; quite as much to his own astonishment as to Madame Urruty's. His habitual reserve abandoned, John was never quite sure to what mad lengths impulse might carry him; which made life rather exciting.

"*Tiens!*" she murmured, her surprise softening into amused kindliness. "One did not suspect, Jaun, that you interested yourself in our Bette!"

"I don't," he said with the helpless candor of the very bashful. "Not at all! Women bore me, when they don't frighten me; they're usually such rotters. But Bette isn't, and—well, it's the sort of thing my mother brought me here to do, of course; and to tell the truth, I'd hate to see Esteban's little sister make a mistake such as my mother made in her first marriage!" He flushed deeply as always at the mention of the too-famous Pilar, who had been married in extreme youth to a senile septuagenarian.

Madame Urruty, far from resenting his outspokenness, seemed rather pleased by it. "Mere family feeling, then, dictates your so-generous offer? I thank you, *mon fils*, and my son Pedro will thank you, and my grandson Esteban. You are more of us than one had thought! But since you are thus candid with me, I shall also be frank with you. I will not conceal that you have already been under consideration as a possible husband for our Bette—the house Ducontentia is an excellent property, in better condition than l'Ey Kahatcia, and unencumbered. Also you are young, sufficiently intelligent, and in excellent health. But there was the drawback, cousin, of your more personal heritage; you comprehend?"

John went quite white. "You mean my mother's career? As a singer, a dancer, an actress, she was — —"

"An artist preéminent, whose gifts have made you what you are!" the old woman finished for him quickly, laying a hand on either shoulder. "Do not mistake me, boy; the son of Pilar de Maytie should be welcome to the proudest family in our valleys. It is not of any heritage from her that I am speaking. It is—*mon fils*, can you tell me who was your father?"

He hesitated. "An American gentleman named Smith, I think—John Abercrombie Smith, whom my mother married in New Orleans."

"You think? You do not know? And before this gentleman so unpronounceably named—this 'Smeet'—to whom was Pilar married?"

"To an Argentine, one Pablas—but she divorced him almost at once!"

"Ah! And before that to a Russian husband, as I recall, who still exists. Eh, you see," she spoke very gently, noting the young man's pallor visibly increase, "in these affairs our Pilar showed rather the *sensibilité trepidante* of the true artist than the discreet behavior expected of a good Basquaise. And who are we to judge, I ask myself—we others who were not pursued with passion by every man we smiled upon? For such as me, *mon fils*, discretion is perhaps less a matter of virtue than of necessity," said the great old woman simply. "But one has in one's keeping a family name which has known in many generations of record no single blemish perhaps a bit of outlawry here and there, a temperament too hotly careless of human life, but nothing *au grand sérieux*. The Urruty men have remained as stainless of reputation as their women. I cannot—I dare not, Jaun!—provide the offspring of our Bette with a paternity which any tongue might question. You comprehend?"

He nodded without speaking.

"*Enfin*, instead of marrying her to yourself—which would have pleased us very well—we marry the child to Etcheverray, Comte des Luynes, who is without doubt the greatest gentleman in our valleys."

"Who is without doubt the greatest gentleman in the world!" amended John de Maytie with a touch of youthful enthusiasm which did him no harm in the eyes of Léocadie Urruty.

She patted his shoulder.

"*Allons donc*, you should spend more time in the valleys, *beau petit*, that we may find you a wife in whom to take an interest less impersonal!" After all, Pedro had other daughters coming on, and a handsome cousin was a handsome cousin.

Nearer disaffection than this existed in her family ranks on the subject of Bette's marriage. Emily, her American granddaughter-in-law and able ally in most affairs, was aghast at what had occurred during her recent absence with her husband, yachting.

"I can't imagine what Des Luynes is thinking of! If I'd been here such a thing would never have happened," she declared sharply.

(Continued on Page 131)

At the Door of Her Van the Youth She Called Chikno Had Begun to Play Once More, a Low and Throbbing Note Which Made the Girl Start Like a Hand Laid Against Her Bare Heart

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS

January 5, 1925.

Mr. Alexander Botts,
LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR MR. BOTTS: We have been informed that the road commissioners of Smedley County, Iowa, are holding a special meeting on January ninth at the county seat, Smedleytown, to consider the purchase of equipment to remove the snow from the county highways, which have been completely blocked by recent heavy snowstorms.

We have shipped to Smedleytown one ten-ton Earthworm Tractor equipped with the new Wahoo Improved High-power Double-Rotary Snowplow. We want you to go there at once to demonstrate this machine and, if possible, sell it to the commissioners. We are sending on our service man, Mr. Samuel Simpson, to handle the mechanical end of the demonstration.

Very sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
Sales Manager.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: January 8, 1925.
Written from: Smedleytown, Iowa.
Written by: Alexander Botts, Salesman.
Subject: Smedleytown Snowplow Demonstration.

As soon as I received your letter I started for Smedleytown, arriving here early this morning. And I want to say that I would rather put on a demonstration in this town than in any other place in the country. Very possibly you do not know it, but Smedleytown, Iowa, is the birthplace and early boyhood home of Alexander Botts. This is the first time I have been back to the old home town since I left it at the age of eighteen. All my folks have moved away, but I still have a great many old friends and former schoolmates living here. And it will give me the greatest satisfaction to put on a swell demonstration, and let them see how good I am, and sell them some of the finest snow-removal machinery in the world.

There will be competition. I hear that the Steel Elephant Tractor salesman is in town. But he has no machine here, so he can't put on any demonstration, and I am not afraid of those Steel Elephant people anyway.

The Earthworm tractor and the plow arrived last night. Sam Simpson got in this morning. He at once unloaded the machinery, and he has been spending the rest of the day checking it over and getting it ready.

We ought to make a big sensation in this town. Neither Sam nor myself ever operated one of these powerful new rotary snowplows. In fact, we never even saw one before. But Sam has been studying the plow that you sent on, and he is sure he can drive it through any drift in the country. Fortunately, there is lots of snow around here. The streets in town have been partly broken out, but most of the country roads are still blocked. So we have a chance to put on a wonderful demonstration tomorrow.

The County Road Commission meets at nine A.M., and I expect to attend the meeting. While I am giving a preliminary address to the commissioners, I have instructed Sam to drive the plow straight down the main street of the town and on out into the country. An hour or so later the commissioners and myself will follow him in automobiles. And as soon as they see what wonderful work the machine does, they will want to buy it right away.

Although the heavy work will not come until tomorrow, I have not been idle today. I have been getting myself in strong with various citizens of the town. This morning I called on Lemuel Sanders, one of the road commissioners, who used to be my Sunday-school teacher. I have changed so much that at first he did not recognize me. But when I told him who I was, he gave me a smile that pretty near split his face.

"Alexander," he said, "I am delighted to see you. And I trust that you are still going to church regularly."

"You bet I am," I replied. "I go twice every Sunday, and I am almost always on hand for Thursday evening prayer meeting."

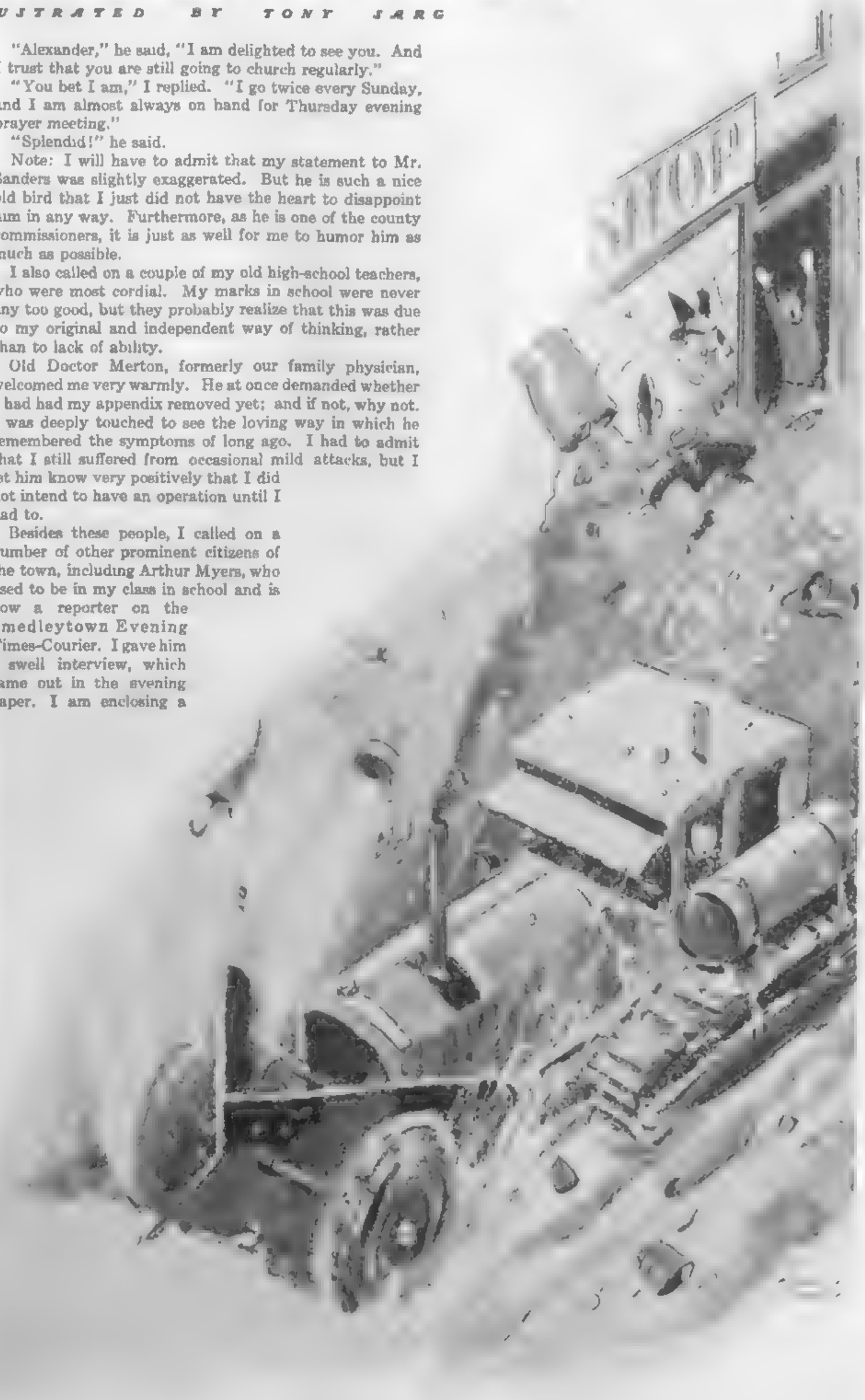
"Splendid!" he said.

Note: I will have to admit that my statement to Mr. Sanders was slightly exaggerated. But he is such a nice old bird that I just did not have the heart to disappoint him in any way. Furthermore, as he is one of the county commissioners, it is just as well for me to humor him as much as possible.

I also called on a couple of my old high-school teachers, who were most cordial. My marks in school were never any too good, but they probably realize that this was due to my original and independent way of thinking, rather than to lack of ability.

Old Doctor Merton, formerly our family physician, welcomed me very warmly. He at once demanded whether I had had my appendix removed yet; and if not, why not. I was deeply touched to see the loving way in which he remembered the symptoms of long ago. I had to admit that I still suffered from occasional mild attacks, but I let him know very positively that I did not intend to have an operation until I had to.

Besides these people, I called on a number of other prominent citizens of the town, including Arthur Myers, who used to be in my class in school and is now a reporter on the Smedleytown Evening Times-Courier. I gave him a swell interview, which came out in the evening paper. I am enclosing a copy. You will note that I have very slightly exaggerated my position with the company. And I wish to explain that this is not due to vanity on my part. But it seemed to me that I would make a better impression, and that I would, therefore, be much more apt to sell a tractor, if I let them think that I was a person of even more importance than I actually am. Very sincerely, ALEXANDER BOTTS.



Clipping from the Smedleytown Evening Times-Courier:

ALEXANDER BOTTS VISITS SMEDLEYTOWN
FORMER RESIDENT NOW CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY
WILL SELL TRACTORS TO COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

Alexander Botts, Vice President in Charge of Sales for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, manufacturers of Earthworm Tractors, arrived in town this morning and is staying at

"I Never Seen Anything Like It—Big Solid Chunks of Snow and Ice Crashing and Banging Through the Windows, and the Fine Dust Making Such a Fog in the Air That You Could Hardly See Anything"

the Smedleytown Hotel. Older residents will recall that Mr. Botts was born and raised here, and Smedleytown may well be proud of this local boy who has made good in a big way in the world of finance and industry. Mr. Botts, in addition to holding a high executive position with the tractor company, is a director of more than a dozen banks and trust companies. He is in town for the purpose of negotiating a large sale of snow-removal machinery to the county road commissioners.

When Mr. Botts was asked to what he attributed his phenomenal success, he replied, "You can tell the young men of this town that the first rule is hard work, the second is hard work, and all the other rules are the same. My own phenomenal rise has been due to the fact that I have never been a clock watcher. I have always tried to give my employers a little more than they expected."

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: January 9, 1925. 10 A. M.
Written from: Smedleytown, Iowa.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: Snowplow Demonstration.

This is just a short note to let you know everything is going fine. At nine o'clock I left Sam Simpson all ready to start out with the big snowplow. For the past hour I have been giving one of my best sales talks to the county commissioners. They are now listening to the Steel Elephant man, but his arguments are so weak that I am really sorry for the poor fellow.

I will now slip down to the post office and mail this. Then I will come back and take the commissioners to see the work that Sammy has been doing. And this evening I confidently expect to report that I have closed the sale.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: January 9, 1925. 4 P. M.
Written from: Smedleytown Hospital, Smedleytown, Iowa.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: Unfortunate Incident Prevents Complete Success of Snowplow Demonstration at Smedleytown.

I regret to inform you that since my last report the situation has changed. And though I never like to give up hope, I will have to admit that our chances of selling a tractor in this town do not seem quite so good as they did early this morning. In order that you may appreciate the difficulties I have run into, and in order that you may understand exactly why I happen to be in the hospital, I will relate as clearly as I can everything that has happened.

I finished my last report at about ten o'clock this morning. After placing it in the envelope and addressing, stamping and sealing it, I started out from the courthouse—where the meeting of the road commissioners was being held—with the intention of going down to the post office, mailing the report, and then coming back to join the commissioners and take them out to admire the work of the snowplow.

That was my intention, but my plans went astray. I got down to the post office all right, and I mailed the report, but I never got back to the county commissioners.

With My Hat Pulled Down Over My Forehead, and My Collar Turned Up So That It Concealed My Chin, I Sallied Forth Once More

When I left the courthouse—which is in a small park at one end of town—I had no premonition of disaster. As I walked through the park I noted that it was a beautiful day—clear and cold, with blue sky overhead, and the white snow sparkling all around in the brilliant sunshine. My heart was gay and untroubled.

But as I left the park and turned into the main street of the town I was startled to observe that the entire business section was in a state of the wildest excitement. Dozens of people were running back and forth across the street, others were gathering in groups as if to discuss something, and from the upper windows of the houses many heads were thrust forth to see what was the matter.

And there was plenty the matter. The building on the corner housed a drug store—or rather, what had once been a drug store. But now the big plate-glass window in front was completely smashed in. And inside there seemed to be hundreds of broken bottles and all manner of other material such as is commonly sold in drug stores—magazines, boxes of writing paper, rubber goods, typewriters, picture postal cards, boxes of candy, toilet articles, and so on. Everything was busted up and thrown around in a way that was horrible to see, and mixed in with the débris were great quantities of snow and ice.

The sidewalk, which an hour before had been shoveled clean, was now covered with snow. But the center of the street, which had held at least a foot of densely packed snow, was now almost completely clean. Across the street was a men's furnishing store. Its front was also broken, and inside were great piles of snow, mingled with a mass of neckties, shirts, pajamas, and I don't know what all.

Stepping out into the center of the street, where the walking was good, I continued on my way. I proceeded for two blocks—as far as the post office—and all the windows of all the stores on both sides of the street were smashed in. People were running hither and thither. Others were at work inside the stores, picking up and arranging the scattered stock, and shoveling out into the street great quantities of snow. For once in my life I was completely bewildered. Never had I seen a more curious, a more extraordinary sight.

After mailing my letter I engaged one of the bystanders in conversation.

"What has happened?" I asked. "What is the cause of this holocaust? Was it an explosion or an earthquake? Or was it a tornado?"

"Tornado nothing!" said the bystander. "Didn't you see it?"

"See what?"

"That confounded tractor snowplow," said the bystander.

At these words I will have to admit that a faint feeling of dizziness came over me.

"Tell me about it," I said. "What happened?"

"You certainly missed it if you wasn't here," said my informant. "I was standing in front of Polsky's Hardware Store when I heard a roaring like an airplane motor. And I looked up and I saw this big machine turning the corner onto Main Street.

"Yes," I said. "Go on."

"It was the darnedest-looking machine I ever saw. It had a snowplow with two big paddle wheels, one on each side. As soon as the guy driving it got well around the corner he threw those paddles into gear some way and they began whirling around something terrible, digging up the snow from the street and throwing it off to each side so hard that it sent it right through every window in sight."

"Holy Moses!" I said. "And he drove right along the whole street?"

"He did. I never seen anything like it—big solid chunks of snow and ice crashing and banging through the windows, and the fine dust making such a fog in the air that you could hardly see anything, and people dodging into alleys, and women screaming, and children crying, and that great big motor roaring. And crash after crash, as them plate-glass windows was knocked in. I tell you, it's something I'll never forget as long as I live."

"But the man must have been crazy," I said. "Why didn't he stop? Couldn't he see what he was doing?"

"I don't know," said the man. "That fine snow dust made such a fog that maybe he couldn't see anything."

"Why didn't somebody stop him?" I asked.

"I guess everybody was too busy running away from all that flying snow and ice. You see, the snow on this street was packed down

(Continued on Page 177)

A SOCK ON THE BUSKIN

By WESLEY STOUT

IRA CRENSHAW wrote a letter from Wichita at Christmastime—Ira who used to be the backbone of show business, the darling of the box offices, every actor's favorite public. Ira wrote:

New York means nothing in my life any more, but I do miss the theater. There isn't even any secondhand theater outside Manhattan any more. Not so much as the smell is left here. When the Bowery ck was dark I used to poke my head inside occasionally for a whiff of the old musty air, but now it's gone movie, too, and is all perfumed up like an Aborn Grand Opera Company prima donna's pink note paper. If I go to Kansas City, it is a toss up between Blossom Time, Abie's Irish Rose and Burton Holmes. As for pictures I'll see you in Hollywood first. Are this Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne really as swell as they say? Do you realize that the last show I saw on Broadway was Lightnin'? That was at the Lyric in the first week. I may get a breathing spell about February first. If so, you'll find me at McGroom's, Times Square, not later than 7:30 P.M. of the third, trying to decide what to see first. You'll know me by the way my mouth will be drooling.

Properly to appreciate this cry from the dark, you should know that Ira lived in New York from 1911 to 1917. Though his work bore no relation to the theater, he was supposed to have seen every play, musical show and big-time vaudeville bill on Broadway in those six years. He went voluntarily and paid his way in. Pure and selfless was his passion. He was, in truth, slightly hipped on Thespis, one of that going, going, gone tribe of gallery gods. The war took him and his trunkful of programs away from Broadway, and one thing and another has kept him away for nearly twelve years.

Ira's confidant, in reply, wrote him somewhat as follows:

Dear Ira: A light still burns for you every night in the Woolworth Tower, but maybe you'd better stay in Wichita and preserve your illusions. There is not much left of the theater here, either, the smell excepted, and you should be able to pick that up any night when the wind is in the east.

Ira—whose real name is something else, but whose description is accurate—has been introduced here only to set a scene. The curtain rises on Broadway in the hard winter of 1928–29. The truth reposes, with her usual conservatism, somewhere between Ira's nostalgic expectations and the sour rejoinder of his correspondent. Any report on the state of the speaking stage will be colored by the degree to which the reporter loves the theater. This one, be warned, loves it much and feels that it is more to be pitied than scorned.

"The Age of Innocence" Exemplified by Katharine Cornell and Rollo Peters

A Bad Season for Bad Plays

THAT this has been a very bad season is no news by now. The diagnosticians have identified a dozen diseases, some of them lethal, and offered twice that many remedies. Bedside bulletins have the patient picking at the coverlet and babbling o' green fields, and speculators are selling tickets to the funeral, but there is little alarm in the insurance offices. For what ails it, the stage is getting just what it needs—a fright and griping pains in the pocketbook. What ails it, principally, is bad goods at ridiculously high prices; the balance of its ills will not kill. Rules of health are wasted on show business, but it responds to the calomel and purge of money lost.

Broadway's aches and pains may be reduced to ten. They follow, not necessarily in order of importance:

1. Poor plays.
2. Dirty plays.
3. High prices.
4. Brokers and ticket speculators.
5. Outrageous traffic congestion in the theater area.
6. An industry without good will.
7. An industry without law, self-control or a code of honor.
8. Inflation and real-estate gambling.
9. Competition of the movies and other less costly diversions.
10. Union-labor evils.

Excepting only No. 1, all existed last season and the season before; many have been flagrant for ten years, but No. 1 is the prime mover. When plays are good, the public will submit indefinitely to abuses; when they are bad, the public grows skittish.

"It's always a bad season for bad plays," was a line James Forbes put in the mouth of Rose Stahl in The Chorus Lady twenty years ago. Periodically there comes a bad crop year in the drama. It has happened before and will occur again; it merely is more noticeable when an inflated industry is trying to keep seventy-five Broadway houses running where there were twenty-five a few years ago.

What causes these occasional famine years no one can know. Contributing causes are apparent at times—much so in recent seasons—but playwriting being an art, it is elusive. It does not respond to supply and demand or other laws, economic or scientific. If the theater were organized as efficiently as the old German army was supposed to be, the quality of its merchandise would vary from season to season.

Yet, a play being the theater's first essential, it would be supposed that producers would encourage their production. If a writer, known or unknown, sends a manuscript to a magazine—this one, for example—he needs no letters of introduction and he will have a yes or a no within a few days. If he sends a novel to a reputable publisher, he will get the manuscript back, or a contract for publication, within a reasonable time. There are individual exceptions, but it is notorious that it requires ingenuity and persistence to get a playscript into a producer's office and a writ of replevin to recover it.

The producer will say that experience has taught him that almost all unsolicited plays are worthless. That is true, no doubt, but any bright editor could tell him that it is good business to read ninety-nine poor manuscripts to find the one good one.

The Highly Decorative Miss Cornell in Costume

What does a week of theatergoing in New York cost? What does a winter week in Havana cost? In each case it depends upon whether you travel first or third class, where you stop, and the company you keep. At all times this season there have been plenty of dramas on Broadway at a three-dollar top and most of them have peddled blocks of good seats at half price at the cut-rate agency. At $1.50 for choice seats, six nights in the theater comes to only eighteen dollars for two. Cheap? Well, there is a shop on Broadway where genuine oil paintings are painted while you wait at ninety-eight cents. Plays are not always successful in proportion to their merit, and good ones have sold in Le Blang's bargain basement while the sidewalk speculators were getting ten dollars for bad ones; but in this season six nights of the cut-rate theater might easily have proved fatal to a sensitive nature.

How Not to Get a Good Seat

SIX nights of the best the market affords, however, divided between three dramas and three musical shows, would cost the man I have in mind, roughly, eighty-five dollars in money for two and twenty-four hours in time—of which more later. This is exclusive of taxis, food, tips and all other expenses, and assumes that the playgoers live or are stopping in Manhattan. Residents of other boroughs or commuters must add from three to nine hours in time; the latter usually must leave before the final curtain in order to catch the last train.

Last year Congress took the admission tax off amusement tickets priced up to and including three dollars, sacrificing $17,000,000 in revenue on the representation that box-office prices would be moderated. The bill carried a joker increasing the recognized brokerage charge from fifty cents to seventy-five cents. The net result is that poor shows are a little cheaper this season and good ones are dearer.

The stated price of a good seat for a musical smash is $6.60—frequently more on Saturday and holiday nights—for a dramatic sell-out $3.85 to $4.40 and, in one instance, $5.50. At the box office the customer will learn that these coigns of vantage all are sold. If he asks impudently for two on the aisle about the fourth row for a month from Monday, he will be told that tickets for that week will go on sale on the preceding Thursday at 10 A.M., but he is not so bright as he would have us believe if he makes a note to stop by that Thursday morning. If he applies for his tickets by mail he is told that his letter was filed in the order of its receipt.

What has happened is that the ticket brokers and speculators sized up the play at its try-out or in rehearsals. Such of these as knew a hit when they saw one thereupon contracted with the producer to buy for cash in advance at the box-office price all the better seats in the house for a stated period—say two months. Some of them may even have financed the producer in advance of the first rehearsal. In either event, the producer got a large advance in cash against his expenses and was assured of at least two months' good business. At the end of the buy period, if the show had lived up to expectations, the brokers and speculators rebought for another period; this time paying, perhaps, even a premium over the box-office price.

This will sound utterly silly to the man in Evansville, Indiana. Silly it is, but not utterly. If the recognized

brokers did not perform some useful service to the buyer the system would not have been possible. To shop from box office to box office in New York would be an ordeal even if tickets were to be had there. The broker offers a central shopping bureau handling tickets for all attractions, with charge accounts for regular customers. The patron telephones his wants, has the tickets delivered by messenger or picks them up before the performance and pays his bill at the end of the month

The point is not that the broker does not perform a service, but that this service should be performed by the producers themselves, for no fee or a small one—and would be in any other industry. A joint central ticket office, or several of them, such as the railroads provide on Forty-second Street, is the obvious answer to the ticket evil, but it will require a worse season than this one to bring it about. The broker and speculator have been built into the financial structure of Broadway; they are business partners, in effect, of too many producers. Managers of more vision are helpless. Such a central ticket office would demand 100 per cent coöperation and good faith, and showmen never have shown much inclination to coöperate.

We accept, then, the licensed broker and pay his seventy-five-cent surcharge. Which brings us up to some of the foibles of the public. "And about time," showmen will inject. Most of the playgoing on Broadway is done on the spur of the moment—most, that is, by those able to pay the prices good seats for a hit command.

Service at a Stiff Price

AT THREE o'clock a man in the Equitable Building, multiplied many times, remembers that he has a visitor on his hands or that his wife is giving a theater party and has asked him to get the seats. He pushes the buzzer for his secretary. "Oh, Miss Mills. Please get six seats for Whoopee for tonight." The Misses Mills of New York buy most of its theater tickets. They know that the six tickets must be choice and that price is incidental. They suspect that no broker can fill such an order at so late an hour. That doubt confirmed by telephone, they call a speculator. The seats that are priced at $6.60 on their face and which bring $7.35 at a broker's, cost the man in the Equitable Building $9 to $15.50, depending upon supply and demand.

Or a visitor in New York asks his wife at dinner: "What show shall we see tonight?" If she chooses a musical success, he stops at the lobby cigar stand on his way from the dining room and pays nine dollars and up to the clerk.

The parallel between the box office and a shop, often evoked, can be carried too far Retail business generally marks its price tags plainly and is happy to sell you at the advertised figure. If the demand is great enough, it reduces the price, but there are only so many seats for any given performance and if there are ten candidates for every seat, old supply and demand intervenes. Had every seat in the house been sold from the box office at the stipulated price the result would have been no different. Speculators would have been in the box-office line and now they would be working out front.

Observing the negligence and extravagance of this type of playgoer, who will be astonished if there are producers and ticket brokers who connive with speculators and take a share of the shake-down for themselves? The theater always has been associated closely with the sporting fraternity, whose family motto immemorially has been, "Never give the sucker an even break." If a showman inclines to think the man a sucker who pays ten dollars or more for one seat to his show, he ought to know.

Glenn Anders and Judith Anderson in Eugene O'Neill's Extra-Inning Stunt, "Strange Interlude." In Oval—The Theatre Guild's Chiefest Jewel, Lynn Fontanne, in "Caprice," Their Newest Play

In one notable exception, excellent seats at prewar prices always may be had by the forehanded for some of the best fare in New York. This is one reason why the Theatre Guild has grown in a few years from nothing to the most important single factor in the legitimate. By subscribing in advance to the Guild's season, some 30,000 playgoers obtain the seats of their choice for one performance of any play given. This advance sale enables the organization to undersell the commercial manager and, at the same time, endows it against normal financial concerns. When a Guild play goes on from its six weeks' subscription period to a long public run at commercial prices, it turns great sums into the treasury.

Being much influenced by the modern Continental experimental theater, the Guild's choice of plays is not always the subscriber's choice, but though he may be quite left behind intellectually, he may depend upon it that the bills will be magnificently acted, directed and designed. All of which is no comfort to the casual playgoer or the usual visitor in New York to whom subscription seasons are impracticable.

A younger organization—Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater—is aiming at a similar goal in an ancient house on Fourteenth Street at still lower prices; the top being $1.50. Their poverty is painfully evident on the stage at times, and civic-repertory troupes have a way of going in heavily for the "Oh! the pain of it!" school of the drama, but the current bills are playing to capacity and Miss Le Gallienne presumably is laying up funds against better casts and settings.

Tickets in hand, the playgoer is off to the play. The theaters of Broadway huddle together between Sixth and Eighth Avenues, Fortieth and Fiftieth Streets, with few exceptions, and those near by. The same huddle includes the great movie houses of as many as 6000 seats, little movies, vaudeville, burlesque and the great new Madison Square Garden.

Once a convenience, this concentration has choked the theater until it nightly is purple in the face. Traffic congestion is a problem in any American city today, but nowhere is there anything comparable to the nightly scene in the Roaring Forties from eight until nine o'clock. Traffic, which a few minutes before eight is in its usual appalling state, suddenly doubles a few minutes after the hour.

Lee Tracy and Claude Cooper as the Reporter and the Sheriff of the Rowdy "Front Page"

Making Haste Slowly

AS THIS is is written a drastic experiment is being made by the police in the white-light area. Anti-parking laws actually are being enforced summarily, the jay walker really is being restrained, both right and left turns have been abolished in an area many blocks square and cruising taxis have been curbed. This definitely has relieved the worst of the confusion, but it has trod heavily upon the toes of the side-street hotels and other businesses and has compelled long detours in traveling around a corner. The new broom is swishing mightily, but it remains to be seen for how long

Meanwhile, the scene is described here as it existed up to middle January.

The quickest way of reaching a theater is to take a Subway to the nearest station and fight your way afoot from there on, but if the journey is east and west the Subways are no help, nor does the method commend itself at any time to men and women dressed for the theater. Taxis are cheap and too plentiful, and a New Yorker invariably uses them for such work, unless he is so wealthy or silly, or both, as to stand upon being delivered under the marquee and removed therefrom in his own town car.

When these vast herds of motors suddenly stampede upon Longacre Square about eight o'clock, they meet, mill and stop. From Forty-sixth Street and Vanderbilt Avenue to the Booth Theater is a distance that a man may walk

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IMPORTANCE AT THE NECK

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

MR. MASSEY, the new cottager at Mary's Neck, appeared to have contracted the habit of fishing for rock cod whenever he found his troubles and perplexities pressing too hard upon him, and, as my own marine sportsmanship is of no more adventurous a character and I sometimes do that sort of fishing, myself, I had already chanced to meet him upon the rocks. That was upon a day in June; Mr. Massey had been relieved to discover a fellow Midlander in this far corner of New England and had opened his heart. He was from Logansville, Illinois, where he was prominently and successfully engaged in business, as I easily surmised; this summer's venture was his first experience of an Atlantic resort, however, and he had found the customs and manners of the local natives altogether mystifying. After that day we did not meet again for some time; though now and then I saw his figure in the distance upon the rocks. It was not until an afternoon toward the latter part of August that we came close enough for conversation; and then, as his expression made it plain to me that something weighed heavily upon his mind, we sat down together and abandoned even the appearance of continuing to fish. On the occasion of our previous encounter Mr. Massey had told me all about his troubles with the natives, but this time it was the summer people who had disturbed his peace of mind, and I was glad to let him ease himself somewhat by talking. Once started, he talked indeed, and I listened without interrupting him; a tribute I believe his narrative deserves.

"Be a Little Careful, Young Bullfinch. If You Talk Too Much While Your Voice is Changing, Some of Your Sawdust'll Spill Out Through the Crack and Everybody'll Know You're Stuffed"

You see, we Logansville people have always been pretty much home bodies—especially we Masseys, as I was telling you that other time I had the pleasure of a good long talk with you. I think I mentioned that Mrs. Massey and the girls had done some traveling and that we had spent a little time one or two summers at a hotel on Lake Michigan. My two daughters went away to school, and I expect it's naturally the fact that both the girls and their mother are quite a little more up to date socially, so to speak, than I am. I never even saw salt water until Mrs. Massey and the girls got me to rent this cottage and come on here to Mary's Neck for the summer.

Well, it took us some time to realize that in a way it's quite a mistake, socially speaking as it were, for a new family that doesn't know a soul in the place to sail right in and take a cottage here—especially a family from the Middle West. Of course when we first came I didn't have any idea of that kind, myself. Being from a city like Logansville, where we're always mighty anxious to increase the population and appreciative and cordial with strangers that come in and help us do it, and glad to get acquainted with 'em and help 'em get settled down among us—especially if they seem to look respectable and don't start in by borrowing anything—why, I supposed people were pretty generally like that all over the country. But of course it didn't take me long to find out that Mary's Neck was altogether different in those respects from our section. As I told you, I couldn't find anybody among the natives to talk to, and they were mighty queer; but what really surprised me, after a while, was the way the other cottagers here seemed to feel toward us.

Of course I understood they'd been coming here for a long while and I could see right away that they were pretty much a kid-glove-gold-headed-cane-looking sort of people. I didn't expect 'em to come pushing right in to see if we didn't want to borrow their lawn mower or an electric iron or something. Naturally, I know how it is with newcomers anywhere; even where people are pretty cordial, those that have been longer in a place can't help feeling some superior to the ones that have just got there. I expect it's more or less a universal feeling—or maybe you might call it a failing. We've all got it to some extent, and you can see it in the expression of any country lounger sitting on a packing box on the platform of the dinkiest little crossroads railroad station in the world. When the train stops there, all he's got for the passengers looking out of the windows is a kind of pitying contempt because they know so little about his crossroads village that he feels they haven't hardly got a right even to look at it. To his way of thinking, they're nothing but a lot of ignorant jays and intruders. Out in our part of the country, if they got off the train and wanted to stay in that crossroads village, he'd take an interest in 'em right away, and his interest might still be a little superior, but it'd be enthusiastic.

That wasn't the sort of interest we found anybody taking in us at Mary's Neck, and the fact is, what happened to us gave me a peculiar sensation. It's a funny thing, and after a little it began more or less to give me the creeps, to be around in a place full of people, with neighbors and everything, that didn't know I was there. It was just exactly as if I'd been made into an invisible man and had my family made invisible with me. Mrs. Massey and Enid and Clarissa and I knew we could see one another and talk to one another and touch one another; we knew we were human and solid and alive so long as we kept together; butwhen we got separated we seemed to have become part of the air.

Well, I'm a sociable sort of a man and like to talk to people and act a little as if they and I had something of the same kind of insides, so to speak; but of course being invisible got to be a good deal harder on Mrs. Massey and the girls than it did on me. They were excited for a while about antiquing all over the neighborhood; but of course Enid and Clarissa would naturally have expected to get quite a little gayety out of their summer. Clarissa's twenty and Enid's only eighteen, and they've always been popular wherever they were, because they're pretty nice-looking girls, lively and friendly and as well-dressed as anybody of their age you're likely to see. I could tell they were getting to feel a little astonished, because there seemed to be quite a sizable crowd of young people here—boys and girls shouting and laughing together on the piazzas of the cottages and going to dances in the evenings together and tearing about in automobiles and motorboats; but not one of 'em showed the slightest sign of knowing that either Enid or Clarissa was alive. They began to look so disappointed and kind of lifeless that it worried me.

Then one day at breakfast Enid said she'd found out we'd been making a great mistake. "Nobody except maids and nurses and children and chauffeurs go to the beach in the afternoon the way we do," she said. "I thought they were a pretty queer-looking crowd there, even in their bathing suits. Everybody in Mary's Neck goes to the beach about eleven and stays until lunchtime. That's when they all meet and have a good time together, and if you don't go then and do go at any other hour it simply shows you don't know—you're out of it. That's been our worst mistake. People could be here forever and never meet a soul if they didn't know enough to go to the beach at the right time, the groceryman told me, and he delivers to all the best cottages. You see what idiots we've been!"

So that morning we went to the beach at eleven o'clock, and it looked as if the groceryman was right. I don't know as I've ever seen a prettier sight or one pleasanter to

look at than that long strip of sand with all those big, bright-colored umbrellas and the dozens of gay groups of people in their lively summer clothes and livelier bathing suits, with the ocean booming and foaming, and the sun so bright and sparkling over everything. We Masseys began to feel cheerfuler right away, and when the girls and their mother had got into their bathing suits and we'd stretched ourselves out on the sand we felt better still. Everybody seemed jolly; there was a nice-sounding confusion of voices in the air, with a great deal of laughing going on all the time.

Mostly, the younger people and children were running and dancing all over the place, diving in under the surf or prancing up and down the beach, throwing big medicine balls and lawn-tennis balls to one another, and boys chasing girls and girls chasing boys. It all looked mighty pretty.

I noticed the way the groups of people were sitting together, though, and, when they went down to the water, how they did it more or less in separate clumps that didn't seem to have much to say to other clumps that were doing the same thing, and I wondered if maybe the summer colony at Mary's Neck wasn't kind of clicky or something. Most of 'em seemed to know one another all right enough to say howdy and pass the time of day a little, but it was noticeable that the different groups and clumps seemed to hang together for the main part of their sociabilities. Certainly the clump of Masseys did that, and it wasn't long till we realized we were just as invisible at the bathing beach as we were anywhere else. Enid and Clarissa and Mrs. Massey got up and took their plunge together and splashed around a while; then Mrs. Massey came and sat by me again, drying off, while the two girls played around at the edge of the water.

They chased each other up and down the beach and threw a little rubber ball to each other and laughed and shouted and seemed to be having as good a time as anybody; but Mrs. Massey said they weren't, and I declare it did seem a pity, because, even if I am their father, they were the best-looking girls on that whole beach, and I'd certainly have thought that some nice-looking, elderly woman would come up to them and maybe say something like: "I see you young ladies are strangers here and I would like to have my daughters and sons meet you." But of course nobody was liable to do anything like that—not at Mary's Neck!

We stayed invisible at the beach—and of course everywhere else—day after day; then one morning, when Mrs. Massey and I were sitting on the sand and watching Clarissa and Enid playing ball in their bathing suits, we saw a girl about Enid's age turn away from some boys she was with and go up to Enid and shake her hand; they talked a little while; then Clarissa and Enid brought this girl over to Mrs. Massey and me, and introduced her to us. She seemed to be a right nice young thing and she'd been at Enid's school the year before. Of course she turned right away from Mrs. Massey and me, the way young people do, and began to talk to Enid again.

"Only to think of running into you here, of all people!" she said. "And if we hadn't both happened to come to the beach this morning I'd never have seen you at all! You see, I'm just stopping over one day with the Bullfinches. Of course you know the Bullfinches."

"Bullfinches?" Enid asked her. "Wait a minute. Bullfinches. No—no, I don't think I've met any Bullfinches."

"What!" the girl said, and she made kind of a squealing sound. "Why, good gracious me, the Bullfinches practic'ly run everything in Mary's Neck! Mr. and Mrs. Bullfinch began coming here when there were just cow-lots where all of the cottages are now. The whole place just centers on the Bullfinches, and you *haf* to know them. Whatever goes on, goes on at the Bullfinch cottage. Janey Bullfinch is absolutely my most intimate friend, and George Bullfinch has the only forty-foot motorboat here, and Eddie Bullfinch owns a Dorio-grecco racing car. They're by far the most important people at Mary's Neck—they and their own particular set—really they're the only people here. Who do you know here?"

"Me?" Enid asked her. "Not any family in particular. You see, this is practic'ly our first summer here and ——"

"Listen!" the girl broke in. "If this is your first summer it's no wonder you don't know the Bullfinches, because, of course ——" She interrupted herself there, but it was easy to see she meant that people could come to Mary's Neck for years and years without getting to know the Bullfinches. "Listen!" she went on. "I'm going to take you and your sister over to where they're sitting—they always sit way off at the other end of the beach. I'm going to take you to meet them right now."

She said this in a manner that made it clear what a privilege she was conferring and how much she was going to do for the girls; and it seemed to me they looked a little scared, which of course was natural enough. After such a long period of invisibility, to be marched right up to the Grand Moguls of Mary's Neck was almost too much for them; but they trotted along with this helpful young thing and went so far up toward the other end of the beach that Mrs. Massey and I lost sight of them behind the crowd and the gay umbrellas. We didn't see them again for quite a while after that; then Mrs. Massey laughed and sighed with relief at the same time

"They're started at last," she said, and she pointed down the beach to where a spirited game with a tennis ball seemed to be going on between five or six boys and girls. Clarissa and Enid were two of them, and everything looked all right. "All I was afraid of," Mrs. Massey said, "was that they'd never get started."

They seemed to be started all right, because they didn't come back to us at all and only stopped for a minute on their way to the bathhouses to dress, and asked if they could go to the Bullfinches' to luncheon. Janey Bullfinch had invited them, they said, and Eddie Bullfinch was going to drive them there in his racing car. We said yes, and were glad to see them looking happy and excited, though after they'd gone we ourselves felt a little more lonely and invisible maybe than we had been before. That was all right with us, of course, because the parents of fine-looking girls are pretty generally expected to be that way, and we knew we'd better get used to being abandoned as soon as

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It Wasn't Long Till We Realized We Were Just as Invisible at the Bathing Beach as We Were Anywhere Else

WHAT AM I—FISH?

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

MR. STUART FAULKNER sat on the balustrade of the house veranda swinging a Glenlochen-stockinged leg and a pebble-grain brogued foot desultorily in the warm, not to say lush, breath of a new spring. Behind Mr. Faulkner the Messrs. Sloan, Jarvis, Davidson and Appleby, brothers in the bond and knights of the sacred accolade of fraternal love, reclined on their respective eighth vertebras in a careless sartorial splendor and a magnificent flush of anticipatory enjoyment.

"I," said Mr. Sloan, "am bringing a woman who will stop the prom."

There was a pause.

"My sweet headache," said Mr. Jarvis, "will not only stop the prom but the chapel clock as well."

Mr. Davidson sighed. "My Hannah," he said, "will never get here. She will stop the train before it starts."

Mr. Appleby thought deeply for a moment meanwhile a smile of infinite content stirred the folds of his fat face.

Superlative refused to come, so he allowed the challenge to hang above him unanswered and relapsed into gentle contemplation again.

Mr. Faulkner stopped swinging his Glenlochen-stockinged leg and stared thoughtfully at Mr. Davidson.

"Look, Grub," he said presently, "Snick Forsyte is going to take his girl riding Sunday morning too. You arranged for your horses?"

Mr. Davidson nodded.

"I thought I'd tell you, because Snick wanted my boots."

Mr. Davidson sat upright. "You're not going to lend them to him, are you? I was going to borrow them myself."

Mr. Faulkner let his gaze travel toward the brownstone row. "He wanted to buy them."

"You're not going to sell them?"

"Say," He Said. "How About the Senior Ball? I'm Staying Over for It on Purpose to Take You, and I Won't Take No for an Answer"

"I've about decided to. They're good boots, but I think I'll let them go and get a pair of black Wellingtons instead."

"Look here," said Mr. Davidson, "I told you I'd buy them if you ever wanted to let them go. How much did Snick offer?"

"They cost forty dollars two years ago."

"I'll give you ten."

Mr. Faulkner smiled benignly.

"Come on, Stu, fifteen then."

"The older boots are, the better they are, Grub. You know that."

Mr. Davidson considered. "Well, if you throw in the spurs, I'll give you twenty."

"Well," said Mr. Faulkner, "you're a brother, so I guess they're yours, but don't tell Snick what you gave for them."

"I won't—and thanks a lot."

"'S all right, Grub."

Mr. Faulkner remained upon the rail for a few moments; then he let himself carefully down into the evergreen bushes and sauntered across the campus toward North College. Under the sweeping portico he stopped and drew a black-bound notebook from his hip pocket. Opened at a middle page, it showed on the right-hand side the following items:

House dance Sat	$ [illegible]
Prom Fri	14 [illegible]
Varsity show	5 [illegible]
Round Robin Tea dance	5 [illegible]
House board 3 days	[illegible]
Car hire	15 [illegible]
Flowers	2 [illegible]
Miscellaneous	5 [illegible]
Total	$100.00

On the left-hand side it showed:

Cash on hand & expected	$30.00
Sale of boots	
Sale of typewriter	
Sale of phonograph & records	
Total	$ [illegible]

After "Sale of boots" he wrote in twenty dollars and changed the total to fifty dollars; then, pocketing the book, he entered North and pushed open the door to No. 12.

Holloway '32 lay sunk in his basket chair, reading the latest copy of one of the many magazines he had subscribed to at the same time he had purchased by installment The History of Literature—twelve volumes—rented a chapel seat, paid his seepage fee on his steam radiator, and done sundry other unwise things that he now remembered with a blush. Holloway '32 was what is meant in advertising conferences by "the buying public."

He stood up, as a dutiful house frosh should. Mr. Faulkner looked at him for a moment as if he were a cross section of seventeen dried and tinted endodermic cells which he, Mr. Faulkner, would presently draw a reproduction of on a virgin page of his biology notebook.

"Chick," said Mr. Faulkner, "I have long harbored a suspicion that if we could get you whelped, weaned and house-broken, we would make a fairly presentable specimen out of you—a subject that would grace the traditions of the house and the college—a subject worthy to follow in the hallowed footsteps of those of us who tread the path ahead of you. Sometimes, it is true, I have fervently wished that you had been drowned with the other five. This is one of the latter occasions. Sit down and listen intently. . . . What's wrong with your freshman theme work?"

Holloway '32 scratched his head.

"Gee, Stu, I don't know. I can't seem to write that junk."

"Why not?"

"Aw, I dunno."

"H'm," said Mr. Faulkner. He picked up Holloway's magazine, tore it across and dropped it into the wastebasket.

"Point 1. What goes in must come out. If you read junk you'll write it. From now on you lay off all light stuff." He pointed to a copy of Kidnapped on Holloway's desk. "Have you read that?"

"Part of it, Stu—but, gee, I dunno ——"

"Point 2. Finish that and come to me and tell me the story. Then I'll give you another book and you'll tell me the story of that, and so on."

"Aw, Stu, most of the stuff is so dry ——"

"Not a word!" commanded Mr. Faulkner. "I'm here to keep you in college, and I shall do it with kindness as long as possible, but don't forget that if kindness fails, there is a paddle party hovering in the background. Now then, let me see your returned themes."

Holloway '32 dug them out of his desk drawer. They were a blotted, bedraggled sheaf blazoned with D's and F's and occasional C's in angry red and blue crayon.

At sight of them consternation shrieked from Mr. Faulkner's eyes.

"Gosh, man! How do you expect a decent mark when you scribble these things hit or miss? They're covered with blots and your handwriting is rotten! Do you do them first in pencil and then copy them off?"

"No, Stu, I just do them."

"Suppose you wrote a letter that looked like one of these, asking for a job. Do you think you'd get it? Hell, no! After this you do them first on scratch paper and write them afterward. No—wait a minute. Can you work a typewriter?"

"Peck and hunt."

"Good. I'm going to let you have mine. You'll come up to my room and copy them off. No, by George, you won't! I can't have you around; and besides, I've got to be sure you understand how serious this is. How much have you got in your bank account?"

Holloway '32 looked and said, "Fifty dollars until a week from next Wednesday."

"You got an account at the store?"

"Yes."

"Draw me a check for the fifty. That'll keep you in at night and impress it upon you that you've got to use that typewriter! Neatness, Chick, is half the battle. Remember that." Mr. Faulkner pocketed the check and laid a hand on Holloway's shoulder. "I've been harsh, kid, but I've meant every word I said. Some day you'll thank me for it, and any time you want help on a theme you're to call on me. We're here to help you and make men out of you"

Holloway clasped Mr. Faulkner's hand fervently. "Thanks, Stu; you're the best friend I've got. Believe me, I'm glad you fellows got me before I pledged somewhere else."

"That's all right, Chick. Any time you want help come to me." He went out once more to the portico and lit a careful cigarette; then, on the left-hand page of his notebook he put, after the third item, fifty dollars, and totaled the column at one hundred dollars.

"Onward," he said, "one Christian Soldier," and he set off for his house once more. Fifteen minutes later he was headed toward New with two house frosh in his wake, one of whom carried his portable phonograph and the other of whom labored under two black cases of records. Benny Cohen's wagon stood at the corner with two morris chairs and a battered table on it, and Benny Cohen's horse, sound asleep, between the shafts.

Mr. Faulkner, with his retinue following, climbed to the top of the North well and, pushing open Dave Slocum's door, ordered his phonograph to be set upon the table, a new needle to be inserted and a record pegged ready for the playing.

This done, he went to the stairhead and called: "Benny!"

"Yess?"

"Want to buy a phonograph?"

"Duss id blay?"

"Does it not! Come on up and listen."

Presently a short, puffy gentleman who lived well by paying one dollar where ten was asked for labored up the stairs from the room below and peered into Dave Slocum's room with eyes that were smeared into great, tired oysters by the quarter-inch lenses that sat his nose in front of them. He was greeted by the mellow ripple of Rain or Shine, which meant nothing to him as music, for he himself dated far back of Bedelia, I'd Love to Steal Ya. During which progress, so rumor had it, he had bought and sold back again, at a profit, every stick of furniture on campus, fifteen hundred or so times.

He bought the phonograph and one hundred records for five most reluctant dollars, after much animated haggling. Having bought it, he carried it below to the wagon and placed it under a blanket.

Again he turned to the North well and mounted the stairs. Exactly sixty seconds behind him, two frosh, bearing a phonograph and two black cases, entered the well and mounted to Push Jacobs' room on the second floor, where Mr. Faulkner reclined in a morris chair smoking a languid cigarette. The phonograph set up and ready, Mr. Faulkner went out to the landing stage and called up the well:

"Hey, Benny, want to buy a talking machine?"

"Duss id blay?"

"Come down and hear it."

Benny groped his nearsighted way down and listened to a rendition of Forever and Ever, thumbed the records to be sure there were seventy-five, turned the crank once and, after much intensive bargaining, bought the phonograph for four reluctant dollars and seventy-five reticent cents. He took it below to his wagon and placed it under the bulging blanket where he had placed the first one he had bought.

Next he approached the Center well with his "Diss iss Penny, poys. Anydings for Penny?" In that well he bought a phonograph and ninety records for four dollars and ninety cents, and in the South well he bought one for four dollars, with one dollar extra for the one hundred records that accompanied it. As he drove off down the hill finally with Mr. Faulkner's phonograph, Mr. Faulkner, having entered nineteen dollars and sixty-five cents opposite the fourth item on his asset page and totaled the whole to one hundred and nineteen dollars and sixty-five cents, as against the one hundred and nine dollars of his contemplated disbursements, sighed.

"Worth every cent of twenty dollars, but one is young only once, quoth the poet."

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"Why, Stuart! Shall I Tell You a Secret? You Mustn't Say a Word About It"

THE SOUND INVESTMENT

By JEROME BEATTY

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

William Haines as Jimmy Valentine Prepares to Sandpaper His Fingers and Rescue the Child From the Bank Vault, Thereby Exposing His Past

AN ORCHESTRA leader who had been forced out of a $350-a-week position in a motion-picture theater that had installed sound apparatus and so had done away with an orchestra that cost $2850 a week, went to the president of the motion-picture producing and distributing company that owned the chain of which the theater was a part.

The musician lost his temper and told the producer, "We'll put sound pictures out of business in three months."

"Good!" the producer answered. "If you can do that I'll give you a million dollars."

His was one of the many companies that were caught unprepared when sound pictures began singing their siren songs to the motion-picture patrons, and he was much in the position of a manufacturer of mah-jongg sets in the midst of a demand for books on contract bridge. He had no sound pictures to sell and all he could do was sit and listen to the cries from his sales force, which, in despair and in the red, wailed, "When do we get talkies?"

Pictures from the studios of one of his competitors, with even a few minutes of talking in them, made at a cost of less than $50,000, were grossing more than $1,000,000 superspecials, while all-talking pictures were paying their entire production cost with the rental received from New York and Brooklyn first-run engagements alone. Theaters that had been operating at a loss installed sound equipment and jumped their receipts 50 to 100 per cent. A theater in Pittsburgh that figured it couldn't possibly gross more than $32,000 a week without removing the paper from the walls to increase the capacity, took in $43,000 with its first talking picture.

Floated Ashore on a Phonograph Disk

A THEATER in a small Southern city that had never booked even the greatest pictures for more than two weeks, played a talking picture seven weeks and took in more money than it did in the previous three months.

An actor in Hollywood who seemed to be all through was found to have a speaking voice that recorded perfectly and was at once rated as one of the most popular stars on the screen, and a blackface, musical-comedy singer, noted for his mammy songs, within six months became the greatest box-office attraction in the world.

The motion-picture company that suddenly had taken the lead in the industry had risen from lower depths than its great star. Almost going down for the third time, it had grasped at a phonograph disk, which not only floated the company ashore but proved to have recorded on it the key to buried treasure worth millions of dollars.

The panic was on!

The public was clamoring for talking pictures, theater owners were rushing to New York and, with lavish displays of certified checks, trying to buy sound equipment. Producers were frantically building sound stages and wondering where they were going to get the recording apparatus to put in them. Motion-picture stars in Hollywood spent their evenings taking elocution lessons from actors from the speaking stage who, after starving in Hollywood for months, suddenly found themselves growing rich.

Even office boys and stenographers formed pools and gambled on the stock of the leading talking-picture producer, which climbed more than 100 points in a year as a result of profits of $1,000,000 a month.

Charles W. Pandemonium and two motion-picture-producing companies—one of which had made a tremendous success with a talking news reel—were bosses of the industry.

Not So Dumb

THE companies that had started late could only sit and wait. It took time to build stages, it took time for the one manufacturing company that was turning out sound equipment to get a plant adjusted, and even when the apparatus was delivered, it would take time to install it and to make the experiments necessary before production began. They could no more hurry things along than a golf player can straighten out a sliced drive by twisting his body in agony as the ball sails through the air toward the rough. But that didn't keep them from twisting.

That was the situation at the beginning of last summer. There was no prospect that promised sound studios in operation within less than six months, so the limping producers set about to try to catch up with the only two companies that were equipped to make talking pictures. Something had to be done quick to meet the competition of talking news reels, short pictures of singers, bands and orchestras, and the feature pictures that had talking sequences in them.

One producer who had no recording apparatus devised a plan for putting a talking sequence in a picture that already was made. The actors and the sets were in Hollywood. The only available recording apparatus was in New Jersey. It was said by experts to be possible to run a telephone wire from the microphones in California to the recorder in New Jersey while the sequence was being acted and spoken and photographed. The cost would be many thousands of dollars, but the company was in such desperate need of talking pictures that money meant nothing. The idea was given up, however, since they found another way that would do almost as well.

A leading phonograph company entered the field of sound pictures. It bought an old church, installed a machine for projecting motion pictures, made the building soundproof, put in recording apparatus and announced that it was ready to make sound pictures out of silent ones.

Here in the race the laggard companies got their second wind. Records bearing music, singing and sound effects were made to synchronize with silent pictures so well that many of these sound pictures were as satisfactory as real talking productions, and they were booked into first-run theaters which had given up their orchestras and which were showing only pictures that carried their own music.

PHOTO BY FIRST NATIONAL COMPANY

Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper in the Jane Cowl Stage Vehicle, "Lilac Time"

Making a talking feature picture was a complicated process, but the method of adding sound to a silent picture was rather simple.

A synchronized score was written and rehearsed while the picture was run over and over again. The effect men, who produced revolver shots, airplane effects, honking automobile horns, crashes and other such sounds, worked with the orchestra.

After many rehearsals the microphones were set up, the film was put on the machine at a frame marked Start, the recording staff placed the needles on the wax disks at a spot similarly marked, the orchestra leader raised his baton and they were all off in a bunch.

The records, larger than ordinary phonograph records and run at a lower speed, will carry nine minutes of sound The average motion-picture reel runs ten minutes, so that sound pictures must be put on more reels. Sound that is on a record is there forever and cannot be changed, and the orchestra, the singers and the effect men must do their stuff without error for nine consecutive minutes in order to produce a record that can be used

The talking-machine company immediately was crowded with business. Time was booked by the producing companies months ahead. Some companies used their own orchestra leaders, composers and men. Others let the talking-machine company handle the entire job. The cost of making synchronized records for a picture ran from $18,000 to $24,000.

The Crowd Gives Ear

THE first two pictures "sounded" by this method were Richard Dix in Warming Up and Colleen Moore in Lilac Time. The former was a baseball picture, and in the scenes of the big game where the hero went in at the last minute and saved the World's Series for the home team, the cheering of the crowd, the caustic remarks from the bleachers, the thump of the ball and the crack of the bat were well recorded. It was tried out secretly in a theater in Yonkers, but the news got around and scouts from rival companies were in the audience, and the next morning, in the offices of at least three great producing companies, rapid preparations for turning silent pictures into sound pictures were under way. There was no doubt that even this sort of treatment made a very good picture out of a pretty good one.

When the first synthetic-sound picture opened in New York City the newspaper critics sniffed at the sound effects. Some were out of register, they said, and the whole thing was artificial and ineffective. But the crowds fought to get in and the people who saw the show told their friends to see it.

Lilac Time opened in New York without sound, with an orchestra playing the score and with men backstage shooting shotguns into steel drums for bomb effects. Because of delay in installing the sound equipment the synchronized records were not used until the second week. When sound was installed business jumped immediately. Most of the New York City critics who saw the picture on the opening night with orchestral accompaniment thought little of it and two weeks later they showed no confidence in the press agent's assertions, backed up by box-office statements, that it was a better show with sound. All but one refused to come back and hear it, and he said it was even worse. He grudgingly admitted that although he thought the sound wasn't so good, it did smell better than any other picture on Broadway—which was due to lilac perfume blown through the theater during the sad scenes.

Few critics in any part of the country have had kind words for sound pictures in their early development. But the public demonstrated definitely that it wanted them. "Criticisms terrible. Business tremendous," read a telegram to a producer from his manager in Dallas. This told the story of early sound pictures everywhere.

The critics were not alone in their opinions. Many of the more intelligent and discriminating classes of theatergoers, after hearing a talking picture once, said they had had enough. But people kept coming from somewhere, and for that reason all the motion-picture industry thought about was sound. The different kinds of sound pictures brought about definitions that the public still does not clearly understand. Most of the theaters try to define them so that there will be no complaints. A picture With Sound is a picture that contains no talking, that has merely a synchronized score. A picture With Sound and Effects contains no talking, but has a score and cued noises. A Talking Picture has talking, music and effects, although the percentage of talking may be comparatively small. When you see An All-Talking Picture advertised, you may be sure that all lines are spoken.

If the public was confused over the sound situation, it was clear-headed compared to the motion-picture people. They did not even know what process to use.

Talking pictures had been smoldering for years. Thomas A. Edison produced them in 1912 Minstrels told jokes, dogs barked, a man broke a plate, and people sang—all very bad as to quality, lacking in enough volume to reach the back seats, and often out of synchronism. A great vaudeville circuit seized upon the novelty and lost $500,000 in trying to make it popular. This circuit, strangely enough, is now owned by one of the two leading producers of sound-picture equipment. The process of recording sound on film had been turned to practical use by De Forest, who showed talking pictures throughout the country without startling anybody.

Ruth Chatterton and John Loder in the All-Talking Picture, "The Doctor's Secret"

A Spade a Spade, a Dingus a Dingus

THE new thing that talking pictures had to offer was proper amplifiers which delivered the necessary quality and volume, made possible through the perfection of the method of turning sound into light and light into sound, and by amplifying it electrically on the way.

This is not a technical treatise on sound pictures, which fact probably already is evident. Books are at hand out of which could be copied formulas and curves and charts and technical phrases, so that one might get right up and make his own sound equipment out of his talking machine and his home movie camera, but such will not be done. Names of the different pieces of apparatus will be called by their correct names if such names seem to fit, but if later an attempt is made to describe something that looks like a dingus—in these particular columns it will be called a dingus.

In the summer of 1924, the Western Electric Company believed that it had a talking-picture machine and confidently it set about to show it to the motion-picture industry. Nearly every company was approached and, just to stop the Western Electric from bothering any more, they all sent men down to West Street to see and hear a picture of a man playing a violin.

It looked simple. A motion-picture camera synchronized through a motor with a turntable bearing a wax disk took a picture. At the same time the sound was recorded on the disk. Copies of the film and copies of the disk were made; the film was put on a projection machine and the record on another

Jeanne Eagels, Reginald Owen and O. P. Heggie, Lately of the Speaking Stage, in the New Talking Picture, "The Letter," by W. Somerset Maugham

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HONEYSUCKLE

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Any Great Experience, if it's Fine to Begin With, is Worth Looking Back On"

CARLOS TALBOT met her in the cathedral at Chartres and within a week, much, in his more reflective moments, to his consternation, he was in love with her.

She was small, fascinating, if you didn't care anything about regularity of features, irritating, and in many ways a good deal of a fool. Her name was Esther Morrison and she came from a little town in Indiana, and was studying painting in Paris.

Carlos didn't want to fall in love with anybody. He was an Associated Press man on a holiday, well aware that in choosing newspaper work he had sacrificed permanency of residence and the prospects of a large income for other factors he found more interesting. Occasionally he had told himself that later on perhaps—perhaps when he was thirty-five or so—he would select, deliberately and cold-bloodedly, an attractive, mature, wealthy woman with a flair for politics, who would keep for him a fixed home in some such interesting town as Washington. A home to which a distinguished newspaper correspondent could return from—oh, well, any place distinguished newspaper correspondents are likely to go. Paris, Moscow, Peking, Geneva—anywhere. Meantime the one thing he didn't want in his life was a comparatively irremovable female, certainly not a blond fluffy creature of twenty-five, with practically no income, not half as much talent as she thought she possessed, and numerous obstinate and unhatched ideas.

But there you were. And who can tell what is going to happen to you? And, to make the situation the more baffling, Carlos realized, after almost the first second, that this girl was not the sort of person you easily ran away from, and that underneath she was fine material—stalwart, loyal, adventurous, even with a sense of humor that life might develop. At all events, there were unforgettable and following grace notes about her, not easily put out of mind—in her voice, in the occasional turn of her mind, in her smile, in the turn of her head, if you can use the term "grace note" about a mind, a smile or a head; which you can. At the moment she was suffering from initial handicaps. There had been, apparently, a stuffy home, too much parental opposition. When this, the oldest child, had revolted, like many other imaginative persons she had revolted lopsidedly. Contradiction, revolution per se seemed to her admirable. Carlos deplored the fact that he was a poor and busy man. He could think of no more interesting and exciting future than the carrying off of this girl for year after year of good old-fashioned matrimonial argument. In the end he was sure he would get the better of her. Confound her!

Meanwhile he was absurdly happy and disturbed when he was with her; absurdly unhappy and disturbed when he was away from her, eager to go back to tell her just how wrong she was about almost everything. Away from her, he had that sense of intimacy in mere acquaintanceship that, with intellectual men and women, first turns casualness into longing; with her, he felt more of a stranger, largely tongue-tied, handicapped by the fear of the entranced male. He dared not risk a real quarrel. Only in Chartres, the evening he met her, had there been, coupled with the glamour of discovery, any great measure of mutual understanding.

In his hot little hotel bedroom in the Rue Jacob—it was August—he would lie awake thinking how pleasant it would be to shake this girl, to beat her. Well, perhaps not that—to smack her. He who had never even struck a man if he could help it. To shake this girl would be exactly like shaking a mixture of liquids from their unrelated ingredients, through the silvery process of infiltration, into a cool and satisfactory draught.

All in all, a humiliating position for an experienced, amused and fairly cynical young newspaperman to find himself in. As a matter of fact, up to the moment, Carlos had imagined love to be, for a man of his type, a fairly slow and largely mental process, entered upon with deliberation or avoided with equal common sense.

Sense? There wasn't any sense to it. Odd how every man and woman in every generation has to find that out unaided.

But more even than his annoyance with Esther Morrison, his baffled intuition of rightness gone wrong, was Carlos' annoyance with Esther's spiritual guide and best friend, Mizpah Allen; a large, bass, booming, convinced woman of fifty-odd, who painted carrots and jugs and other articles of still life with considerable success. Mizpah—nonsensical name. Hebrew for watchtower. To be in keeping with her name, Miss Allen should have been leading a moral movement of some kind, instead of being a *rivandière* in the armies of artistic revolt. Miss Allen never had been right. She had been born wrong. And like most people born wrong, she cherished an invincible assurance of her own rightness, unshakable and sublime. Not an unpleasant person either, if you could keep from arguing with her. Esther worshiped her and used her lightest saying as a final statement to refute Carlos, an ineffective way of overcoming his dislike for Miss Allen, and spent most of her leisure in Miss Allen's studio, and whenever possible, took Carlos there. Miss Allen's studio was in the Rue de Vaugirard just a short distance from Esther's own. That's in the Montparnasse quarter, you remember.

Carlos liked the studio; he liked all studios—their litter, smells and dusty shadows—but his affection for Miss Allen did not increase and he was not even amused by most of the denationalized waifs who gathered about her for tea. In the course of his wandering life he had seen too many of these waifs. They always injured his theory that given opportunity the human race would amount to something. These people all had had opportunities. His emotions were the

more difficult because he was not allowed to express them to Esther. Overcome with a thin-lipped sort of indignation, titanic laughter, a journalistic desire to describe this man or that woman with a biting, happy phrase or two, he would find such desires breaking and falling away from Esther's cold wall of disagreement. In her eyes these people were martyrs to art, even when obviously some of them were martyrs to nothing more heroic than idleness.

That first day—the day he had gone to Chartres—he had gone with a singing mind. So do victims of an accident often approach their doom, especially in these days of taxicabs. It was a cool, fresh August morning. None of the sticky heat that so often afflicts Paris in summer. The Seine, as he crossed it on his way to the station, had been a ribbon of silver, cool in color, warm in texture. The garden of the Tuileries was gay with flowers and people. Under the awnings of the cafés lay that coolness in warmth so characteristic of Latin cities. And out in the open country for endless miles was that shimmering of wheat, as close to the memories of those who love France as it is close to the memories of those who love the soft summer uplands of Iowa and Nebraska.

The train had been filled with Carlos' compatriots, as he had imagined that it would be. Too filled. There was no room to sit down, and Carlos had stood in the corridor, swaying gently back and forth against a stout lady from Trenton, New Jersey, who swayed gently back and forth in return. After a while Carlos found himself liking the maternal and comforting rhythm. The lady's conversation was comforting too. She talked a great deal, and in the kindest sort of way, about people in Trenton to a couple of young ladies, evidently a daughter and niece, also swaying back and forth. Carlos wanted to tell them what kind people they were. He was internationally minded, tolerant, but he loved his own people; the last, however, in a way that often confused the less agile mentally, who frequently mistook it for some sort of socialism. Of one thing, however, he was certain: Americans were the kindest people in the world, even when they robbed you, slandered you or killed you. The only other race that resembled them in this respect were the Russians. Now if they—he and the rest of his compatriots—only had a little more discrimination and intellectual hardheadedness —

The train rattled into the gloomy cavern of the Chartres station. Carlos slipped past the convexities and concavities of the stout lady from Trenton and, sniffing in passing the pleasant summer perfumes of her niece and daughter, descended to the platform. From there, through the station itself, he passed out onto a broad, bare, dusty square and finally, by way of a bare, unprepossessing street, lined with little shops selling souvenirs and picture post cards, came to the square of the cathedral. Here he stopped and looked up at the great gray façade, with its undertones of rose, as if a fire were slumbering beneath ashes. He never visited Paris without spending a day at Chartres, and he never saw the façade of the cathedral without experiencing the same emotions of stone and architecture merging into music. It was the same way with the Canyon of the Colorado, with some of the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, with the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, with the Acropolis, with the Pyramids, with a dozen other places. There was a final quality about them, man made or natural, that was tonal. Some, like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, were waves upon waves of sound—symphonies. The cathedral was medieval horns and drums, muffled by narrow medieval streets, but swelling and approaching nearer. The Pyramids were a desert flute at dawn. The Acropolis a silver trumpet.

Carlos looked down at the people, so tiny, so temporary, entering the immense doors. And yet, save for these tiny people, and others like them, the doors wouldn't have been built, wouldn't have opened, wouldn't have been looked at. Incorrigible flies! And then Carlos, from the entering figures casually seen, picked out a girl's figure. She had paused for a moment to study the carvings of the portal. American, undoubtedly. You could tell that from the economical lines of her slim, small figure—no muscles or flesh wasted—from the long waistline, the classic legs. She entered the doors with the other flies, flies entering a trap of shadow, coolness and beauty, that would soothe them for a while and then send them forth with a blinking puzzlement over the gap between ordinary life and what it might be.

Carlos sighed and prepared to follow. Not the girl—he wasn't in the habit of following girls—but the crowds passing from this stark light of the square into this hushed secret of the spirit. He stalked up the central aisle to where he could turn and look back at the wheel window over the entrance. Then he turned and stared at the glass back of the high altar; then at the windows of both transepts; then he slipped into a chair where he could turn his head from time to time, encompassing the whole. Music again. Music was the ultimate art. The others only became great as each separate production in its sum total approached music. Particularly was this so in this present groping and liquid period. It was several moments before Carlos was aware that he had sat down just one chair away from the girl he had seen on the steps. He recognized her by her dark blue suit and dark blue hat. Nice girl. She was staring too. He liked people who stared that way at stained-glass windows. Suddenly he became embarrassed. He wondered if she thought he was trying to scrape up an acquaintance with her? Nonsense. She couldn't have the slightest idea that he had been watching her in the square. Her nose, the sweep of her bronze eyelashes, the soft curve of her cheek were extremely pleasant to behold. But he mustn't let her know that he was beholding them. That was another charge against life—you saw a lot of lovely people you would like to talk to, and then you never saw them again.

He withdrew his gaze, to fasten it, somewhat unseeingly, on the carved Renaissance choir screen. And as he did so he realized that the girl, with far more deliberateness than he could muster up, was surveying him in turn.

They were that way nowadays—they certainly were. Lots bolder than men.

Carlos, to his mortification, felt himself turning red: to his astonishment, he heard the girl speaking to him in a half whisper.

Obviously she didn't know how dangerous he was. All newspapermen were dangerous. They hadn't many ideals—that is, of the ordinary kind. Girls shouldn't speak to people this way, anyhow. Not even their own countrymen, not even in cathedrals. Carlos had no slightest conception of how exceedingly kind, pleasant and safe he looked. Safe, at least, in the way decent men are safe, which means that at the worst their conduct is conditioned by good manners and the wishes of others. And this,

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In All Other Circles of Life His Brain Had Seemed Fairly Good. Why Couldn't He Understand? He Suspected That There Wasn't Anything to Understand

DIAMOND RING

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Say," Barks the Old Man, "Did You Come Here or Was You Washed In by the Tide?"

OUR small village has its big men. The biggest, by all odds, is Rusty Tracey. We are honored by his presence only from November to March, during which time he holds court in Newt Springer's hay-and-feed store, in a chair within easy spitting range of the glowing stove, while lesser men bask in his reflected glory and give awed ear to his every syllable. For Mr. Tracey is a large and luminous figure in our national life; having, for eight seasons now, glittered in the rôle of star right-hand pitcher of a big-league baseball team. He is calm, dignified and oracular, as befits his position.

The other day I dropped in at the store and joined the circle of minor courtiers ensconced on feed bags about the throne. Dutch Brimmer, accepted court jester, was addressing the king:

"You know that long-legged Tweed kid—Sleepy we call him—don't you, Rusty?"

By a slight regal nod Mr. Tracey indicated that he was aware of the existence of such a person.

"Well," Dutch went chuckling on, "Sleepy is nutty about baseball. Practices curves all winter in his old man's barn, and he's no more a ball player than a jay bird. Now, I thought we could have some sport with him. He believes anything you say, Rusty ——"

Mr. Tracey nodded again, as one who would say, "Naturally. Who doesn't?"

"—— so I was thinking," said the waggish Brimmer, "we could kid him some. Like this: You tell him you think you can get him a chancet to bust into the big league. Show him a fake letter from the manager. String him along all winter. He'll get all steamed up, thinking he's going South to a training camp, and then, when the time comes ——"

Mr. Tracey held up a huge, tanned hand—the very hand which struck out one hundred and eighty-nine men the season before.

"Nope!" he said, and his tone was edged with severity. "None of that. That sort of stuff is out. No monkey business like that for me. I'm cured. I guess mebbe I ain't never told you about a little joke I played oncet ——"

We all gave him our respectful attention.

Mebbe—said Mr. Tracey—he was a Lap or a Lett or a Finn, or something funny like that. Anyways, he was the most comicalest-looking thing I ever see on a ball field or anywheres else. I spotted him one spring down in Florida, at the ball park where we was trying to work the winter pancakes out of our wings. I was standing there, waiting my turn to pitch in batting practice, when I see him, a wide, squatty, moon-faced lad, with legs like nail kegs, a haircut he must of given himself with a dull cleaver, and the sort of unie they give away to kids for selling ten dozen can openers. It don't fit him at any point, and it ain't been washed or pressed since Connie Mack was in kilts. He was standing away from the rest of us, leaning on a bat and watching us with a pop-eyed look.

"Who's the rookie?" I ask the Old Man.

The Old Man takes a squint, sort of blinks and says, "Search me. I never see him before, or anything like him, neither."

He strolls over to the keg-legged kid. Of course you know about the Old Man. He's got a pickle for a tongue, and he ain't feeling any too chipper on account of us finishing in the cellar the season before, which we wouldn't of done if I'd had a team behind me that could knock the ball out of the infield once or twice in a game.

"Say," barks the Old Man, "did you come here or was you washed in by the tide?"

The kid gives a little hop, and he's so choked up, talking to the greatest manager in baseball, no matter where we finished, that he can't get out a word.

"If you're mad at me, don't answer," says the Old Man.

With that the kid pipes in a voice like a penny whistle, "I come from Nome."

"What league?" asks the Old Man.

"No league. Just Nome," says the kid.

"Where is it?"

"Alaska."

"Is that near here?" asks the Old Man, giving me a wink.

"No, sir," says the kid, serious. "It's up north a piece."

"How'd you get down here?" asks the Old Man.

"I walked," squeaks the kid.

"You look like you slid," says the Old Man.

"Oh, no, sir," says the kid. "I walked."

"Must of took you at least a week," says the Old Man.

"No," says the kid, like he's confessing something; "as a matter of fact, I started last fall."

"Well," says the Old Man, looking him over, "if you start back now you can get home by Thanksgiving."

The kid looks like he's going to bawl.

"But, mister," he says, "I come down here to join up with your team."

"Well, well, well," says the Old Man. "Don't tell me you're a ball player."

"Sort of," says the kid.

Now the Old Man is what he is, and draws down fifty thousand a year, because he don't overlook no bets, no matter how skimpy they are. He's got me and Lefty Barnwell to do the pitching, and all he needs is eight other guys who can hit and field. So he says:

"What do you play?"

"Baseball," pipes the kid.

"Then you're out of place among these tiddledy-winkers here," says the Old Man, who can be terrible sarcastic when he wants to be. "I mean what position?"

"Oh, any position you want me to play," says the kid from Nome. You wouldn't call him exactly bright.

"Well, you're an accommodating sort of duck, anyhow," says the Old Man. "I suppose you're a real hot tamale—a second Cobb, and all that?"

"Oh, no, sir," peeps the kid. "Not me. I ain't so good.

He Wasn't Satisfied to Grab Everything That Came His Way in Right; He Ran Over to Center to Spear a Couple

There's lots of boys up around Nome better'n what I am, only none of 'em wanted to walk this far to play for you."

The Old Man shakes his head and rubs his chin.

"I been in baseball thirty-six years, come July Fourth," he says, "but this ain't never happened to me before. I've known stumble-bums who couldn't hit a clam with a fly swatter who'd claim they was the best hitters that ever played since they began to make balls round. And here you go admitting that you're not so warm. I could go up to my room and have a good cry. Say, what's your name?"

"Grooley, sir. Peter Grooley"

"Well, Pete, why did you pick on my club? The Cubs and the Giants has more money to spend than me."

"Well, sir," says this Grooley, "you see I read in the papers that your team is the worst in the league, so I sort of figured I'd have more of a chancet with you than with the others."

I've known the Old Man to punch a nose for a lot less than that, and I was looking around for a stretcher for the kid, when I hear the Old Man bust out laughing.

"Boy," says the Old Man, "you're funnier than some of them high-priced mushmelons out there who think they're ball players. Prob'ly you're no worse than they are. I suppose you'll expect heavy dough?"

"Well," says the kid, teetering up and down, and flushing, "I got my price."

You could tell he was getting off something he'd been learning by heart on the way down from Nome.

"Let's have the bad news," said the Old Man.

"One dollar for home runs," pipes the kid, "seventy-five cents for triples, fifty cents for doubles, and a quarter for singles."

"How about bunts?" asks the Old Man.

"A dime for bunts," chirps the kid, "if I beat 'em out."

"It would run into money," says the Old Man. "Still, it might be worth risking. Where you living, Pete?"

"Under the grand stand," says the kid.

"Sounds cozy," says the Old Man. "Have you ate lately?"

"Sure," he says. "Peanuts."

The Other Day I Dropped In at the Store and Joined the Circle of Minor Courtiers Ensconced on Feed Bags About the Throne. Dutch Brimmer, Accepted Court Jester, Was Addressing the King

They claim the Old Man is a crab—and he can be mighty crabby at that—but I guess this kid tickled him somehow, so he says:

"Get up to the plate and let's see you swing at a couple."

The kid is so excited he drops his bat three times on his way to the batter's box.

"Go in there, Rusty," says the Old Man to me, "and see what he can do with a curve and a fast one."

My soup bone ain't broke in right yet, and my fast one hasn't the old zip on it, but I fool the kid with a couple of curves and then I groove one, and he's lucky and pushes it against the fence. He's chunky built and he sure did light into that pill. He hits a couple more, good, solid smacks, and I see that the Old Man is looking at him, thoughtful. The kid is a natural swinger, but we got a team of natural swingers whose only trouble is they don't connect when bingles spell runs.

The Old Man signals for Lefty Barnwell to go in. Lefty has a lot of stuff and is good—for a left-hander. He tries to tease the kid with a floater and the kid rides it out of the lot. Lefty makes him bite on a curve, but the kid kills a couple of fast ones, and the Old Man itches his ear, which is a sign he's interested.

Somebody loans an old glove to the kid and I knock him some fungoes, and the kid catches 'em when they're near enough, but with those keg legs of his he ain't exactly a ball hawk. He's not bad, you understand, but he's no fireworks.

"Come round to the hotel," says the Old Man to him. "It ain't as roomy and quiet as the grand stand, but the plumbing is better. I'm going to keep you round for a week or so and see what you can do. Mebbe I can trade you for Hornsby."

The kid is so happy he can only gulp and look foolish.

We're in the dining room that evening, laying away the porterhouse, when the kid comes in. He's still in that trick uniform and he's brought his bat. The head waiter wants to throw him out, on account of the unie and the spiked shoes, but the kid pipes,

"Golly, mister, I ain't got no other clothes."

We talk the man into letting him stay as is, and you should of been there to see that baby eat! I'm no slouch with a knife and fork myself, and Lefty Barnwell holds the world's pie-destroying record, but this young Grooley made us look like a coupla dickey birds with dyspepsia. He played the menu from top to bottom, and then started at the dessert and worked his way up to the soup again.

"You seem to relish your victuals, son," I remark.

Then the kid gets red and bleats, "Well, Mr. Tracey, after three days a fellow sort of gets tired of peanuts and water."

With that he drinks up his finger bowl, wipes his mouth on his sleeve and goes out.

He hits a few on the nose the next afternoon and the Old Man stakes him to the best outfit of gents' furnishings twenty-five dollars can buy, underwear and shoes included. Pete sits around the hotel lobby, not saying a word, but looking like he was in heaven, and sticking out his feet so nobody will miss seeing his new yellow shoes.

It was Lefty Barnwell who started calling him the Pup

"He looks," said Lefty, "like a big, overgrown Newfoundland pup whose dad was a dachshund."

The kid didn't mind. He didn't seem to mind anything. He looked pleased when anybody noticed him. Breaking into the big show makes most young fellows cocky. Not the Pup. He went around in a daze, grinning to himself, and yet somehow looking like he expected any minute somebody would hit him a kick in the pants and wake him up.

When we started north the Old Man took him along. The Pup wasn't what the newspaper boys call a sensation. He didn't do so bad for a beginner and pinch-hit a couple of nice clouts in exhibition games. None of the regulars was hitting their weight in prune jelly, and it looked like another sour season for us, even with me going good.

We pulled into Spartanburg, South Carolina, to play a game with the local club. That's the town Charley Colbert, our first baseman, calls home, sweet home, so of course all his gang was there to give him a send-off, and they called him out to the home plate and we all stood around while a fat senator or somebody made a talk about how proud they was of the success of a local boy, and they presented Charley with a nifty stickpin, and of course that afternoon Charley whiffed three times and chucked one ball halfway to Texas.

At Newport News they done the conquering-hero act for Lefty Barnwell, him being one of the Virginia Barnwells, and the whole town was there, with a fife-and-drum corpse, and the mayor give him the keys to the city and a pigskin traveling bag, making nine of 'em Lefty had been handed to date. It wasn't as swell a bag as the one the boys around here give me, but it was a good enough bag.

The Pup always lined up with the rest of us, looking like he was in church. He was always pestering Charley to show him the stickpin, and he'd of carried Lefty's bag if Lefty had let him.

When the season opened the Pup was still with us. I guess the Old Man didn't know exactly what to do with him. He stuck the Pup in to pinch-hit a few times, but the crowds and the noise and the curve balls was too much for him. He was nervous and scared, and he didn't do so good. Still, the Old Man let him linger around, more for a kid, I suppose, than anything else. It gave us something to do—teasing the Pup. He'd believe anything. We could of sold him the Statue of Liberty if he'd had the seventy-five bucks we asked him for it. We needed some dumb goof around to work off our grouches on, because the team was playing like a lot of dopey woodpeckers.

"It's sort of comforting, watching him try to hit," the Old Man said one day. "It makes the rest of you look so good."

The Old Man certainly can be sarcastic when he wants to be.

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VIGILANTE—By Hoffman Birney

THE INNOCENTS

WITH the death of Dillingham and the farcical termination of the trial of his murderers the lawless element of Montana went hog-wild.

The miners asked only one thing—to be let alone. They came to the gulch with but one thought in mind: To locate for themselves claims as close as possible to the original discovery, or to prospect up and down the ravine for new bars that were as rich as Fairweather's first strike.

One can glean this attitude from the fragmentary records of the time. On June 30, 1863, James Henry Morley noted in his diary: "Heard two men were to be hung. In the evening met the two men. One of them was Hayes Lyons." That is all. No mention of the murder, the trial, or of the acquittal that followed conviction.

As yet, the gravel of Alder Gulch had not begun to yield its riches. By the latter part of the summer the Fairweather diggings had proved the richest placer beds yet discovered in the Northwest Territory. Many men had made their piles, sold their claims, and were returning East with fortunes. Other fortunes were intrusted to the stage companies for transportation to Salt Lake City banks under the armed guardianship of shotgun messengers.

At this moment Henry Plummer, sheriff of Bannack, threw aside the garments of respectability.

The Original Jail in Bannack Where the Vigilantes' First Prisoners Were Lodged. In Oval—Neil Howie, Who Died in French Guiana in 1874

An Innocent System of Devilry

HOW his organization of highwaymen started, no one can tell. Perhaps in a meeting—accidental or prearranged—at Pete Daley's ranch and road house in the Passamari Valley. To this day the old house, with its straggling outbuildings and corrals, is known as Robber's Roost. They adopted a password—"Innocent," or "I am innocent"—and referred to themselves as the Innocents. Each member subscribed to an oath of secrecy and loyalty. They wore neckerchiefs tied in a sailor's knot. For years the flat knot from which the diagonally opposite corners of the scarf protruded was known in Montana and Eastern Idaho as the road agent's knot, or the road agent's tie.

The 60's was an age of whiskers. Boys scarcely out of their teens were bearded and mustached like the elders of Israel. And the Innocents, as an additional means of identification, decided to wear mustaches and goatees of the style made famous by Buffalo Bill Cody. Not all adhered to this ruling. Plummer wore only a mustache. George Ives was clean-shaven.

Plummer was chief. No one else was even considered for that important post. Billy Bunton, the vigilantes always understood, was second in command, but indications are that Plummer placed far more confidence in the sinister trio of Ray, Stinson and Ives. Jack Gallagher, the deputy placed in Virginia City, was also high in the chief's esteem.

During the period when they sat on the world the Innocents counted more than fifty men on their rolls. The names of thirty-eight of these have survived. Of these, all but ten died violent deaths. The fate of the others is unknown.

Like a wise general, Plummer made immediate disposition of his forces. George Lane—Clubfoot George—was sent to Virginia City. Posing as a shoemaker, he obtained space for his bench in the general store of W. B. Dance and Granville Stuart. Here he was in a position to learn of shipments of bullion, of the departure of men worth robbing, and other details. Others who were more or less permanently stationed in Alder Gulch included Jack Gallagher—as deputy sheriff—George Ives, Stephen Marshland, John Wagner, Alexander Carter, Whisky Bill Graves and Boone Helm. Ned Ray's job was in Bannack—acting sheriff when Plummer was absent. To the members of the gang he was "council-room keeper."

Sam Bunton was banished by Plummer himself. He was a confirmed drunkard and the others feared his wagging tongue. He was killed in a fight in Salt Lake City a year or so later. To his more trustworthy brother William, the chief intrusted the important task of keeping the stage station at Rattlesnake Ranch. Bill Bunton was known as an able hand with horses and easily obtained the job of handling the changes of teams made at the creek by the coaches plying between Bannack and Virginia City. Cyrus Skinner, like Lane, acted as a spy. His saloon served as a clearing house for stolen property and he frequently rode with his colleagues.

A Willing Victim

IN TIME a truly remarkable espionage and intelligence system was developed. No miner along Alder Creek or in the other gulches of the Tobacco Root Mountains made a rich strike but that Plummer and the others were informed and the question of robbing the lucky prospector was calmly discussed in the council rooms of Bannack and Virginia City. George Lane and his fellow spies watched the stages, and any coach worth robbing was marked with one of a series of symbols.

Peabody & Caldwell's coach started from Virginia City to Bannack with William Rumsey, a substitute driver, handling the reins. Three passengers rode and a fourth man joined them at Cottonwood Ranch. This was Daniel McFadden, discoverer of Bummer Dan's bar, and it was for him that the Innocents were waiting. Dan had some two thousand dollars in gold dust stowed away in buckskin sacks about his person. The stage lumbered on to the relay station managed by Bill Bunton on Rattlesnake Creek. They lay over here for the night, Bunton telling them that all the horses had been turned out as he had not expected the coach.

In the morning the wrangler could not find the fresh horses and the stage proceeded with the weary animals that had been used the day before. Bunton volunteered to ride to the Grasshopper diggings on the stage and swing the whip for Rumsey, who admitted that his arm was stiff and sore from the unaccustomed exercise.

It was cold and the three passengers were glad to pull down the leather curtains and wrap closely in their long buffalo coats. Bunton soon began to feel the cold—or claimed he did—and climbed down and got inside, seating himself beside McFadden. Rumsey was alone on the box when, scarcely five minutes later, two horsemen crashed through the underbrush along the roadside. The pair were masked and their identity further concealed by blankets that were wrapped Indian-fashion about their bodies. A double-barreled shotgun was across each man's arm.

The road agents spoke with an assumed and exaggerated German accent, but their guns interpreted their speech.

Bunton kicked open the door of the stage and leaped out into the road, his hands high above his head.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" he implored. "You can have anything I've got!"

PHOTO BY L. H. ROBIE. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

The Graves of Clubfoot George Lane, Boone Helm, Hayes Lyons, Frank Parrish and Jack Gallagher, Hanged Together in 1864

The other men followed. One of the highwaymen commanded Rumsey:

"You get down, too, and take th' guns off these sons of biscuits!"

"Think I'm a fool?" the substitute driver retorted. "I won't get down and let this team run away."

"I'll hold 'em! I'll hold 'em!" shrieked Bunton, grasping his coat by the lapels and opening it wide to show the robbers that he was unarmed.

Bummer Dan contributed two purses, Percival a sack of gold dust, and Matteson a purse and some bills. Bunton, from where he stood holding the horses, threw his purse to the robbers.

"There's all I've got," he shouted—"a hundred and twenty dollars! Take it all, only don't kill me!"

Rumsey started to climb back on the stage, but was halted by a shout.

"What's the matter with you?" growled Rumsey. "You've got all there is in the crowd."

The bandit's retort indicated the perfection of the Innocents' espionage system.

"Oh, no, we haven't! Go back there and get that big sack." He pointed to Bummer Dan and addressed his next remark to the unfortunate miner. "You're the man we're after."

Poor Dan! Beneath his shirt he had two buckskin sacks of gold dust suspended by a leather strap across his shoulders.

Rumsey tried to save one of them for him, but the road agent knew exactly what was there and where the sacks were hidden.

This robbery was the first major exploit of the Plummer gang. It was also the most lucrative of which any definite record can be discovered. Gold dust and currency to the value of $2800 were left in the robbers' hands. George Ives and Frank Parrish made the stick-up and, quite obviously, Bunton was in league with his friends. Both McFadden and Percival recognized the pair behind their masks, but so greatly did they fear the swift retribution that would follow revelation that neither mentioned the matter to a soul until after the two criminals had been rendered harmless by the infallible method of the vigilantes.

Leroy Southmayde, a business man of Virginia City, was another who recognized the road agents who held up the stage on which he was riding on November 22, 1863. Southmayde and a Captain Moore were the only paying passengers. A discharged driver, known only as Billy, was riding deadhead.

Old Tex Crowell watched the stage narrowly as it departed, and Southmayde, knowing Tex to be one of the outlaws, became suspicious. His suspicions were intensified when he saw the same bandit at the Cold Spring Ranch, twenty miles from Virginia City, where a change of horses was made. Tex had ridden across country and headed the stage, and Southmayde saw him in confidential talk with George Ives and Steve Marshland.

The next day the stage was pulling slowly up a steep grade when three men who had been riding quietly ahead suddenly wheeled their horses and, with their shotguns ready, galloped back.

On the Box

THE double-barreled shotgun, incidentally, was the favorite weapon of the Montana desperado. The shotgun used by Henry Plummer is in the collection at the state-capital museum in Helena.

Although the three made ludicrous efforts to disguise themselves, Southmayde immediately recognized George Ives, Whisky Bill Graves, and Bob Zachary. Each man had a green-and-blue blanket covering his body, and a similar blanket was draped over the horses from ears to tail. Whisky Bill was sporting a silk hat—"the antitype," says Dimsdale, "of the muff on a soup plate usually worn in the East"—and he and his companions were masked.

Sheriff Plummer was standing in front of the stage station in Bannack as the delayed coach drove up.

"Was the stage robbed today?" he asked.

Southmayde answered in the affirmative, but before he could speak further, was drawn to one side by Dr. G. G. Bissell, the judge of Virginia City, who was one of the first to suspect Plummer

"Be careful what you tell that man," he whispered swiftly. Southmayde winked to indicate his comprehension and rejoined the sheriff, who had not noticed the interruption.

"I think I can tell you who it was that robbed you," the chief of the Innocents observed.

"Who?" asked Southmayde quickly.

"Well, George Ives was one of them."

"That's right," blurted the victim, "and the other two were Bob Zachary and Bill Graves. I'll live to see them hanged in three weeks!"

Plummer strode away without another word, and Doctor Bissell, who had overheard the entire conversation, gripped Southmayde's arm.

"Your life's not worth a cent now!" he exclaimed.

Buck Stinson and Ned Ray came into the stage office and bought tickets to Virginia City by the same stage on which Southmayde booked passage, three days later. The agent immediately informed the other man.

"Don't go, Leroy," he said, "you'll be killed sure!"

"I've got to go!" said Southmayde grimly. "Let me have a shotgun and I'll take my chances."

Oliver's agent did not do things by halves. He promptly issued sawed-off double-barreled ten-bores to Southmayde, to Tom Caldwell, the driver; and to a boy of sixteen who was the only other passenger.

John Featherstun, Overland Express Messenger, Who Helped Nell Howie Capture Dutch John

At Right—John S. Lott, Who Drew Up the Vigilante Oath

Below—Dr. William L. Steele, Judge of the Miners' Court That Tried Lyons, Forbes and Stinson

Caldwell and Southmayde rode together, one driving while the other kept his eye—and his shotgun—on Stinson and Ray. The boy, carefully instructed in his duties by the older men, sat on the rear seat, a shotgun across his knees, and kept the two bandits covered from that side.

At the Cold Spring station Bob Zachary, Bill Graves and Aleck Carter, armed to the teeth, joined Stinson and Ray. The three rode ahead when the party resumed the journey, and Caldwell, after talking the situation over with Southmayde, took Buck Stinson on the box with him. The revised seating arrangement, with Southmayde in the body of the coach covering Ray, did not suit the outlaws' plans and Stinson voiced his objections.

"I don't care if you like it or not," Caldwell told him. "You're an old stage driver and I want you up here."

A Hot Reception at Cold Spring

STINSON took one look at the steady-eyed Southmayde and meekly climbed up on the box and took the reins. Neither Caldwell nor Southmayde expected to reach Alder Gulch alive, but they were determined, if killed, to take a few others with them.

Scarcely half a mile from the Cold Spring station, Zachary, Graves and Carter, who had been riding in advance of the stage, wheeled their horses and cantered back through the gathering dusk. "Halt!" shouted Zachary.

As the command left the outlaw's lips Caldwell's gun leaped to his shoulder to cover Carter. From within the coach Southmayde brought his weapon to bear on Zachary and Graves, while the boy, at his seat mate's command, menaced Ray. One cannot help liking that boy. He was only sixteen, but he took a man's part. We can pardon Dimsdale his tactful veiling of the identity of the individual members of the vigilante organization; we can even excuse his rank carelessness in matters of dates and geographical locations, but why, oh, why, could he not have told us the name of that lad who sat for seventy-five miles in a rocking stage with two of the worst bad men in Montana in front of him, and whose steady fingers on the triggers bluffed Ned Ray to a standstill!

The light was failing, but there was ample illumination for Zachary, Carter and Whisky Bill to see the shining muzzles trained on them.

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PHOTOS. BY L. H. JORUD. COURTESY OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA

Robbers' Roost, the Pete Daley Ranch and Stage Station Four Miles South of Sheridan. In Oval—Captain James Williams, Field Commander of the Vigilantes

A MAN TO AVOID

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

She and the Headman Had Endless Talks. He Told That Over the Shoulder of the Hill Was the Great Temple, a Buried Treasure With a Curse on It

II

THE boat that was to take the Bentham expedition to the port of Gatacosta was a small steamship, dedicated to the proposition that bananas were more important than passengers. At each trip it brought its cargo of that pale, rather mushy fruit to whatever Gulf city promised the speediest sale. This time it happened to be Mobile. The party assembled separately. The Thorleys had been in Mobile several days attending to getting the equipment on board. Raikes had stopped in Washington to make some final arrangement with the State Department and the minister of the rather turbulent government of Gatacosta; Salisbury had gone to Ohio to say good-by to his family, and had approached down the Mississippi; and last of all, Millie had taken the best drawing-room on the New Orleans express and arrived in the dark hours between midnight and dawn, only a few hours before the Stella was scheduled to sail.

She had scouted the idea of her parents coming as far as Mobile with her, or even of their sending anyone, but when she stepped off on the deserted platform of the Mobile station she had a momentary sensation of loneliness.

A man in a seaman's cap and jacket came up to her almost at once and said: "Miss Chester, for the Stella?" He took her bag. "I'm the purser. Delisle's the name."

He turned sharply away and Millie followed as best she could. It was not easy to keep up with his long strides. They entered a covered wharf, smelling of harbor water and musty fruit. How was she to know, she thought, that she was boarding the Stella? Tales of white slavery in China and Argentina came to her mind. Her guide turned to the right and stepped down into the waist of a tiny ship. Surely it couldn't be the Stella. No one would actually put to sea —— A tender perhaps; a small copy of those that come out at Cherbourg. "New York Society Girl Disappears in Mobile Docks."

She drew back, hesitating, and then a voice spoke to her: "Oh, you did come after all." Jimmy Salisbury was watching for her from the upper deck.

"Deck cabin C, starboard side," said the purser.

"I'll take Miss Chester's bag," said Jimmy.

"I have it," said the purser. For an instant both men laid firm hands on Millie's Russia-leather dressing case. Then the purser, seeing his advantage, let Jimmy have the bag, while he walked ahead, piloting Millie. He was a pale sandy-haired young Southerner.

Both men attempted to induce Millie to sit up and watch the moonlight on the great round area of Mobile Bay, but she was firm; she wasn't going to begin her trip that way.

It was no great wonder that the officers of a vessel accustomed to carrying no passengers except malarious planters and large Spanish-American ladies disposed to seasickness should all fall in love with Millie. The purser had spread the report of her beauty to unbelieving ears—Delisle was considered romantic about women—but when Millie appeared at luncheon in a simple gray-blue dress the color of her eyes he was entirely vindicated.

She had slept very late, and when at length she got on deck she found that the Stella had passed beyond the silt that the Mississippi carries into the Gulf, and was riding the waves of a sapphire sea. It was half-past twelve and everyone had been at luncheon some time when she entered. The captain, a stout jovial New Englander, sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Thorley on his right and a grizzled Gatacostan official, returning from Washington, on his left. Millie sat down between the purser and the chief engineer, and found she was immediately opposite to Raikes and Jimmy. Raikes bowed to her with a face as blank as a statue's.

The chief engineer was a black-haired, brown-eyed young Scotchman, always struggling against a craving for whisky as the only anodyne to his acute dislike and disapprobation of the general scheme of mortality. He was not of the type who are rendered happier or more hopeful even by the early stages of love. He cast one glance at Millie and became more aware than ever of the futility of life and the cruelty of death. He faced the fact that he could never hope to possess her, and after a few minutes of deep silence he sent the steward to his cabin for a bottle of whisky.

The captain found himself affected by a desire to tell Millie about his wife and children, whom he had left in a small wooden house in South Boston. The purser would have liked to prance before her on a coal-black steed, sweeping a feathered hat to the ground, but was obliged to content himself with telling her legends of the South in its great days. The Gatacostan looked at her continuously, with his head tilted back so that his great magnifying spectacles focused upon her. He did not speak, but amused himself by thinking how much better men of his race appeared in this first approach to beauty than blundering Anglo-Saxons and romantic Celts.

Raikes had put on his stone-image face and did not look at her at all; only now and then he gave vent to a low sound like an etherealized snort, indicating contempt or dissatisfaction with something that had been said; at

which Jimmy would attempt to engage his chief's attention or distract his mind, and often bring down wrath upon his head—which was perhaps Jimmy's object.

The trip should have taken four days, but seemed on this occasion likely to take five, owing—or so the story went about the ship—to the chief engineer's slowing down the engines; but actually because the old engines, pounding themselves each trip nearer to dissolution, required an attention which MacPherson was no longer in any condition to give them. Raikes was furious at the idea of losing a day and would not speak to anyone.

He had preëmpted a part of the upper deck to his own use and sat there all day long in the only real steamer chair the little boat possessed—all the others were of canvas with his hat pulled over his eyes and a pile of books and papers beside him. Thorley, never a good sailor and particularly ill affected by the bounding motion of a small, empty vessel on the swells of the Caribbean, lay all day long on the sofa in the saloon or strolled on deck with a forced smile that tried to give the lie to the luminous green of his complexion. Mrs. Thorley sat under the awning on the after deck, stitching flannel bands to keep her husband from dysentery. There, too, Millie held her court. They came and went—the captain with anecdotes about his little Zillah; the purser with his tales of the War of Secession; Jimmy, too humble and admiring to be jealous; and at meals—only at meals—MacPherson, with his eyes getting to be more and more like live embers every day.

Sometimes Don Manuel, the Gatacostan official, would invite her to walk with him on the deck, and would flatter her in words, while examining her with perfectly cold, curious eyes. She was glad of an opportunity to practice her Spanish, and heard in return that American women were very cold—not to be borne or understood by Latin males. He was now burnt out, an old man, but in his youth had been very fiery. Millie probably bore out the evil name of her compatriots, for she showed she was more interested when he spoke of the ruins of his native land.

The only person who never came near her and never spoke to her except at table, to ask her to hand him a dish, was Raikes. The vanity of a girl with less cause for self-confidence than Millie might have been wounded by his neglect, but Millie could not accept such indifference as completely natural, and as soon as she admitted that it was a mask she was free to let her imagination run wild as to what the mask covered. She smiled to herself. After three or four weeks in the jungle she would know. It would be amusing, it would be exciting, when the breakdown of that fine high-strung nature finally came. Her heart beat a little faster in just thinking about it. "And you were the man," she would say, "who did not want me to come."

And all the time, in her own strange way, she was honestly trying to fit herself to be a member of the expedition, reading Spanish, studying the irregular verbs, talking to Mrs. Thorley about clothes and health, examining Don Manuel about the ruins of his native country, and steadily learning everything that Jimmy knew on the whole subject.

The third morning out the captain came down the narrow stairs that led from the bridge to that part of the deck that Raikes preëmpted, and stood leaning his back on the railing. His eye traveled over the ship, up to masthead and over the horizon, as seafaring people's eyes are always traveling, and then he remarked:

"I'm worried about my chief engineer." Raikes, who would have scowled at Millie and sworn at Jimmy for interrupting his train of thought, looked up at the great fat captain with calm and friendliness, and thus encouraged, the captain went on: "He hasn't touched a drop since he's been with me—that's two years—and now he's been drunk almost ever since we cleared."

"I've noticed it," said Raikes dryly.

"Well, what am I going to do about it?" said the captain.

"What were you thinking of doing about it?"

"Maybe it's a bad idea," said the captain, "but I was thinking—with your approval—of asking Miss Chester to say a word of warning to him. Sometimes a man sees himself different in a woman's eyes, and I've a notion —— Well, maybe I'm wrong."

"No, you're not wrong," said Raikes. "Only she won't do it. She will be very much surprised, and say that she doesn't know Mr. Mac—whatever it is—well enough."

The captain sighed. "Well, there's no reason why she should if she doesn't want to."

"Not unless you threatened to put her in irons if she doesn't."

The captain laughed, taking this as more of a joke than it was meant to be. "I'm not much of a believer in threats," he said.

"I'm not much of a believer in anything else," replied Raikes, and added as the captain moved away with his rolling step: "Let me know if you fail, and I'll try my hand."

He had been reading about half an hour, when a shadow fell upon his book, and looking up, he saw the captain was back.

"Well, you win," he said. "She said just what you said she would, and of course she's right." Then, as Raikes gave a sort of snort, he added: "She made me feel pretty cheap—not being able to run my own ship." And the captain rolled away again, up the companionway to the bridge.

Raikes glanced after him and murmured to himself: "What fools men are about women—especially my countrymen." Presently he stopped the steward, who was passing, and asked him to tell Miss Chester that he wanted to speak to her.

Millie, who had been digging away at Spanish all the morning, had just paused long enough to confide the story of her interview with the captain to Jimmy, who, surprising to relate, thought exactly as she did about it—that it was a strange and impertinent thing for the captain to ask her to enter into such a personal discussion with a man of this

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Millie Suggested She Could Paint a Copy of Them. It Was a Great Success. She Did it Beautifully. Raikes Was Delighted

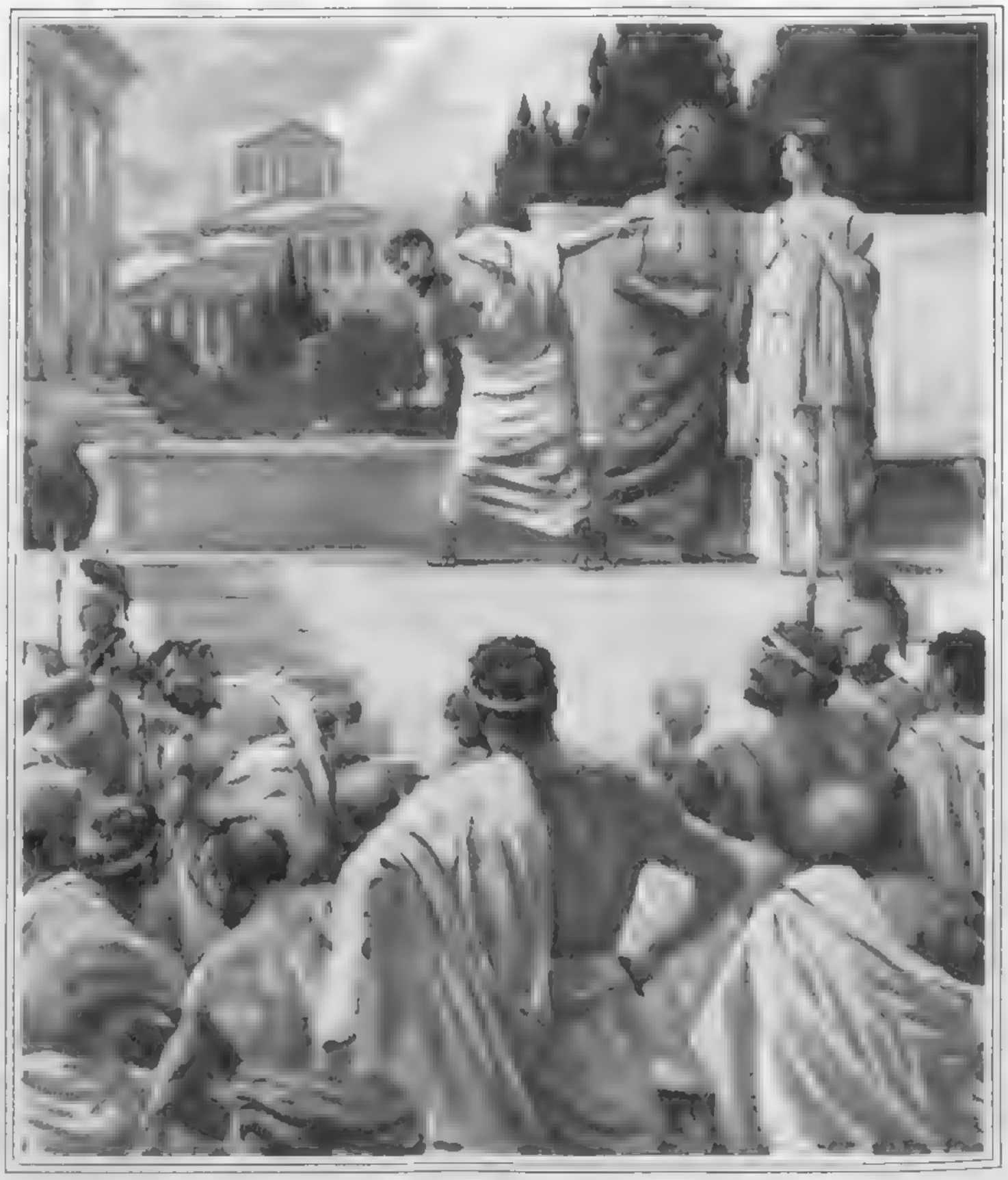
TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

The Glory That Was Greece—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SALAMIS. He was thirteen years old. Never would he forget that 16th Munychion in the year of the 75th Olympiad; in modern chronology, the twenty-third of September, B. C. 480. For three weeks, wretched refugees in their makeshift huts upon the island of Salamis, they had watched the far-off smoke rising from the siege of the desperate remnant left in the Acropolis at Athens. Was its wooden barricade indeed the wooden fort prophesied cryptically as salvation by the Oracle at Delphi, or was Themistocles right, and the true meaning those two hundred ships he had persuaded them to build against the three years' preparation of the Persian?

For three weeks they had agonizedly watched the dust clouds of the huge army of Xerxes maneuvering upon the shore of the mainland ere it returned to carouse in their abandoned city. For three weeks they had looked across the sea to the swarming hundreds of his ships—Phœnician, Ionian, Egyptian and unpatriotic Hellene—menacingly outnumbering that Greek fleet, whereof the Athenian contingent equaled those of Sparta, Corinth and Ægina combined, which was the last hope of Hellas. For these last few days everyone had known that the allies were cravenly proposing to slip away, to abandon the Athenians to their fate. In the night there had been a wild alarm. An excited fisherman had rushed from his boat with the news that the Persian armada had moved to block every exit from the landlocked sound.



He Had Felt That Ingratitude Like a Betrayal of All He Had Ever Worked For. This Was His Demos! This Was Athens!

Themistocles had smiled grimly in that hastily summoned conclave of the generals; none guessed that it was his own secret crafty message to Xerxes which had precipitated this crisis. They must either fight their way out or starve. By torchlight the crews had rushed to the ships, had dragged them into the water, while on the beach women wept hysterically, crying the names of their husbands. In that poignant confusion on the shore, Xanthippus, his father, general subordinate to Themistocles, stern visaged under his great helmet, had embraced him with a last brief word:

"Farewell, Pericles. Remember always that you are an Athenian."

Now, in the dawn, he stood amid the multitude gathered upon the long spiny promontory jutting eastward from the island. The shouting had ceased. Old men, women, children, slaves—they crowded together in an anguished hush. Near by, a regimented mass of hoplites, with crested helmets, oval shields and long spears, stood ready to repel a possible Persian landing. In the bay, hidden from the enemy by the promontory, the Greek ships were a long line upon the misty gray water.

To the eastward, over a sea like polished steel, the sky changed to a glory of scarlet and gold and vivid chrysoprase. Silhouetted in that luminosity, the hundreds of Persian ships, diminutive, like centipedes, were taking up position, barring the passages at each side of the rocky islet of Psyttaleia halfway between this long arm of Salamis and the Attic mainland. Ionian ships were landing soldiers upon the islet. A near squadron of Phœnician triremes, notoriously the most formidable of their foes, came sweeping up in splendidly ordered array, their rams surging through the water, their oars dipping and lifting like one, the soldiers waving their spears as they stood ranked upon the fighting gangways of the long narrow craft. He watched them with a throbbing heart, prayed desperately to Athene—to the Divine Maiden of the desecrated temple on the now captured Acropolis.

At last! The Greek fleet was moving out of the bay—an immensely long column, rowing straight to the eastward in that regulation slow rhythm which conserved the strength of the oarsmen until the final moment. The sixteen Spartan ships were at the head, the hundred and eighty Athenians following the other allies. He could hear the trumpet calls, the measured chant of the paean, as the oars came up, flashed in the first sunlight, dropped again in disciplined unison.

They were passing beyond the promontory which had shielded them from the enemy's view, heading straight for the farther channel, where a mass of Ionian vessels awaited them. Trireme after trireme, the long column followed in interminable succession. It exposed, temptingly, its length to the Phœnician squadrons in the nearer passage. There was a murmur of alarm in the crowd. Poseidon! What were they thinking of? Surely they would be caught in flank, rammed! The regimented hoplites shrieked the warning frenziedly. Too late! With a resounding exultant shout, a wild clamor, the Phœnician ships were surging forward, the water foaming under the quick beat of their oars, dashing into the narrow straits.

Athene! The long line of Athenian ships had fallen suddenly into disarray, were backing water with their oars! It was incredible; the shame of it choked him as he watched. That shameful Athenian confusion grew worse. The whole line sagged back in a deep pocket; sagged yet farther as the Phœnician mass raced forward, jumbled out of formation in its impetuosity to destroy this visibly demoralized enemy. On the promontory was a pandemonium of anguished shrieks and shouts.

Deeper and deeper sagged that pocket of the Athenian ships, well back into the straits. Not yet had the first of the Phœnician triremes got within fighting distance. Suddenly from the Greeks came sharply decisive reiterated trumpet calls, a vehement shouting. That disordered curve startlingly shaped itself into disciplined squadrons dashing at the enemy. A line of ships at its near extremity rowed as if in a race at the rear of the Phœnician mass, now caught as in a net. There commenced a terrific vociferation.

"*Athenai! Athenai!*" he screamed exultantly. "Xanthippus! Xanthippus! Look! Look! My father's squadron! He's going to ram! *Athenai! Athenai!*"

That extreme flank squadron swept forward—how those rowers were pulling! One could imagine their strained set faces, their gasping naked chests. Darts and flying arrows were suddenly a little dark cloud in the air. One after the other, in an appalling tumult, the Athenian ships crashed into the Phœnicians, caught broadside on. The enemy triremes reeled, their foemen tumbling headlong as the vessel capsized or plunged into tossing water littered with broken oars.

Far away also a furious, ever-extending fight was in progress. It was too much to watch all at once. It was a vast bewildering confusion, prolonged hour after hour, wherein the spectators on the headland ran to the shore to club and spear exhausted barbarian swimmers, to rescue and cheer Athenian mariners similarly saving themselves from ships that had been rammed.

Hour after hour, and then suddenly that confusion dissolved. The remainder of the barbarian fleet was in full flight from those wreck-strewn straits! Pericles laughed at old men weeping grotesquely for joy as ecstatically they shouted: "Victory! Victory! Athens! Athens!" He shouted it also, ran with the rest to see more barbarians clubbed as they struggled to reach the rocks, ran to see the hoplites embarked on some of the Athenian ships to exterminate the Persian soldiers on Psyttaleia. Greek vessel after Greek vessel passed, racing in pursuit, hung already with the garlands of triumph. It was almost beyond

realization. They were saved—saved! That preponderantly Athenian fleet—Athens herself, sea-borne within those divinely counseled wooden walls—had saved Hellas! Who would not be proud to be an Athenian! *Athenai! Athenai!* Athens! Athens!

There followed a night of crazy joy. In that encampment where they had despaired, those fugitive citizens seemed to have gone mad. Like brothers they embraced one another, rich and poor, sharing their wine and food, singing hymns of gratitude to Athene, the Maiden Goddess, ever protectress of her city. In the midst of that rejoicing a man came screaming that the Persians had set fire to Athens.

That alarm was premature. Not until the next spring did the Persians evacuate Athens, burn it to the ground.

He was a grown man, thirty-two years of age, the orator whom already the Demos crowded to hear. As he stood on the bema in the Pnyx, speaking with the succinct eloquence of the Athenian tradition, he could feel a fascinated excitement mounting in those thousands of citizens massed semicircularly around him in the cleared space of the rocky hill. Squatting on the ground, seated on the stools some had brought with them, standing erect, they listened spellbound, every face turned to him in breathless interest.

Long ago had ceased the last interruptions, the ribald angry interjections of the friends of Cimon grouped about that tall weather-beaten man with the conspicuous shock of hair whose normal bluff joviality had forsaken him. The whole of the oligarchical party sat as if benumbed under the inevitable doom that seemed to shape itself visibly from his words in the crystalline air of that sunlit morning. No longer they shouted "Onion head" at him, reminded him that he also was an aristocrat, though a renegade whom his father Xanthippus would have cursed, taunted him with the jeer that he bought the favors of the populace with public funds, since he was too mean to rival the personal largesse of Cimon, taunted him with jealousy of that greatest of Athenian generals, who ever defeated the Persians with whom interminably Athens was still at war.

Coolly, with an Olympian majesty of tongue, he had annihilated them. At Salamis, his father—the father who at Mycale had destroyed the remnant of the Persian fleet that had escaped—had bidden him remember ever that he was an Athenian. Never had he forgotten it. If he had advocated the payment of Athenian citizens when they acted as jurors in the courts, it was to insure that Athenian justice should be the same for every citizen, rich or poor; to make it possible for every Athenian citizen to exercise his inalienable right to pronounce it. In his opinion Athens existed for the whole body of her duly enfranchised citizens in an equality of civic ownership whatever their class or personal fortune. He attacked the rich only when with a perfidious generosity they sought to debauch the citizens for their private ends. As to being jealous of Cimon, it was notorious that it was his own mild and perhaps overfriendly prosecution at a certain trial two years before which had permitted an acquittal. Now it was merely as a matter of the public weal that he supported Ephialtes—the poor, the unbribable, the People's Friend—whom they had just heard speak with the eloquence of righteous indignation.

Indisputable was it that Cimon had insisted on leading Athenian citizens to help Sparta crush the revolt of her ill-treated helots. Indisputable was it that Sparta had ever been the jealous rival of Athens. Why, then, had Cimon done this? Because Sparta was the support of oligarchs all over Hellas. Because Cimon and his party hoped and plotted for the day when there would again be an avowed oligarchy in Athens, rich men enslaving the poor. Cimon had miscalculated. Ephialtes had warned him at the debates before that expedition was voted. Never would the free citizens of Athens surrender their democracy. What had happened? The incorruptible Athenian army had been sent back by Sparta in insulting dismissal. Athens had been put to a shame so public that all Hellas chattered it. In the sterner old times this assembly would have considered a vote for death. He did not ask for that. He did not mention any name. He denounced no one. He merely proposed, according to the law of Cleisthenes, who had delivered Athens from its tyrants, that this year there should be decreed an Ostrakophoria.

Collecting in the market place, as was their right, the citizens of Athens might then in their sovereign freedom, with no suggestion from anyone, write upon their potsherds the name of any citizen who in their opinion should be exiled from a city of which he was no longer worthy. They might write his name—Pericles. They might write the name of Cimon. In any case, those of good conscience need have no fear, for, as they knew, none could be ostracized unless at least six thousand potsherds bore his name. Let those who feared this salutary decree oppose it! Dramatically, he half turned on the platform to that magnificent circling panorama of Athens and the Piræus harbor city visible from the assembly hill.

"Behold your city, Athenians! Is she not beautiful?" Beautiful indeed she was in that crystal-clear atmosphere peculiarly her own, her yellow-walled houses vivid against the blue-green surrounding hills, her turreted walls around her, the table-topped Acropolis surmounted by the old Temple of Athene repaired after the Persian War. "Who is there that shall dare to make a mock of her? Who is there that shall dare to be faithless to her? Greater is she than any one of her citizens, be he never so great!"

He swung round, pointed to the blue sea, with the island of Salamis distant upon it; pointed to the indented harbors of the Piræus five miles away.

"Behold, citizens of Athens, and remember! There is Salamis! Themistocles led the Athenian ships at Salamis. Behold the harbors of your invincible fleet! Themistocles created that fleet, fortified those harbors. Eighteen years ago you returned to an Athens that lay in blackened ruins. Themistocles rebuilt her, inspiring ever to good works that democracy of which he was the servant. Great indeed was Themistocles! Yet even he was not greater than the city. Who does not remember that eight years ago Cimon and his party of rich men demanded an Ostrakophoria, as I now demand it? Who does not remember that Themistocles—the great Themistocles—submitted to the citizens of Athens—that he, even he, was ostracized? Is Cimon a greater than Themistocles, citizens? Shall he also not be subject to the laws? No reason has he to oppose this Ostrakophoria unless his conscience misgives him. Sovereign citizens of Athens, of this dear city spread out in her divine loveliness before you, I demand the decree!"

He took the wreath from his head in sign that he had finished, gathered his mantle about him, stepped down from the stone bema. The assembly leaped to its feet in frenzied enthusiasm. "The Ostrakophoria! The Ostrakophoria! Put it to the vote! The vote! Pericles! Pericles! Down with Cimon! Down with the oligarchs! The Ostrakophoria! The Ostrakophoria! The vote! The vote!"

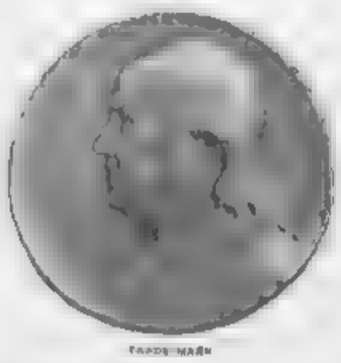
The clamor ceased as the president rose, in solemn tones enunciated the proposal. "Those in favor of an Ostrakophoria this year signify by the show of hands!" Cimon and his adherents stood blanched and silent. The upflung hands were all but unanimous. It was decisive. Certain was the name which with similar unanimity would be scrawled on the potsherds at the now decreed ceremony in the Agora. Of Cimon as of Themistocles would it be written that the fickle Athenian citizens "had had enough of him." The reign of the aristocratic party—in power for the past eight years—was over.

"Pericles! Pericles!" They vociferated his name

(Continued on Page 54)

He Stood Now Before Her, a Little Crazed in the Agony of His Despair. Surely for Him Who Had Done So Much for Her, for Him Without Whom She Would Not be Here in This Matchless Temple, She Might Give a Sign That All Had Not Been in Vain!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 9, 1929

Makers and Measures of Prosperity

MOTOR-CAR registrations for the year 1928 showed a gain of 1,400,000 over those for 1927, not counting an increase of motortrucks in excess of 220,000. Though 1928 was a banner year in the automobile industry and the wholesale value of its production of motor vehicles led that of 1927 by $300,000,000, putting it over the $3,000,000,000 mark, there are grounds for believing that it is headed for even higher permanent levels. The amazing capacity of the American people for buying an ever-increasing output of automobiles is a favorite barometer of our national prosperity.

The production of tires for replacements showed extraordinary gains and exceeded the 1927 figure of $595,000,000 by a round $75,000,000. The output of parts for replacements and accessories jumped no less than $200,000,000. Passenger-car registrations in the year last past numbered 21,630,000. It is significant to note that the average price of cars dropped from $953 in 1927 to $876 in 1928. The price of trucks, likewise, shaded off from $1053 to $955. Moreover, the cars of 1928 were better as well as cheaper than those of any previous year.

There is no reason why we should not use the achievements of the youngest of our giant industries to measure the rise of our national prosperity; but we should always take into account one fact which is too often overlooked—namely, the enormous contribution which it is making to the body of new wealth and to the heightened standard of living which it measures.

The manufacture of motor vehicles has many characteristics which set it in a place apart from all other American industries. It is one which has grown by sheer merit from nothing to its present vast proportions. It was started on a shoestring. The banks stepmothered it rather than mothered it; and not until it was fairly well established could they be counted upon to give much financial support either to the manufacturers or to the concerns which made parts or to potential customers.

Even from the early days the industry has had the inestimable advantage of an unusually high type of leadership. A great factor in its steady growth has been the type of men responsible for it, a group of executives of uncommon vision, courage and optimism. In raising themselves these men have been the schoolmasters of other industries as well as their own. The object lessons they have given in mass production, in the employment of labor-saving machinery, in the progress which can be made by the incessant application of mechanical ingenuity and in the improvement of nation-wide distribution and service which has been achieved by enlightened methods, are standing benefits to the whole manufacturing world. Moreover, the ever-increasing demand which the public puts upon the manufacturer has provided the urge to press on to mechanical perfection.

The automobile industry has unquestionably given us the speediest, the most agreeable and the most convenient transportation to be found anywhere upon the surface of the globe. From this achievement flow not only health and pleasure but a time-saving factor which has the effect of adding years to our lives. It has made possible a new and higher standard of efficiency. Heightened efficiency brings greater earning power. Increased earning power means greater buying power; and the increase of leisure due to constant time saving affords more ample opportunity for the exercise of the spending power. Comfortable and wholesome living raises efficiency another peg and at the same time brings new incentives to labor that will be still more productive.

The perception of this invisible chain of cause and effect, the recognition of this hitherto unknown cycle, is perhaps the greatest economic discovery which has been made in our time. The automobile industry has been more largely responsible for the building up of this theory and for the practical demonstration of its truth than any other single agency, whether in the field of industry or in that of textbook economics.

This is not the whole story. The effects of the rise of the automobile industry have been national and general as well as local and personal. It has been more effective than any other agency in securing the extension of improved roads; and good roads are the cornerstone of material civilization. Cheap and able motor cars and an improved system of highways have had an incalculable effect upon the unification of the country arising from extensive travel for pleasure and business. Improvements of the internal-combustion engine have not only brought the motor car near mechanical perfection but have made possible the conquest of the air. Engine makers are daily proving the substantial truth of the saying that the kitchen table will fly if it is equipped with a motor light enough and powerful enough. Indirectly—and not so indirectly at that—the automobile industry has given man a new dimension in which to travel.

The export trade in American motor cars which, only a few years ago, was scarcely worthy of the attention of the statistician has grown to such an extent that in 1928 we sold 810,000 motor vehicles outside the United States, which represents an increase of twenty-six per cent over the figure for 1927; and the importation of foreign motor vehicles fell off by a percentage almost as great.

The most direct and most easily appraised contributions to our national prosperity made by the industry have not yet been mentioned. The capital invested in the business is measured by billions and the number of persons employed, directly and indirectly, exceeds four millions. As a user of steel, rubber, glass, textiles and other commodities it keeps at work other billions of capital and other armies of labor.

The strength and vitality of the industry lie in a few simple and basic circumstances. Its product is not only essential to our present civilization but it is universally desired. Millions who walk are working a little harder in order that presently they may ride; and last, but by no means least, the better the product becomes the lower is the price demanded for it.

Marriage and Divorce

MUCH of the large volume of discussion concerning the evils of unfortunate marriages and the increasing number of divorces is wasted breath. It is true that such complicated questions warrant no end of debate. The growth of individual freedom, the decline of family authority, the changed position of woman, the lessened authority of the church, and many other factors play upon the institution of marriage and also of divorce. Many modern, thinking persons regard divorce as not wholly evil. Marriage is a partnership and, like any other partnership, must be dissolved for cause.

But it is just as clear that divorce is being abused. No sane person denies that such is the case, and the extent of this abuse creates a grave social danger. Why is divorce being abused? Several answers, each one correct enough, may be made to the query.

The first which occurs concerns the perversity of human nature. Obviously, great numbers of unsuccessful marriages which naturally result in divorce are due to defects in character, to selfishness, dissipation, heedlessness and all manner of weakness and vice. No man is wise enough to say what proportion of broken marriages and consequent divorces come under these heads and how many are due to causes which reflect less or not at all upon the participants.

It is not our purpose, however, to enter this debate, but rather to point out that the abuse of divorce is tremendously stimulated and exaggerated by the unscientific, confused, hide-and-seek, almost chaotic character of the laws which govern marriage and divorce among the several states of the Union. There appear to be no common factors, no standards in the statutes. One state grants divorce under no conditions, and another provides for fourteen different reasons. Nineteen states have no prohibition of the marriage of the feeble-minded. One state requires only three months' residence before a divorce can be granted, while another state and the District of Columbia each require three years' residence. As regards the ages at which children can marry, the tangle in the different states is hopeless.

Now, this lack of consistency or common meeting ground results in constant subterfuge, falsehood, abuse and injustice. A state with small population and scanty resources may be able to attract a few hundred or thousand additional residents by reducing the required period of residence for divorce below that of more populous and wealthy states.

If a state requires four or five days to obtain a marriage license in order to prevent gin marriages, a poor state alongside may draw in a few paltry dollars by granting licenses in shorter time. It is true that records seem to show that those who rush to easy states for marriages or divorces are no happier afterward, but this fact certainly does not lessen the evil.

So great are the discrepancies now existing among laws of the different states that according to one authority a man may be at one and the same time, according to the state in which he happens to be, married, single, divorced and a bigamist. Those who secure a divorce in a state outside their own, who marry again and have children, may be sued by the divorced spouse to annul the second marriage should they return to their own state. Now, all this sort of thing is not only disgusting and disgraceful; it is a national menace.

Clearly the need is for uniform marriage and divorce laws. To be able to change one's matrimonial status by crossing a state line is not only preposterous; it is a challenge to all common sense and elementary decency. One is single, married, divorced or a bigamist in fact, not by virtue of imaginary political boundaries. For nearly half a century reformers have labored in vain to bring about state concert in these matters. Apparently we must wait for the millennium for that.

A Federal amendment which would bring about a uniform law is opposed by some as a challenge to states rights and the ability of the people to govern themselves. But the people have lamentably failed to govern themselves in these matters by state instrumentalities; they have been too busy, perhaps, with other affairs. The problem is very real.

There is deep-seated and well-based opposition to cluttering up the Constitution with new amendments, but the nation must find some way of fitting its institutions to conditions which now prevail. The reform is imperative; if it cannot be effected in one way, it will eventually come about in another.

CRABBED AGE AND COLLEGE SPENDERS

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS
Dean of the College, Princeton University

IT IS impossible to tell at precisely what point extravagance begins in the case of any particular young man in business or at college. You cannot say that Johnny Jones is extravagant just because he spends upon himself two hundred or four hundred or twelve hundred or two thousand dollars. To say this, you must know Johnny Jones and his father

In every case where the son is in college you should also know in which college, though this is not so important; for reasonable expenditure in colleges generally is more nearly a constant than it is in the various social strata in different parts of our country. If a young man while still an undergraduate desires to cut a swath in Boston or New York or San Francisco society circles, this costly aside should in no case be counted as part of his academic expenses.

If a normal boy living at home attends college in his own city his expenses will, of course, be raised by all university charges and should be increased by some reasonable amount for books, for college activities and diversions. The problem changes in character somewhat when the young man goes away to one of the small towns in which the state universities are frequently situated, or to one of the residential colleges. They constitute more or less self-contained social units in which the students themselves to a larger degree set the standards of expense. These standards, of course, must be taken into account in computing a budget.

In strictly college towns it will, of course, be the college standard which pervades the community. Dr. Frank P. Bachman of the General Education Board recently announced the results of a survey of teachers' salaries in some 300 colleges of arts, literature and science. They showed that the average salary of all ages and ranks for the year 1926–27 was $2958. Since most professors are married and have families, this must be rated as a family income in a college community, and if undergraduates learn extravagance it cannot fairly be charged that they learn it from the example of their professors.

Covering the Essentials

THE General Education Board's survey indicated another fact which has some bearing on our problem of student expenses. It showed that the average teacher's salary varied in different sections of the country. It stood highest in New England, with $3385, and ranged downward through $3214 in the Middle Atlantic States, $2960 in the Western States, $2805 in the Middle West, to a low of $2660 in the South. These differences probably indicate approximately the different standards of living costs in college communities of these respective sections. If you divide the teacher's family income in half and subtract $400, it will give you a rough-and-ready estimate of what the young unencumbered college student can live upon comfortably in these same sections. Tuition in many state universities is free, whereas in some privately endowed institutions it may run as high as $500, and where there is such a charge a corresponding addition must be made to this basic figure.

The colleges themselves often give suggested schedules of expenses which tend to correlate roughly with the figures arrived at by this computation. Yet these schedules frequently mislead the parent for two reasons. They usually, and very wisely, omit items like travel, clothing and personal expenses for which the parent does not adequately provide, and often, less wisely, have a tendency to make their clients believe that the college provides education at bargain prices. The estimates which follow are probably as fair as any, and are merely given as representative of the various sections of the country. Tulane University at New Orleans gives $580 as a "conservative estimate of expenses." The University of Virginia runs to a "liberal" of $850. In the Middle West the University of Michigan gives as first-year expenses in the academic and business departments $763 to $803; the University of Wisconsin from $375 to $925. In the Far West the University of California catalogue warns "that the ordinary yearly expenses of a student in the academic departments, including general expenses, are probably at least $800," which may be taken as a low rather than a liberal estimate. In the universities given above tuition is free or a relatively small charge. In those which follow it will run between $350 and $450.

Stanford University at Palo Alto states a medium of $864 and a high of $1320 for the student who attends three of its four quarters.

In the Middle Atlantic States the University of Pennsylvania, allowing $100 for clothes and $160 for incidentals, but nothing for travel, gives an estimated average expenditure for all students of $1245. Princeton, in New Jersey, with more serious omissions, gives a liberal of $1231.

In New England, Brown University at Providence states the cost to a boy occupying a room with a roommate as from $730 to $1075, and Williams College in Massachusetts suggests for "the most essential expenses" from $925 to $1380. These most essential expenses make no provision for travel, clothes or spending money, and unless otherwise indicated, after the necessary addition to take care of them, I believe that for a residential college in the East, the Williams schedule provides a fair estimate of what college may cost the young man whose father is fully able to pay his way.

The Student Who Works His Way

THE catalogues of many institutions, like Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Columbia, no longer give estimates of low, medium and liberal expenses. In the colleges that make them there is usually much footless discussion between parents and undergraduates and the college officials. Undergraduates set up different sets of figures and parents wish to know what total sum the "average student" spends. A few years ago figures were printed indicating that at Dartmouth the average yearly expense was $1600, and recently undergraduates and college dailies at Yale, Harvard and Princeton have discussed the question. An editorial in one of them concluded that the average freshman there spends about $1950, and the senior, $2200. The one fact worth consideration is that the senior usually spends more than the freshman. The senior is older and more is expected of him. But if the college estimates of average costs run too low, these undergraduate estimates are correspondingly too high. Both are of very little value to the conscientious parent. There are a few boys who come without funds who earn their way, and who spend little or nothing. There are a few who spend six to eight thousand dollars a year. The former, as a rule, are by far the better academic citizens, but not all of them are successful.

Parents and older friends frequently urge a boy who has no savings whatever and no source of outside support to go on to college immediately. This should almost never be done, and only in the case of an exceptionally bright boy with a rugged physical constitution. Even then it may be a mistake, and it is far safer to advise such a boy to work and save for a year or two, or to lend him at least a few hundred dollars. I believe that all colleges that have seriously considered this problem now advise boys against entering without funds. The University of Michigan cautions students "against undertaking so much outside work as to interfere with their studies or injure their health. It is generally inadvisable for one to attempt to pay all his expenses by working at the same time that he is going to college." If students feel they must attempt this they are urged to take a lighter schedule of studies

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Taxidermist's Son: "Hey, Pop, That's My Bear-Skin Coat You Just Stuffed!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Loan Shark: "We Can Loan You $200. The Premium is $100, Plus 15% Finance Charge, Plus 10% Interest, Plus 6% Legal Interest, Plus $40 Life Insurance." Applicant: "Guess I Won't Borrow Anything. How Much Do I Owe You?"

Way Down East and Points Beyond

"HIRAM," said Mrs. Whiffletree as she sat down by her husband—"Hiram, I suppose they're going to ——"

"Going to what?"

"Foreclose, Hiram. You know what I mean."

"Not on your life," answered the old man. "I went to town this afternoon and did some refinancing. Instead of the old-fashioned one-way nonreversible second mortgage, priced on an 8 per cent basis, we now have a noncallable, sinking fund, prior-participating issue yielding the purchaser slightly less than 5.19 per cent. The refunding cost me a little money and I had to give the old red cow and the oil and gas rights on the bark forty as additional security—more as a form than anything else—but all told we're a lot better off. When the bank went into my financial condition I was as proud as a kid tuning in Alaska. They found my average earnings for the past three years were 2.8 times maximum charges on the loan presently to be outstanding, and there was no question about letting me have what I wanted."

"That's a great relief, father—a great relief. If only ——"

"What's the matter now?"

"You know as well as I do. It's Nell—our little Nell."

"I suppose that city slicker broke her heart good and plenty?"

"Yes."

At that moment Nell entered.

"Hello, folks," she shouted. "Did you hear the news?"

The folks shook their heads.

"Well, sir," said Nell, her fresh young face lighting up with enthusiasm, "I've got Desmond hooked on nineteen counts. He hasn't got a chance in the world to get away. My lawyer said the letters were perfect; in fact, the best he ever saw. All the evidence is in shape. I've got the best wardrobe that money will buy,

(Continued on Page 75)

"Sandy, Ye Hae Had the Bone Ower Lang Now. Canna Ye Let Wee Sister Take It a While?" "Aye, Mither, But Let Me Keep It a Bit Langer an' I Ken She Willna Want It"

"Yes, I'm Celebrating: Just Bought a Three-Dollar Dress for Two Ninety-Seven!"

Four strictly vegetable soups

Lent - Fridays - All year

NO MEAT in any form is contained in Campbell's Celery, Pea, Tomato and Asparagus Soups. Instead their wholesome, delicious vegetable foods are made more nourishing still by fine creamery butter. Here are four soups that give richness and glow to the Lenten menus, to the Friday meals, to the strict vegetarian diet, and to the general family table any day in the year!

Campbell's Celery Soup

Just when the celery is blanched to snowy whiteness—crisp and inviting from the finest beds—Campbell's chefs blend it in this tempting soup. All the famous tonic goodness of the choicest celery, enriched with creamery butter and seasoned with the delicacy of the trained soup-maker. And like all the other Campbell's Soups on this page, it makes the most delicious Cream Soup with the addition of milk instead of water. (See label.)

Campbell's Pea Soup

Here's a soup that combines rich, body-building nourishment with the most enticing flavor. Vegetable goodness never was made more appealing to the appetite. Dainty, sweet little peas are blended with creamery butter and seasoned to make them taste their charming best. As an all-round family soup, no selection could be better.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The exceptional healthfulness of tomatoes is now so well-known that Campbell's Tomato Soup has become even more popular than ever. It's a wonderful advantage to be able to serve a soup which is always so certain of an enthusiastic welcome and which also brings the famous benefits of red-ripe luscious tomatoes!

Vary the soups you serve

Variety is the life of a good table. Here are four Campbell's Soups that everybody enjoys—awaiting your selection for the daily meals—constant helps to you in giving "newness" and brightness to your menus. They enable you to give a fresh note—a happy invitation to the appetite—and with so little trouble. 12 cents a can.

Campbell's Asparagus Soup

Tender young asparagus shoots in a soup made richer still by golden butter! Garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to bring out the most delicious flavor! A soup to tempt you always. Enjoy it often!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

XIII

SINCE that night when Don Bellmer died, time had fled on wings; but now, abruptly, the clock stood still. The minutes crawled like sluggish snails into hours that were like days and days that were eternities and weeks that were immeasurable. From the night of Bellmer's death to this moment of Ruson's arrest there had been for Charlie no perceptible interval; these events, in retrospect, seemed almost simultaneous. But between the arrest of Ruson and the opening of his trial, in the first week of December, there lay such a gulf of time that the tragedy itself began to be forgotten.

It had been for a while the foremost public interest, but the arrest of Ruson lent it at once an air of unreality. That the publisher of the Journal should have been guilty of Bellmer's death was such an obvious absurdity that, even after his formal indictment, no one took the charge seriously. There was a general opinion that District Attorney Danner and Inspector Hagan had made an absurd mistake, and the attitude of Inspector Tope in the matter confirmed this impression. For the old inspector, rather in sorrow than in anger, promptly withdrew from the case and accepted the retirement from the force which his years had long deserved.

From the point of view of young Charlie Harquail, the old man's action was inevitable. The case had been in his hands; yet Danner and Hagan, without consulting him, had arrested Ruson. His very self-respect demanded that he withdraw.

Yet in that first moment when the inspector and Charlie stood together in the square after Gail had cried his news at them, Charlie thought that the inspector aged, and he watched the other with a sympathetic eye. They stood long in silence, while the pigeons whirled about their heads, and Charlie waited to offer this good friend of his what comfort the other might desire.

But Tope only said helplessly, mumbling, "Ruson! Ruson, Charlie? Well, now I guess Hagan must have got hold of something I missed, sure."

"I don't believe it," Charlie cried loyally. "Ruson hadn't any reason to hate Bellmer. Mr. Bellmer had made him what he was, gave him authority and money and everything a man could want. Ruson couldn't have felt toward him anything but gratitude."

"And nobody'd murder a man out of gratitude, would they?" Tope agreed. "No, sir, it don't stand to reason, Charlie. Let's go see Mr. Danner—see what he says about it all."

"She Came to Hire a Room of Me and I Showed Her What I Had and She Picked the One She Wanted"

Charlie nodded his acquiescence, so they continued across the square to the courthouse, and some of the other reporters overtook them, full of questions.

But Tope only said in mild apology, "I don't know, boys. I don't know a thing at all."

The younger men exchanged glances of understanding and commiseration, and the inspector must have caught these glances, but he made no sign. So the little company trooped into the courthouse and up to the district attorney's office. Gail had said Danner was not there, but he must have returned in the interval, for when the inspector spoke to one of the assistants, Danner himself at once came out to greet the old man. Danner was somewhere in his forties, a stocky figure with a fighting jaw and cropped hair and horn-rimmed spectacles. He was known as shrewd, ingenious, upright and determined; and he spoke to Tope now in the kindliest tone.

"How-do, inspector?" he remarked, and he looked at the reporters and smiled. "Got an escort, I see."

The old man said apologetically: "Well, Mr. Danner, the boys want to know what about Ruson, and I couldn't tell them, so I brought them up here to get it straight." He added, with a deprecating cough: "I'd like to hear, myself. I've been kind of interested in that case."

Danner smiled. "Now, inspector," he protested, "please don't take that attitude, I beg of you. Inspector Hagan has been at work on the Bellmer matter. You know that. It is true that he has discovered some evidence which you haven't happened to find, just as you've collected a great deal that he hasn't put his hand on. I like to have two strings to my bow, inspector—that's all."

Tope nodded. "The boys hear there's a warrant out," he suggested.

But Danner waved a casual hand. "Hagan's gone down to have a talk with Mr. Ruson," he replied. "I expect to see him up here by and by—some questions to ask him. But Mr. Ruson will probably be able to answer all our questions to our satisfaction."

"I had quite a talk with him the other day," the inspector reported. "He was straight enough with me." He stood with bowed head, and he added mildly: "I thought of Ruson, of course, at the start. I've thought of about everybody, in this business. Has Hagan checked up on his alibi?"

Danner smiled, with raised brows. "Has he an alibi already?" he countered, in an ironic tone.

"Oh, he didn't tell me so," Tope confessed. "But I dug it up. You see, Mr. Danner," he added, "Bellmer was killed somewhere around half-past eleven in the evening. Well, Ruson left the office that night at about twenty minutes past ten. He lives in an apartment house out in the Parkway. He got there before eleven o'clock; because the elevator boys change there at eleven, and the one just going off duty saw him come in. Mr. Ruson went up in the elevator and he didn't come down again. But a little before twelve o'clock he telephoned for the boy to get him some medicine. He'd had an attack of indigestion. The boy got it and took it up to him, and Mr. Ruson was in pajamas then. That's his alibi. There's no out about it that I can see."

He had spoken earnestly, and Danner listened with an intent interest.

But when the inspector was done, the district attorney smiled and said, "You might almost be his advocate, inspector."

Under his tone, ironic and faintly scornful, the old man seemed to flinch, and he twisted his hat in his hands.

"Why, I looked him up, that's all," he explained. "Most murders come out of too much intimacy; and Ruson was pretty intimate with Mr. Bellmer, so I looked him up—that's all."

Charlie, in the background, watching the old man, felt an increasing surprise. He had underrated the inspector's activities. Tope, it appeared, knew a good many things about this case which he had thus far kept to himself, and Charlie wondered how much more he knew. If he had thus thoroughly investigated Ruson's movements, he must have investigated Boetius too!

"I think you're wrong, Mr. Danner," the old man was insisting now.

Danner cleared his throat impatiently. "Well, inspector, if he's innocent, there's no harm done," he pointed out, somewhat stiffly. "After all, you'll have to let me use my judgment. I'm responsible." There was a moment of constrained silence, while Tope stood wagging his head from side to side, and Danner added: "I wouldn't have had it come just this way, but we had to act quick, inspector. And—you brought the boys in. I didn't." He looked around at the reporters.

But the old man only smiled. "Why, that's all right," he agreed. "I've been getting old, I guess. It's full time I retired. My legs are gone, but I did think my head was all right. If Ruson fooled me, I must be old." He mumbled and maundered, babbling to himself resentfully, and Dankert and one or two others who were his old friends drifted quietly away.

But Charlie stayed, puzzled, trying to understand. There was an unreality about this moment, something incredible. Yet he was forced in the end to accept it as actuality. The old inspector, thus publicly superseded, accepted the retirement that at last was forced upon him. He would still advise, but the actual prosecution was left to Hagan and to Danner, who commanded him.

Charlie, whose intimate knowledge of the case had come about through his friendship with Tope, found himself an

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PARTIAL LIST OF VEGETABLES

ASPARAGUS — ASPARAGUS TIPS — SPINACH — PORK AND BEANS — SWEET POTATOES — SAUERKRAUT — SAUERKRAUT JUICE — TOMATOES — PUMPKIN

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LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

outsider now. He would be, since he had been present at the examination of Bellmer's body, a witness at the trial, and Inspector Hagan questioned him one day and took down his story. But for the rest he went back to the Journal office, to his old job there, restored to him through Ruson's intervention.

He found, when he reported for work, that Boetius had forgotten his promise to Ruson; but the city editor, reminded, made it good readily enough.

"Only don't slip again, Charlie," he directed.

Charlie had not seen Boetius for some days, and he was shocked at the change in the man. Boetius had always been somewhat stooped; his great shoulders were rounded as though long used to bear too severe a load. But now he was become more bowed than before, and his cheeks were sunken and drawn, and his eyes ached with sleeplessness.

Yet there was still in him that driving energy and that steadfast loyalty to Bellmer which had in the past distinguished him. Bellmer was dead, but Bellmer had made the Journal and the Journal remained—and those who appertained to it.

Thus Boetius, once he was assured that Inspector Tope believed Ruson innocent, threw all the power of the Journal, and all its resources, into the defense. Through young Bradeen, son of the man who had been Bellmer's counsel, he engaged Walter Sill to conduct the case. Sill was the foremost criminal lawyer in the city, a man who combined abilities and ideals in a manner that commanded the respect of those who knew him. He went vigorously to work, and Charlie was sent one day to tell the attorney what he knew about the case.

Charlie found himself subjected to a rigorous questioning. Sill searched the young man's memory ruthlessly, till Charlie began to take alarm, to perceive which way the lawyer's inquiries were tending. Charlie related how he had supped with Phœbe in the restaurant across from the Bellmer Building, returning to the office afterward.

And Sill asked swiftly, "Was Boetius there when you got back?"

Charlie colored to his hair, and he protested: "I don't know. What's that got to do with it?"

Sill pressed his finger tips together and he tilted in his chair.

"Harquail," he said steadily, "when Mr. Boetius retained me in this case, I told him I meant to get to the bottom of it. I told him I meant not only to clear Ruson but to find the guilty man. He assured me he wanted just that." His voice sharpened. "Now will you answer my question?"

So Charlie, miserably, answered. He was glad when that catechism was done. He saw Phœbe that night and told her then, unhappily: "I felt like a sucked orange when he was done with me—pumped dry—everything I knew."

She nodded wearily, her eyes evading his; and he thought, as he had thought at other times in these days since Mr. Ruson's arrest, that she was setting a curb upon her tongue. He spoke of it, asked her forthrightly, but she only shook her head.

"It's just that I'm worried," she confessed. "Of course, with Mr. Ruson in jail, I've nothing to do but worry. He might be convicted, Charlie."

Charlie laughed at her reassuringly. "Nonsense! You know better. There's not a chance of that. Hagan went off half-cocked, and Danner too. Mr. Ruson didn't have anything to do with this at all."

She smiled her gratitude. "But someone did," she remembered, unhappily, a moment later. "Someone killed Mr. Bellmer, Charlie."

And he was sobered by that. "It comes down to one question, in the end," he told her thoughtfully: "Who was it that knew Bull Fowle was Bellmer and knew Bellmer would be in the house on Scurvy Street that night? It narrows down to that, in the end."

Her eyes were wide and intent. "But lots of people knew," she urged. "Mr. Bellmer knew. Maybe he told someone. And the woman knew. And that old Mrs. Culp might have known more than she says. And the chauffeur knew, and Reevil. He might have known who Bull Fowle was."

"And of course Mr. Ruson knew," he added abstractedly; so that she flamed at him:

"Well, so did your Mr. Boetius, for that matter!"

He grinned at her. "You're guessing!" he challenged.

And she said stubbornly, "Well, he might have known, anyway."

Charlie nodded, his eyes somber. That Boetius might have known was true enough; it was so true that he could not forget it. It was a truth that harrowed all his dreams.

She saw the shadow in his eyes, and she said miserably, "I didn't mean to distress you, Charlie. I don't want you to be as worried as I am. . . . I'm sorry."

So he chuckled and touched her hand, and they drifted into other matters and found some comfort there.

Charlie was to be a witness at Mr. Ruson's trial, and also Boetius wished him to help Redford cover the case for the Journal. But as a witness, he would be excluded from the court room; so on Friday of the week before the trial was to start, Charlie sought Inspector Tope to seek to arrange, through him, this difficulty. The inspector, for all his retirement, was still a man of influence with the authorities; and through his intervention, District Attorney Danner agreed that after Charlie had testified he might take his place at the press table. With this much Charlie had to be content.

He and Tope left Danner's office together, and Charlie said to the old man, "You know, inspector, I don't believe this yet."

"Believe Ruson did it?"

"Believe any of it. I mean, there's no reality about it. It doesn't seem possible they'll even bring him to trial."

"Well," Tope reminded him, "he's indicted. He's got to be tried."

"How did they ever indict him?" Charlie protested. "I can't even see enough evidence for that, inspector."

The old man hesitated.

"Well," he decided, "Sill knows. No reason you shouldn't. You remember Tyler saw a drunk man at the end of the alley behind the house that night—a man with a limp?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, Tyler told the grand jury that man was Ruson."

Charlie stared at him. "Ruson?" he echoed, almost shouting. "Why, inspector, Ruson was at home, and sick! And Tyler couldn't have recognized him." He thought a minute. "Don't you remember?" he insisted. "Tyler told us he didn't see the man's face at all. He told us so that night. He couldn't recognize Mr. Ruson."

The inspector wagged his head smilingly. "Well, Charlie, he says he did. Since he's seen Ruson, he says that man was Ruson. You know, a man don't always know what he did see, till after."

"He's lying!" Charlie protested.

"Well, he says so, any rate," Tope insisted. "And the grand jury went on what he said, I guess."

"Does Mr. Sill know, you say?"

"Yes."

"Does he know Tyler told us that he didn't see the man's face?"

"Yes," the old man admitted. "I told him. We'll be called to rebut that, likely."

Charlie looked at him in some bewilderment, puzzled by the tone he used. Tope seemed curiously calm and sure.

"See here," Charlie challenged doubtfully, "do you think it was Ruson, in the alley that night?"

But the inspector only said evasively, "I know Tyler says it was. That's up to the jury, Charlie, and up to Mr. Sill. Tyler's changed his mind once. Maybe he'll change it again."

"But Ruson doesn't limp!"

"No," Tope agreed. "No, he doesn't, for a fact. And Tyler said this man was drunk, and Ruson never touches it. And Ruson was at home in bed, sick, calling for medicine, about that time."

Charlie took a deep breath and he grinned and he looked at the inspector shrewdly.

"You know a lot that you don't tell," he remarked—"a whole lot, inspector." His eyes lighted. "Listen!" he cried. "When you first looked at Bull Fowle's body, and then asked me to look at it. You knew it was Bellmer then, didn't you?" The inspector smiled faintly, his eyes assenting. "But why didn't you say so?" Charlie protested. "Say so at the time, instead of waiting?"

(Continued on Page 161)

"I Didn't Mean to Distress You, Charlie. I Don't Want You to be as Worried as I Am. . . . I'm Sorry"

Suppose somebody said—

"I can add 10% to 30% more power to your engine.
I can preserve its first-year feel for 30,000 miles."

You'd want to know how and why.
The "how" is the New Mobiloil.
The "why" is told below.

IN spite of our scientific prejudice against superlative language, we are prepared to make some very strong statements about the *New Mobiloil.*

For example: We are willing to say that use of the New Mobiloil will help your engine develop 10% to 30% more power than oils generally sold for the same motor. Our road and laboratory tests have bettered the higher figure.

Our assurance that the New Mobiloil will stand up better and consume more slowly under high speed is a conservative reflection of the speed-test records made in thousands of miles of running at the Atlantic City Speedway. And it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed lubricates best at any speed.

We believe that, with regular draining and refilling, and with reasonable care of your car, the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your new engine for at least 30,000 miles. Actually, Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

The New Mobiloil will give you many thousands of miles of the pleasantest motoring you have ever known and save you many repair bills besides. Mobiloil has been the World's Quality Oil ever since it lubricated the first successful motor car. Mobiloil is made by the Oldest and Largest Specialists in Lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66							A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc.	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
De Soto	A	Arc						
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Ford Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
" Model T					E	E	E	
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Graham-Paige	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.				
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.		
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Spl. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless 72 90 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Plymouth	A	Arc						
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Stearns Knight 6-40	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				
" other models	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Velie, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc				
" 6-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Good taste *and* fashion *approve these smart new floorings*

Above is shown "HARLEQUIN," Sealex Linoleum No. 3122—set off by one of the new distinctive Sealex Linoleum Borders.

A DECORATIVE achievement! Floors of such rich coloring and smart design that they "make" the entire room!

Floors so impervious to dirt and liquids that it is easy to keep them free from all spots and stains *for years!*

So resilient that they absorb the clatter of hurrying feet. Noise is conspicuous by its absence!

So moderate in cost that even a very modest budget is not embarrassed!

So quickly laid, over old floors or new, that their installation causes no inconvenience at all—a matter of but a single day at most!

Sealex Linoleums!

A FEW of the many smart, new Karnean Marbled designs in *Sealex Linoleum* are shown here. To describe them is almost impossible. Only by seeing the actual material (you will find it on display at your local dealer's) can you realize how natural and graceful are the veinings, how rich and mellow the colorings. At last real marble has more than met its match!

There's a wealth of other patterns, too, in *Sealex Linoleums*—endless suggestions for lovely decorative effects. Motifs and colorings strikingly modern or distinctly conservative!

And the revolutionary *Sealex Process*, by which all *Sealex Linoleums* are made, keeps them permanently spot-proof and stain-proof. A damp mop is all that is needed to keep these up-to-date floorings clean and new-looking.

Whether in home, shop or office, there is a type of *Sealex Linoleum* for every flooring requirement—richly patterned Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship.

"SEAVIEW"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 61[illegible]

"CAVALIER"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 309[illegible]

"BENGAL"
Sealex Linoleum No. 3072

BECAUSE of their decorative value and their spot-proof, easily cleaned surface, Sealex Linoleums are the favored flooring wherever business is conducted in artistic surroundings.

The pattern at the right is "ROMAN," No. 6162, used with one of the new marble-ized Sealex Linoleum Borders.

Remember: all *Sealex Linoleums* can be readily identified by this shield which appears every few yards on the face of the goods.

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FREE—Sensible suggestions for smartness in the home! A helpful handbook on home decoration, "Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them," by the well-known authority Winifred Yates. It contains many practical ideas for modernizing and beautifying the various rooms in the house. A scientific Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Just drop a line to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J. [illegible] or, if you prefer, use this coupon. *Please print name and address clearly.*

Name ..... *Address*

HE'LL COME HOME

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Fleche? You Will Have the Gentlemen Whose Names I Shall Give You Followed Day and Night Until Further Notice"

XXXV

OSCAR KAHNET led us into a small restaurant of an exclusive kind, of which, from the obsequious welcome accorded him, it was evident he was a habitué.

Except for two lovers, we had the restaurant to ourselves, and they, resenting our arrival, left in haste. Oscar Kahnet ordered the lunch with an exquisite nicety which earned the admiration of Dominic, who, upon occasion, was an enthusiast on the matter of victuals.

"I only hope we'll be left in peace to enjoy it," he said devoutly.

Oscar Kahnet's reply depressed me: "There are several of my men outside."

"I'm beginning to look forward to a time when I can go about without a chaperon," said I

At that he sighed over the wine list and quoted Browning dulcetly:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's heaven for?"

Then, turning to the *sommelier:* "Number 29. The Mersault Goût d'or." He nodded at Dominic, and added: "It comes from the private vineyard of the Hôtel de l'Europe at Bourg. A gentle, smooth wine, tasting like September sunshine."

It did, too; indeed, everything Kahnet ordered was delicious.

He made no attempt to address Noelle, which I thought rather graceful, yet he contrived to be as perfect a host to her as to the rest of us.

With the arrival of coffee and brandy, he leaned across the table and spoke to Noelle for the first time.

"Before we can consider the future," he trilled, "I must correct some false impressions of the past."

Noelle caught her breath slightly and nodded.

"If you can," she said.

"Why not?" he answered. "Since my arrival at the Savoy this morning you have been trying to divine the truth about me and about my share in your father's death."

"His death or his murder?" said Noelle challengingly.

There was evidence enough to have prompted that remark, yet I found it in me to wish she had not made it. However, it produced no suggestion of resentment from Kahnet.

"You must judge for yourself," said he. "It may help you to do so when you recall my behavior in Mischa Groffe's apartment. For I would have you know, Miss Wilbur, that I would unhesitatingly have shot Robert Shaftoe had I believed it necessary. I was prevented from doing so by the chance remark I overheard as I came into the room, and by an intuition which tells me he is too sane and too generous to release a force the destructive power of which it is beyond our united ability to estimate. Where conscience and conviction are at stake, they should not be circumscribed by any legal stricture whatsoever. To say 'I may go so far and no farther' is the doctrine of a coward."

Noelle nodded.

"I agree," she said. "I feel that myself."

"Then please understand that although I did not kill your father or willingly cause his death, if all other arguments had failed, I would have killed him remorselessly."

"Go on," said Noelle.

"On psychological grounds his death may, perhaps, be laid at my door."

"I don't understand."

"What I mean is this: I overestimated the vigor of his nervous system. I did not realize that like most highly imaginative persons he was susceptible to panic." Noelle colored angrily. "Ah, please, don't think I am belittling a very great man," he protested. "I am the last to do that. Yet what I say is true. Michael Wilbur lost his life because, for a foolish moment, way up in the clouds, he lost his head."

Noelle leaned across the table with her hands tightly shut.

"Why do you say that? What proof have you for saying that?"

"Every circumstance connected with his death points to that conclusion. You think, and probably Shaftoe thinks, that the pilot of the airplane which bore him on that last journey was in my employment. He was not. The pilot was a Frenchman, who, apart from the fact that he brought the plane to England secretly, was innocent of all knowledge of the affair. He picked up your father on a lonely part of Salisbury Plain on a late evening in March, 1913. This I know, for I myself arrived at that spot less than a minute after the airplane had risen from the ground. Now let us consider what happened: Your father for many weeks had been relentlessly harried, not only by the organization I represented but by others, among which was a certain gang of Continental rogues whose attentions, I suspect, are at present being redirected against our friend here"—and he nodded at me. "He had arrived at a state

(Continued on Page 41)

Now More Than Ever in the Spotlight of Public Favor because it is –

FINER THAN EVER LOWER IN PRICE

With all its desirable improvements . . . with all its additional smartness, luxury, comfort and performance . . . the 1929 Oldsmobile is lower than ever in price . . . now only $875.

The 1929 Oldsmobile is more beautiful than ever in appearance—the result of new style refinements and new color combinations.

The 1929 Oldsmobile is more luxurious, more comfortable and offers new conveniences for driver and passengers. Seat cushions are deeper and softer. Upholsteries are richer. And the new Fisher adjustable front seat, combined with Oldsmobile's adjustable steering wheel, makes the driving position a matter of individual choice.

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TWO DOOR SEDAN

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OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Continued from Page 39

of nervous apprehension in which he could trust no one. He was, in effect, a victim of paranoia—which is to say that he suffered from a constant delusion of persecution Even in the higher ether he did not feel secure from his enemies. It seems probable that he addressed the pilot, or gave an order which, owing to the roar of the engine, was never heard. At this, bereft of reason, he drew his pistol and fired a shot at the petrol tank of the machine I myself saw a bullet hole in the tank when examining the wreckage. What happened after that is a matter of surmise. The pilot, fearing for his life, may have struggled with your father or thrown him out. The machine must have ignited a few moments later and crashed in flames with its single occupant at Sompting."

His reconstruction of the tragedy complete, he pushed back his chair and looked Noelle squarely in the eyes.

"Please do not think I am trying to exonerate myself from blame. I am not. My responsibility is plain. It may be that you will count that responsibility great enough to warrant an action of vengeance, but before committing yourself to any such course consider the suffering and injustice that will result from it. Fate has put an instrument of vengeance in your hands against which I am, perhaps, strong enough to defend myself. But there are tens and hundreds of thousands of innocent people who will be powerless to defend themselves. Their security, which was in the hands of the great oil combines of the world, has now passed into yours."

Noelle was about to speak, but he begged her silence with a gesture

"An instantaneous fortune can only be acquired at price of human suffering. When this specter of the past rose from the shadows of that little thicket in the Downs, I made the mistake of trying to lay it by bribery. Miss Wilbur, I now realize the futility of my action in making that proposal. A higher inducement than money is called for to persuade you to destroy all memory of your father's invention, and realizing that, I will not insult you by offering to buy your silence, but I will ask you to give it to the world for nothing "

I looked at Dominic and was thankful to see that there was no vestige of cynicism in his expression

I looked at Noelle and saw that her eyes were burning like beacons. The decision rested with her and I doubt if any decision of equal magnitude was made more briefly

"Very well," she said. That was all. Oscar Kahnet rose and bowed

"This is a very great lady," he said

XXXVI

WITH the passage of time I find it hard to recall in their proper order the events of that afternoon

Under our unobtrusive escort we walked together to the offices of the World-United in Kingsway. The crowded pavements were fluttering with special editions of the evening papers. An ominous excitement, recalling the evening of August, 1914, before the declaration of war, prevailed everywhere. There seemed to be an unusual number of police in the streets, for no reason that I could foretell Since the war, England has become inured to strikes and puts up with them with characteristic good humor. I wondered, therefore, why this particular threat should be causing so much consternation.

Oscar Kahnet answered the unspoken question: "All this talk of revolutionary propaganda in the papers—Arcos raids, secret emissaries from Russia. The general public wonders in a time like this whether the real thing is coming at last."

We bought a sheaf of papers and read the streamer headlines. The Star announced that if the owners remained adamant only a miracle could avert a general strike.

"You'd have thought they'd have realized the futility of a general strike after what happened in 1926," said Dominic, and rambled off into reminiscences of his own share in that business down Poplar way

Oscar Kahnet turned at once to the market quotations. What he found brought a frown to his lineless forehead.

"Queer, isn't it?" he said, and handing the folded news sheet to me, pointed at the prices of oil shares. In every instance a heavy fall was recorded

"Before the last strike oil went right up."

I was slow to grasp the significance of this decline and put a question

"MW—XX.3," was the laconic reply

"But who knows ——" I began.

"My dear Shaftoe, there is no beast with longer ears than the money market. You surely do not imagine the secret is a secret still "

As we passed through the swing doors of the World-United our escort melted away like steam

I had imagined, with national affairs in this critical condition, that Oscar Kahnet would be inundated with work, but in that hive of industry he was the one idle figure

In answer to my expression of surprise, he replied, "The organization for these eventualities has been in existence for years. It only requires to be operated."

Noelle asked him if he believed there would be a general strike. He shrugged his shoulders

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"When?"

"The ultimatum expires at noon tomorrow. But we shall beat them in a week. Oil will beat them—oil always calms these troubled waters."

A rumbling in the street below took us to the window A mile-long convoy of three-ton lorries and road-tank

(Continued on Page 98

"You are in Love With Noelle. She is My Sister and I Want to be Your Friend. But There are Others Who Do Not Share That Wish"

When an Entrance Hall dares to be *Different*...

It becomes a bright introduction to every room in the house

THE moment you open your door to guests, their eyes take in your entrance hall. Does it speak well of your home-planning skill? Does it add a cheery warmth to your own friendly handclasp?

Space may be small. Openings to other rooms may take up much of the wall space. Yet there's still plenty of room for eye-appealing beauty if you but give the floor its chance.

You can make it glow with a golden marble effect in Armstrong's Linoleum—one of the new designs first introduced this year. Perhaps a bolder black and white block, a textured flagstone Embossed Inlaid, or one of the exotic modern motifs would add that touch of originality you seek when you plan your decoration.

Telltale stains won't mar this new Armstrong Floor design, an inexpensive De Luxe Marble Inlaid, No. 13012. Its surface is Accolac Processed.

Right—One of the new designs in Embossed Inlaid Linoleum. No. 6102. Freely textured. Colors go clear through to the burlap back.

Just to see these new Armstrong Floor designs now showing at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home will start you imagining, planning, doing rooms that win the full admiration of your friends.

From fond fancy to fact is but a short span. A few hours, and your new Armstrong Floor is installed—permanently cemented in place over a cushioning lining of builders' deadening felt—built in to fit your room . . . a charming, cheerful introduction to your home.

You'll soon discover happy housekeeping virtues, too. Your new Armstrong Floor won't water-spot. Careless feet may track in mud—it wipes right up. For the surface is now protected by the new Accolac Process.

This Accolac Processed surface needs no constant cleaning care—merely a light waxing and polishing. Even in kitchens and other rooms where dirt is constantly tracked in, your floor-cleaning is now made quick and easy. Just go over such floors occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Don't you just want to peep into all the other rooms when you see this most unusual entrance hall? How interestingly it whispers of home-planning skill! Much of its brightness, its welcoming warmth, is contributed by the golden-hued floor—a Handmade Marble Inlaid, No. 65—one of the newest designs in Armstrong's Linoleum Floors.

"*New Ideas in Home Decoration*," the latest book by Hazel Dell Brown, will suggest many simple ways for transforming your entrance hall—or any room in your house. It brings you a simple method for planning correct yet distinctly original room schemes. It also tells you how you can secure the author's personal help and advice. If you would dare to be different when you decorate, write for this color-illustrated guide. Sent for 10¢ to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20¢.)

Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 315 West Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

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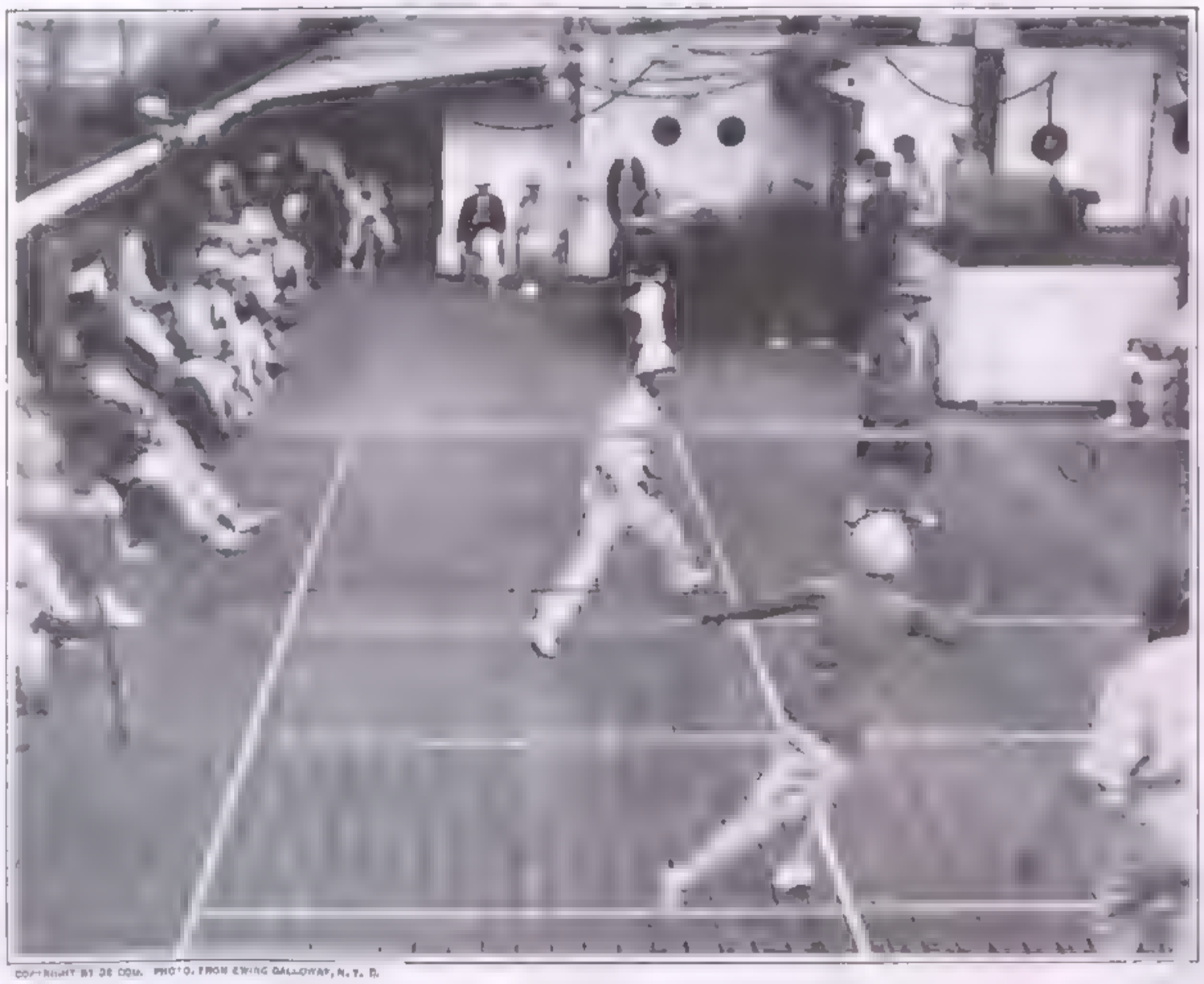
Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN • • INLAID • • EMBOSSED JASPÉ • • PRINTED • • ARABESQ • *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

ON BOARD—By Isaac F. Marcosson



A Game of Deck Tennis Aboard the Franconia

MOST people have come to know the truth expressed in the saying that the best way to know a person is to travel with him. Every temperamental kink, whether amiable or otherwise, is disclosed in this more or less intimate circumstance. It runs marriage a close second as the supreme revealer of character.

The most familiar test is embodied in the back-seat driver or the self-appointed friend, philosopher and guide on a railway journey. On land, however, there is usually a means of escape. You fervently say "Never again," and let it go at that. Besides, the motor or railroad trip is comparatively short.

At sea you have a different proposition. People are confined within a small area for nearly a week at least, and sometimes much longer. If there is a flaw in the personal structure it is bound to assert itself. Propinquity is not only first aid to matrimony but often a sad disillusioner as well. Nowhere does it work more unerringly than on shipboard. Passengers are thrown on their own resources or on the ingenuities of their companions. Because of novel surroundings or plain swank, they frequently become transformed beings. Many get the idea somehow that they are on parade and adapt their mode of life and speech temporarily to what they feel is the dictate of ocean-going society, whatever that may be.

Men, for example, who have never had a golf stick in their hands, and never will have, appear on deck in super plus-fours and aggressive stockings. This is probably on the theory that the sea requires a costume that will suggest the land. The provincial female mouse will change her frock three times a day and become coquettish. Nor is this due entirely to an ambition to get under the umbrella of "worn apparel" when she makes out her customs declaration. At sea she feels that she must be in the mode, because someone who had crossed told her so. The slave of quietude will endure the chatter and clatter of the deck in order to boast about having a promenade room. People who are strangers to social aspirations suddenly develop class consciousness. Snobs go to the other extreme. So it goes.

A Gilded Noah's Ark

WHATEVER pretensions or idiosyncrasies may develop for the duration of the voyage, every traveler stands on an equality in one respect. The much-feared *mal de mer*—so often the result of an obsession—is no respecter of persons. To paraphrase one of Pinero's epigrams, seasickness, like indigestion, is the leveler of all rank. The psychology of travel is inseparable from the physiology of travel.

At the high tide of the trek to Europe a big liner, therefore, becomes a sort of gilded Noah's ark, with more different manifestations of whim and whimsicality than there were kinds of animals in Noah's celebrated zoo. As a matter of fact, the menagerie parallel is not altogether out of place, because life on a big ship may be likened, on occasion, to a three-ring circus, with all the side shows, freaks included.

There is much more to the business of seagoing than is indicated in the diverting human-interest aspect. Though the eccentricities of character disclosed under sea gaze cannot be changed—I have observed the drama of ship life all the way from the familiar Atlantic and Pacific to the remoter eastern waters—it has been possible to bring about an evolution in the technic of travel. The shift from sail to steam and from coal to oil fuel are only two phases. Nearly every detail has undergone some change except the ocean. It smiles or storms and continues to do business for weal or woe at the same old stand. Hence, before we indulge in the humor of the transatlantic journey and capitalize the omissions and commissions of tourists afloat into helpful lessons, we will have a brief look at the approach.

Perhaps the most striking fact in the general survey is the new attitude toward the trip to Europe. Twenty-five years ago it was regarded, in the main, as a luxurious dissipation for the leisure class. You could then buy a round-trip ticket from New York to Liverpool for $100. This meant a berth in a two or three berth cabin of a first-class vessel. The minimum rate for a berth one way was about sixty dollars. Despite the comparatively low rates, there was no rush of voyagers such as now prevails during the peak tourist season.

Travel Made Easy

ONE reason was that the European journey looked formidable to the average inland American. John Jones, out West, regarded the Atlantic seaboard as a remote place, while the rolling ocean was invested with terror and tribulation. Foreign countries were apparently peopled with strange races who, for some reason, could not speak English. Ignorance of alien tongues helped to bring about the fear complex. Furthermore, our international trade horizon was limited. Not more than fifteen great concerns monopolized exports.

The war, together with our continuous prosperity, changed this conception. For one thing, millions of young American soldiers went overseas for the first time. They brought back stories of picturesque sights, scenes and experiences. Europe now had sentimental associations for us, because there were graves of loved ones to be visited. Europe can easily become a habit. Once acquired, it is difficult to shake off. Moreover, frequent visits constitute a desirable social selling point. Travel becomes associated with that nebulous thing called "culture." The rush abroad began in 1919 and it has increased steadily every year since. Today it is almost easier—certainly less disagreeable—for a New Yorker to go to London than to make a Subway trip to Harlem. The traveler's way is smoother than ever before.

When you consider the change in the purchasing value of the dollar, sea travel is cheaper now than during the two decades preceding the war. Innovations like the tourist third cabin—the white-collar steerage—have brought Europe within the range of practically every man's purse. The transatlantic jaunt, like the automobile, has ceased to be a luxury.

What the novice does not realize is that there are seasons in traveling just as there are in buying. If you can adapt your trip to the season you are able to save considerable money. We will take eastbound traffic first—that is, the trip from New York and the Atlantic seaboard to Europe. What is known as the

(Continued on Page 46)

The Swimming Pool on the Leviathan

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

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Of all the performance qualities which make the new Chevrolet Six an outstanding achievement in advanced design, none is creating more widespread comment and approval than its ability to deliver better than twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Such economy of operation would be unusual in *any* automobile. But in the new Chevrolet it is literally amazing! For here it is combined with all the superiorities of six-cylinder performance—tremendous reserve power, thrilling speed, flashing acceleration and marvelous six-cylinder smoothness.

When the new Chevrolet six-cylinder motor was in the first stages of development years ago, Chevrolet and General Motors engineers regarded fuel-economy as a factor of vital importance.

Over one hundred different motors were designed and tested during a period of four years. And the present power plant was approved and adopted only after it had displayed an all-round performance unapproached in any other low-priced car . . . and had clearly demonstrated its ability to operate so economically that anyone who could afford an automobile could afford to own and operate a Chevrolet Six!

This remarkable fuel-economy has been achieved by utilizing numerous engineering advancements, such as non-detonating high-compression cylinder head, hot spot manifold, acceleration pump and semi-automatic spark control.

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Sedan Delivery	$595
Light Delivery Chassis	$400
1½ Ton Chassis	$545
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$650

QUALITY AT LOW COST

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winter season extends from August sixteenth to March thirty-first. At this time rates are from 10 to 40 per cent lower than during the high tide of summer travel—May sixteenth to July fifteenth—when passage is at the top figure. The so-called intermediate seasons, when rates are also reduced, are from April first to May fifteenth and July sixteenth to August fifteenth. Westbound—which means from Europe back home—the winter season runs from November first to June thirtieth. The two intermediate seasons are July first to August fifteenth and October sixteenth to October thirty-first. The full summer period is from August sixteenth to October fifteenth.

Since the war, what might be called the phraseology of steamers and service has undergone a tremendous change. In the old days all liners had first, second, third class and steerage. Before our immigration quota system became effective there was more competition for the westbound steerage than for any other type of passage, especially among the German lines. Cutthroat competition brought the cost of this type of transportation almost to the proverbial song. Whole families were transported from the Slav countries and set down in New York for less than $300—the minimum rate for a first-class berth today on a luxury ship. Railroad fares and food in transit to the European seaboard were included in a flat price. Concentration camps, established at Hamburg and Bremen, mobilized the emigrants with armylike precision. The master organizer was the late Albert Ballin, one of the greatest shipping magnates of his or any other time.

The Auditorium and Theater on the Leviathan

Shepherding the Globe-Trotters

TODAY part of the space once allotted to the old steerage has taken on a new dignity and something of a social status. As an emigrant proposition the name "steerage" is retained only for the third class on the big liners. The new steerage is the tourist third, which enables people of moderate means—you can get a round trip from New York to Europe as cheap as $175 in the off season—to become seagoers. Instead of the reek and congestion of the now-vanished steerage, where people were packed in like sardines, there are sanitary cabins occupied each year by thousands of college students and school teachers who are not called upon to make excuses for the way they travel. As a matter of fact, there is more congeniality down in the tourist third than on the decks above, where pearls shine at the breakfast table and people are trying to make a show of themselves and what they spend.

The tourist third has become so popular that some of the new ships carry this type of passenger exclusively. The whole vessel is theirs and they are free to roam everywhere. Some famous crack prewar liners have been converted into what are called cabin ships, which have only first class and tourist third. Except on luxury liners the second cabin has almost ceased to exist.

The development of the cruise idea reflects travel and organization expansion. Steamship companies and travel bureaus are concentrating on the personally conducted group voyage more and more. Twenty years ago a big company would not think of lending one of its star ships for a cruise. Today some of the largest liners are used for this purpose. Instead of leasing the cruise privileges to a travel bureau, they run it themselves and find it highly profitable. It has meant the building up of an entire new organization, with specially equipped personnel.

You get some idea of the growth of the cruise business when I say that eighty-three winter cruises started from New York this year. Though sixty went to Central America and the West Indies, the whole world was included in some of the others. Nearly 30,000 passengers booked for the journeys that I have mentioned, at an average individual cost of $500.

The value of the cruise lies, of course, in the fact that everything is done for you through every stage and phase of the trip. The range of service includes not only steamship, railway, sleeping car and hotel reservations but guides, couriers, bearers, automobiles, carriages, baggage insurance, tips and visas. You can now make a round-the-world cruise for as little as $1000. At this scale, however, you are obliged to live on the boat. Since the accommodation is first class, you have every comfort.

With cruises, as with individual traveling, you can go as far as you like in the matter of expenditure. A certain American steel magnate who went on a winter cruise a few years ago spent $35,000 for his passage. He was accompanied by his wife and a retinue of servants.

In this connection it may be interesting to add that the automobile as a piece of personal luggage is more and more an accessory of transatlantic voyages. You can check your motor car from New York to Southampton with the same ease that you register your trunk.

For cars weighing 3000 pounds and under, the cost from New York to Cherbourg is $170 and for the round trip $285. On cars weighing more than 3000 pounds and up to 5000, the one-way rate is $190 and the round trip $320. Cars weighing more than 5000 pounds cost $230 to transport one way and $385 for the round trip. This rate includes the international license plate, which is good in most European countries.

The international license is a great convenience for motor tourists. During the first few years after the war it was frequently necessary to deposit the full price of a car with the customs officials before you were allowed to cross the border. The money was always refunded when you went out, but the system imposed much trouble and annoyance. The various automobile touring clubs, especially in France, brought about this and many kindred reforms.

Cool Drinks in Tropical Waters

INTENSIVE competition, largely enhanced by the return of the German lines to normalcy, has had something to do with the scaling of prices. The average traveler gets more for his money at sea today than ever before. Among other things, he can enjoy swimming pools, gymnasiums, à la carte restaurants, and ride from the lower regions to the top of the deck in an elevator. Except for the restaurants, these innovations—they have all developed in the past twenty years—involve no extra cost. Formerly the ship's barber supplied modest needs such as socks, caps, tooth paste, shaving soap, souvenirs and toys. Now you can purchase nearly everything you have left behind, including evening clothes accessories like shirts, ties, studs and white waistcoats. Some of the liners bound for the Orient have complete miniature department stores staffed by girl clerks. The latest novelty is a soda fountain installed on a ship that makes tropical waters. Every thirst is satisfied.

This does not mean that there is any rate slashing. The immense volume of traffic and the fact that people now travel all the year round make it worth while to keep the prices within normal limits. Most of the great liners carry very little cargo except bullion, express packages and mail. The income from passengers is profitable.

Though there is no marine body corresponding to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the regulation of high-seas traffic, all the companies that ply between Europe and the United States are affiliated

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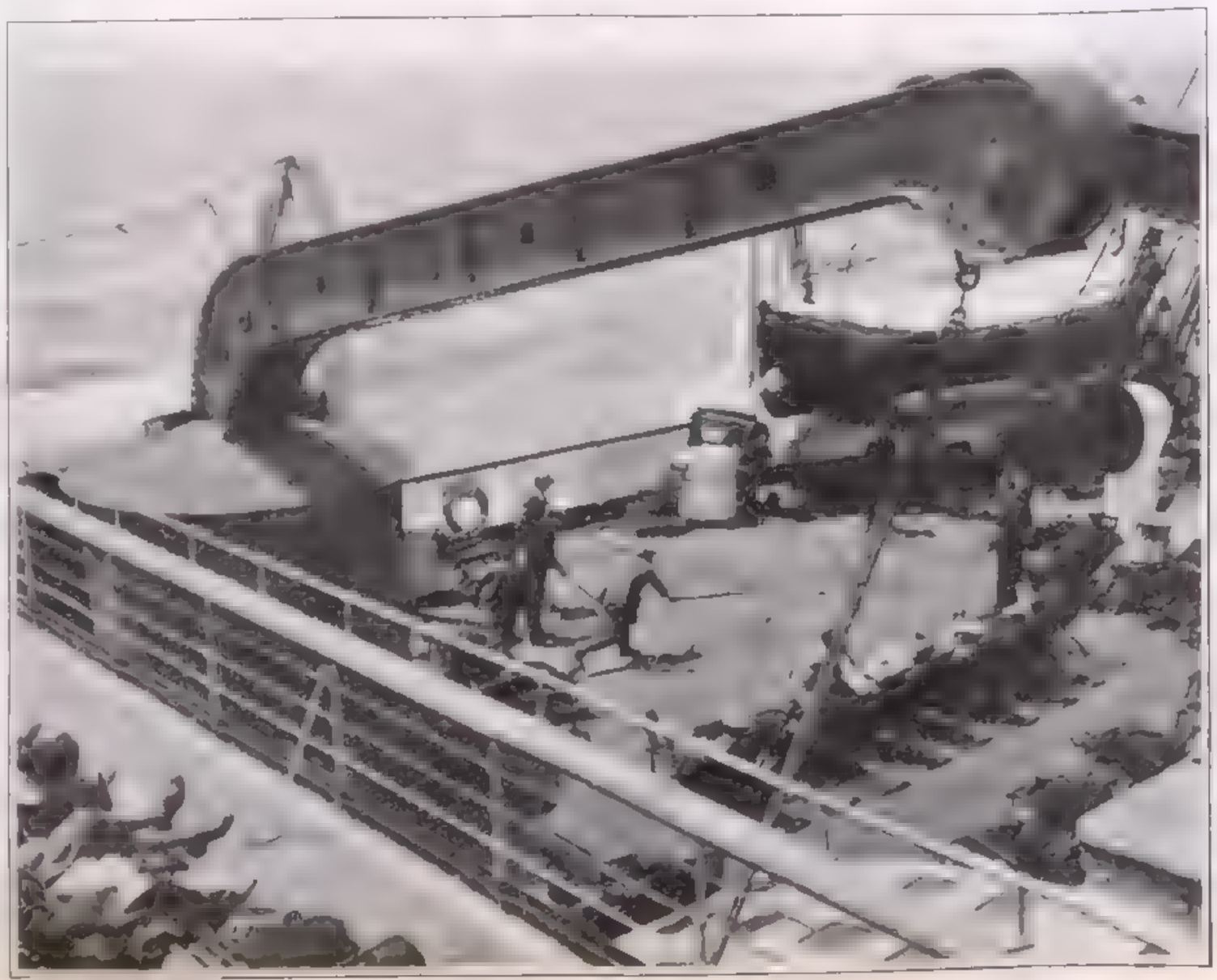

Playing Shuffleboard on the Deck of the Berengaria

You can barely hear it !

WHEN a proud owner of a General Electric Refrigerator takes her friends in to see it, the first comment is apt to be "why it's *so* quiet—you can barely hear it."

The thing which seems to impress every one is the extreme quietness with which these refrigerators operate. Their unique construction has indeed established a new standard for quiet operation.

This design, however, accomplishes something even more important. It makes possible the top-unit arrangement—a distinctive feature found only in the General Electric Refrigerator. Placing the unit on top makes it possible to enclose all the machinery—together with a permanent supply of metal protecting oil—in an hermetically sealed steel casing. There the hidden machinery, always oiled, remains safe from dust and difficulties. No one can tinker with it—no one needs to.

All the heat generated is allowed, with this design, to rise above the refrigerator. Installation is simplified. Upon delivery, the entire mechanism is merely lowered into the top of the specially constructed cabinet. It is then placed where you want it and plugged into any electric outlet—just like a fan or an iron. There's no plumbing, for no drain pipe is necessary.

Quietly, economically, the General Electric Refrigerator gives you the perfect refrigeration that does away with food spoilage and safeguards health. It provides a generous supply of ice, makes menu-planning so much easier, permits you to serve the sort of food that your guests will instantly recognize as perfect . . . crisp lettuce, well-chilled beverages, smart desserts.

For detailed information about these "years ahead" refrigerators, just drop us a card asking for Booklet S-3A.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

(Continued from Page 46)

in the North Atlantic Conference, more commonly known as the Atlantic Pool. Rates are filed with it and a sharp watch maintained on defections from them. The Atlantic Pool, by the way, has eliminated one of the old grafts. Formerly a traveler could pay for a minimum passage and, if the ship were not crowded, find himself installed in a suite

During the last two years the Atlantic Pool has decreed that the voyager can occupy only the quarters for which he pays.

The statistics tell the story of the growing mass migratory movement. In 1923 approximately 300,000 Americans went abroad. By 1925 the number had grown to 440,000.

During the first nine months of 1928 the State Department issued 163,319 new passports as compared with 128,384 for the same period in 1927. The total of new issues for 1928 is near the 200,000 mark. This represents an increase of more than 21 per cent over the new issues of the preceding year. The number of new passports is no real indication of the total travel volume, because hundreds of thousands of people who had gone over in 1927 had passports that were still valid. Hence the number of Americans who traversed the Atlantic lanes in 1928 is well over 500,000, which establishes a record.

A new high for tourist expenditures was also marked up. It is estimated that during 1928 the American tourists abroad spent $900,000,000, which is $150,000,000 more than the outlay for 1927. At this rate Europe should not have very much further anxiety about being able to pay the war debts to the United States

Any Passport in a Storm

SINCE I have mentioned passports, it may be just as well to get one of the most troublesome features of postwar travel out of our system right now. Prior to 1914 an American needed a passport solely for entry and stay in Russia. The moment hostilities broke out it became imperative for every traveler abroad to have one. They were issued only to those who had urgent reasons for traveling. This mandate had one beneficent result in that it eliminated the joy rider from the war scene.

During these years of blood and turmoil practically all the belligerent countries, especially Germany, engaged in the business of trafficking in passports. They went the limit to get the necessary identification papers for their spies.

People caught in some of the warring lands in August, 1914, were sometimes hard put to get out. I could tell many stories of the expedients adopted. An acquaintance of mine found himself without necessary papers in a Balkan country. He had graduated from a small-town medical college a few years before and had his diploma with him. It had an imposing engraved title and a still more impressive red seal. He calmly presented it at the frontier and got by on it. Another man put some red wax on a French bread card, stamped it with his personal seal, and used it as a means of egress. Before alien regulation was organized any document with a red seal made an impression on an ignorant border official.

In those days the wise American traveler carried his passport next to his body day and night. To lose one meant endless complications, because they were then issued only by the State Department from Washington. In 1928 our consuls were empowered to issue passports. It has proved a great convenience for people who suffer the loss of this all-important document. Visas were one of the horrors of war. On one of my wartime passports, which was good for only twelve months, I had 127 visas. It began with one sheet and ended up by being a bound volume of six big pages.

I refer to visas to emphasize the fact that they still impede traffic and constitute an unnecessary evil. The smaller the nation the more vexatious is the visa rule. You are still required to pay for transit visas even when you make no stop whatever in the country. Most people who have to move about the world a good deal these days are in favor of an antivisas pact that would be full brother to Mr. Kellogg's antiwar measure.

The passport itself has become a sort of vermiform appendage. Originally devised during the war to keep out undesirable aliens, it failed of its purpose then, as now Another indictment this time against the American passport alone—is its short life. It is good for only two years and is not renewable, whereas a British passport, for example, is originally issued for five years and can be renewed for a similar period

Most Americans know that they must have a passport in order to go abroad, except to Cuba, the Bahamas, Bermuda and Guatemala. This exemption also applies to Mexico and Canada. It is well for prospective European travelers to get visas for the countries they expect to visit from the various consulates in America. Though this means no financial economy, it frequently does save considerable time and much annoyance abroad. The only visa unobtainable in the United States is for Soviet Russia. This is because we have no diplomatic relationship with Moscow. Soviet visas can be obtained at the Russian embassies in London, Paris and Berlin.

Many labor under the delusion that because no visas are required for some countries they can get in without a passport. Such, however, is not the case. Even when visas are waived, you must have the kind of official national identification that a passport embodies

Nations are coming more and more to the realization that an expensive visa is a distinct deterrent to a considerable tourist class. In consequence, various governments, though insisting on visas, now grant them free of charge. They include Germany, Sweden, Japan, Persia, Finland, Esthonia, Honduras and Costa Rica. No visa is required for Belgium or for a stay of ten days or less in Holland. The visa fee for the European countries most frequently visited is from one to ten dollars. The most expensive visa is for the Belgian Congo, which is $11.25 for three months and $20.25 for longer periods.

Deck Sports on the Tripoli

With these preliminaries disposed of, we can mount the gangplank. Amid the changes that have crowded so thick and fast on sea travel, many of the one-time picturesque features have given way to practicality. Even departure has undergone transition.

In the old days most of the ships left New York during the daytime. The band played, flags waved, and everybody present got a big thrill out of it. There was a kick in seeing people off. Now most of the large liners sail at midnight. People go on board casually and without fuss. They wake up the next morning to find themselves far out at sea. On the whole it is a satisfactory arrangement.

Though the movement of tides has something to do with this shift, the main reason is to provide immunity from the night trip from Cherbourg to Paris. For some inscrutable reason the French authorities will not permit sleeping cars to be used. To sit up all night and arrive in the capital in the cold, gray dawn took all the edge off the benefits of the ocean passage. The midnight sailing enables the ship to reach Cherbourg early in the morning and the passenger is usually set down in Paris by midafternoon.

The traveler on his first ocean trip finds himself in a strange new world. He may have used river and lake steamers, but on a huge vessel everything is different. He feels at sea in more ways than one. Therefore one of the first steps should be to get the lay of the surroundings and your seat in the dining saloon. Every ship has public rooms, such as a library, lounge and smoke rooms. Familiarize yourself with their location and their accommodations. In some of the larger vessels there is also a card room, where the bridge fiends can carry on without interruption. You have more of the temporary home sense if you know your environment.

It is extremely difficult to offer advice in the matter of rooms, because temperament, purse and vanity enter into the consideration. A cabin may look highly desirable on a diagram and be quite the contrary in reality. Hence many persons are disappointed when they locate their quarters. Since, in the main, they are used only for sleeping, you can frequently put up with restriction of space so long as you have light and air. In this connection it is worth remarking that on the huge liners the inside room, once the bane of travel, is almost as desirable as the outside. Many are as large

The trouble with rooms that give on promenade decks is that they are usually noisy. There is sufficient noise on land so that quiet on sea is welcome. As I have already intimated, many persons get such an emotion out of advertising their deck cabins that they are willing to stand for sleep distractions that come from chronic talkers, walkers and spooners who never seem to go to bed. Besides, the deck hands usually get busy at dawn with mops and buckets. The French sailor in particular seems to be unable to work without an incessant accompaniment of chatter. On the big ships many of the desirable outside rooms are in what is called the skin of the vessel and have no deck outside In my judgment these are the most comfortable

The Whoopee Specialist

IF THERE is one word of caution above all others that I would venture to offer, it is in the matter of hasty acquaintanceship at sea. The professional gambler who thrived so lustily in other years has almost been eliminated. There are other animated hazards.

Figuratively speaking, travel, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. The moment a ship puts out to sea the raw voyager, unless he is accompanied by friends or family, is often overwhelmed with a sense of loneliness. He therefore grabs at the first human straw. Before he is out half a day he is likely to plunge into hectic relationship and vow eternal companionship in order to have somebody to talk to. The next day he meets a person far more attractive and rues his impetuosity. You almost invariably find that the most interesting persons aboard are usually the most aloof and reticent. Moreover, they are inclined to stick to their cabin for a day or two and do not appear until the journey is well under way.

Every ship is infested with human pests. First, perhaps, in the category of calamities afloat is the breezy individual who constitutes himself the life and joy of the party. He is kin to the cheery persons who become so chatty at breakfast. For some unknown reason he believes that the burden of providing diversion for his fellow passengers is on his shoulders. He is forever arranging something for groups who have not the slightest desire to be drawn together. He seldom realizes that people are supposed to have some mental resource, that they may want to read a good book and are generally inclined to choose their own methods of distraction. When you try to side-step his advances he invariably admonishes you to "be a good sport."

One of the principal crimes for which this type of person is answerable is the ship concert. No matter how great is the dearth of talent aboard, he feels it is his heaven-born mission to devise a program, usually with resultant horrors. He is aided and abetted by the passenger who wants to show off vocally or otherwise, and by the dull gentleman who aspires to be chairman.

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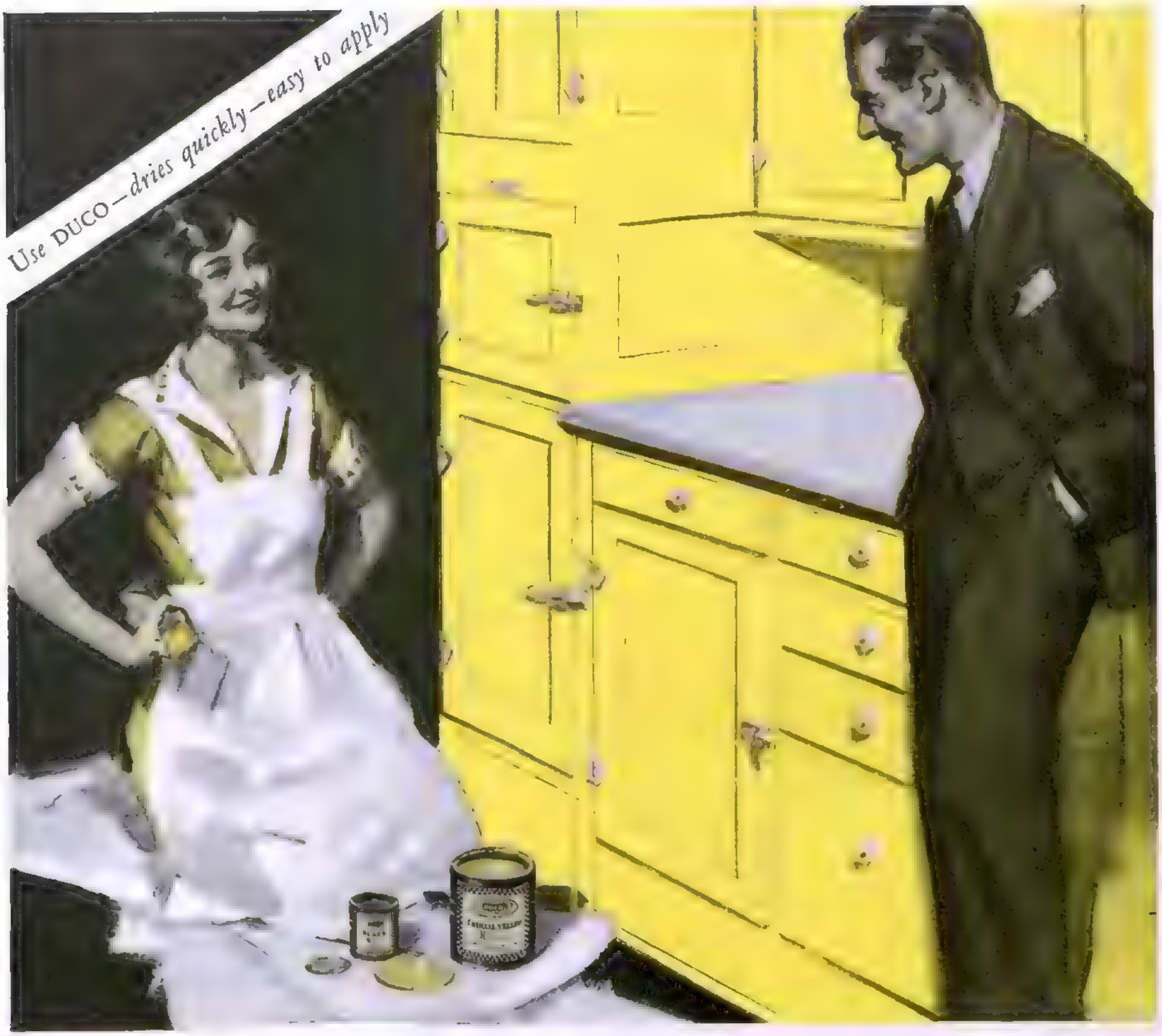

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(Continued from Page 48)

No one can quarrel with the institution of the ship's concert when there are adequate performers, such as is the case in the height of the season, when great actors or famous operatic stars are going back and forth. Furthermore, the ship's concert, as most people know, was originated to aid the seamen's charities. The idea is abused by the vain and aggressive. On some ships there is now an antidote for the concert in the shape of a horse race with miniature wooden figures every afternoon. Bets are made and a share of the proceeds is given to the sailor orphanages.

Second comes the passenger whose first greeting always is: "This is my fortieth passage and I have never missed a single meal." He seems to think that everybody is interested in his wanderings. You get the impression that his principal interest in life is to roll up record travel logs. After one experience with this kind of gentry you fervently wish that he would miss a trip or two—certainly the one that you are taking.

A third nuisance is the voyager, mainly of the feminine gender, with a fear complex. She regales you with stories of shipwrecks and collisions in fogs. The moment the siren begins to sound she is in a state of panic and wants to see the captain straight off in order to find out just what the situation is.

Speaking of the female sex at sea brings to mind the mystery woman who participates in the play of nearly every voyage. She is usually smartly turned out, is sometimes veiled, and makes a late appearance on deck. Often she travels alone. Manner and movement are so manipulated as to arouse speculation as to her identity. A ship is a hotbed of gossip. Immediately our female friend becomes royalty in disguise, an *émigrée* with a romantic story, or a famous personage who declines to have her name on the passenger list. Sad to relate, she sometimes turns out to be a buyer for a Middle Western department store.

Next I would place the allegedly humorous auctioneer—that is, the person who sells the pools every night on the ship's run. On all vessels there is one person who feels that he is peculiarly equipped for this job and frequently nominates himself for it. Once he takes his place at the auction table in the smoke room, he lets loose a line of "funny" talk which ordinarily is more funereal than otherwise.

With him may be linked the man or woman with the "sure-fire system" to dope out the twenty-four-hour run on which many thousands of dollars are staked each voyage. They are like the people who have systems to break the bank at Monte Carlo or Deauville. Whether on land or sea, these calculations invariably go wrong. A ship's run is a highly elusive performance. You can retire at night with the vessel going at full speed, believing that the person with the high field—as it is called—will win. During the dark hours a fog may suddenly spring up and the low man gets the money the next day. Fog is as great a menace to the gambler at sea as it is to the ship.

Once a Steward, Always a Steward

This reference to the pool brings to mind an omission of which some inexperienced travelers are guilty. The rule of the sea is that the smoke-room steward and his subordinates must get a share of the winnings. Sometimes it averages as much as from 5 to 10 per cent, depending on the size of the pot.

I have known a single pool to be worth $10,000, although this is seldom reached. It seems that the income of the chief smoke-room steward is often the highest of any ship employe, the captain included. Most of them have risen from stewards in the second or third class, by way of the main dining saloon, to this most lucrative of seagoing jobs.

Mention of stewards brings us to the always troublesome matter of tips. On a ship, as in a restaurant ashore, there seems to be the same element of uncertainty about what to give. People are apt to err on both sides. For fear of being regarded a tightwad, they hand out too much, or vice versa.

Before we go into the specific matter of tips, a word about the ship's stewards may be in order. On English lines in particular they are a distinct class. The sea gets into the British family system, as it were, and there it stays through succeeding generations. I have known stewards whose fathers and grandfathers followed the same calling and whose boys are cadets getting their first taste of ocean life. It is no deprecation of other nationalities to say that the English steward is the best in the world. He is a sort of tradition of travel. Seasoned voyagers have their favorite stewards precisely as they have favorite waiters.

Once a steward, always a steward of some kind—every chief steward began at the bottom—as this incident will show: In June, 1917, I returned to America on the now-vanished St. Paul, with Lord Northcliffe, who was coming over to head the British War Mission. I had used this ship many times before, and invariably had a certain veteran dining-room steward who had been at sea since his twelfth year.

Be Casual at Any Cost

Northcliffe and I had a little table to ourselves, and this steward waited on us. At the moment the great publisher, like many of his countrymen, had a strong spy complex. He had his own valet with him, but he wanted a butler on whom he could depend during his sojourn in America. He became attached to the steward in question. On the last day before our arrival Northcliffe asked me to offer him a job as personal servant at more than three times what he was earning. The man turned it down, saying that after all these years afloat he could not bring himself to change his mode of life.

Now for the tip business. Twenty-five years ago there was a standard fee of $2.50 each for cabin and dining-room stewards. Though this seems a small sum gauged by present-day standards, it was then considered ample. Our friend, the high cost of living, had not become a familiar. When people had a large room to themselves or ate in their cabins a good deal, they paid larger tips. The fact to be emphasized is, however, that there was an accepted—this word worked both ways—gratuity.

Today the minimum tip for the cabin steward, even if you share a room with someone else, is five dollars, which is also the minimum fee for your dining-room steward. When you are the sole occupant of a room and the steward brings your breakfast, it is customary to double this. Fees should always be higher when you have a room with a bath, because your cabin steward must look after your bathroom. Without your own bath you must have the service of a bath steward, whose minimum fee is $2.50. The so-called second steward, who is in active charge of the dining room and its seating arrangements, is entitled to a fee, particularly when he provides you with special food. There should also be a gratuity for the deck steward and his assistants, who take care of your chair and rug and serve the morning bouillon and the afternoon tea.

The deck steward is not always appraised at his real value save when a ship is crowded and there is a great scramble for desirable chair sites. He then becomes a person of importance. The deck steward, by the way, is one of the vigilantes of the ship.

On a westbound trip a few years ago I noticed a smart-looking man who invariably had all his meals on deck and acted in the grand manner. On the fourth day out he was missing from his customary corner seat. When I asked the deck steward, with whom I had traveled at various times, about him, he related this interesting tale. The swanky individual was a second-class passenger who had crashed the gate every day until he was found out. He could not eat in the first-class dining saloon because everybody there is labeled. It was far easier to get away with first-class prerogatives, for a time at least, amid the informality of the deck. I recount this incident to show that the deck steward keeps his eyes open and knows who's on board before many days pass.

As with a waiter, it is a great mistake to under-fee a steward on the theory that you will never see him again, especially if you use the same line frequently. Though stewards are shifted from ship to ship, they seldom leave a company.

During the past fifteen years a new ship employe—the restaurant waiter—appeared. The regular dining rooms for each class are still served by the stewards, however. A few years before the war a German line initiated the plan of having an à la carte restaurant separate from the main dining saloon, for people who do not want to be tied down by a rigid meal schedule. It was operated in coöperation with the Ritz hotel system. This is why some of the subsequent restaurants opened on other lines were designated by the name Ritz. Since the war ocean restaurants have been discontinued on most of the crack vessels. Where they remain, the passenger who patronizes them is entitled to a rebate of twenty-five dollars on his fare.

For a certain class of passenger, notably the new rich and those who affect the aforesaid pearls at breakfast, the ocean restaurant has some advantages. It gives them something to discuss and not infrequently to brag about. They seem to feel that eating in the restaurant implies a class distinction, especially financial. Like railway dining cars, it is extremely doubtful if the proposition pays in the long run. It is, however, a good advertising point.

Not every passenger appreciates the benefit of having breakfast in his cabin. One of the chief compensations of the ocean trip is complete relaxation. This is not accomplished if you dash out for food the first thing in the morning. It not only lengthens the day and establishes a hard-and-fast routine but imposes a strain on energy. One of the fine arts of ship life is to be casual in everything you do.

This casualness, I might add, may well extend to another important detail—namely, debarkation. Many persons become agitated fully twenty-four hours before they step off a ship. In consequence, they leave it, weary and exhausted. If it docks at noon or in the afternoon, they are up at the crack of dawn on the last day, having packed their luggage at least forty hours beforehand. Then they suddenly discover that they need something that is reposing in the bottom of one of their trunks. With such hectic haste you invariably make the least headway.

At the Captain's Right

There is still a good deal of conversation and speculation on a ship about the captain's table. Like other time-honored features, it has lost some of its glamour in the rush of mass travel. This does not imply any lack of interest in the skipper himself. The plain truth, however, is that the exclusiveness of his dining domain is not exactly what it used to be. To understand it, a brief retrospect is necessary.

Since the captain is in supreme authority—no officer anywhere wields more autocratic power—it naturally followed that his table became the center of attraction in the dining saloon. The captain selected the passengers who sat with him. For many years it was his habit to invite the most distinguished travelers on board. "To sit at the captain's right," as the phrase went, was a sort of badge of high distinction. Consequently people made every effort to become part of the charmed circle. The invitation to it was tantamount to a command. This state of affairs prevailed when ships and ships' passenger lists were comparatively small.

The expansion in the size of ships and the growth of travel also increased the size of some of the captains' tables. In many cases the captain voluntarily ceased to be the arbiter of the group. Though he invariably included his own friends and gave final approval to the seating arrangement, the intimate personal atmosphere began to depart. One reason was that the captains appeared in the dining saloon less frequently than before. Another was that agents of the line in various ports gave passengers letters of introduction to the captain. Courtesy dictated that he ask them to share his meals in public if table space permitted. Hence, small fry, so to speak, avail themselves increasingly of a once exclusive prerogative.

More concern is expressed in the captain's table than in the captain himself. Any attempt at portrayal of life on a liner would be incomplete without a close-up of the man on the bridge. In the course of much world wandering in war and peace I have known captains in many waters and in many circumstances. The temptation to linger on them, and particularly their job, cannot be resisted. The indulgence may have some practical value as well, because it will serve to show the scope and technic of the task.

Swallowing the Anchor

Modern sea travel has become so secure that few stop to realize the responsibility that rests with the captain. Under his care is a giant vessel worth many millions, together with its thousands of souls and frequently rich cargo in gold and otherwise. He must weather storms and bring his vessel safely into port regardless of the demands upon his vitality. On a rough trip the passengers may never get a glimpse of him, yet in their waking and sleeping hours he is ever vigilant.

Running his own ship is only part of the job. The captain must respond to every S O S that reaches his wireless room. This adds to his burden. When he was in command of the President Roosevelt, Captain Fried wrote an epic of the sea in his memorable rescue of the crew of the Antinoe. All merchant captains are members of the naval reserve of their respective countries. In the World War they registered their heroism both in troop convoys and in battles with submarines. The Olympic, for example, sank two undersea boats. British merchant skippers are frequently made honorary naval A. D. C.'s to the king.

The unwritten law of the sea is that a captain must be actively on the job not only throughout the night of departure and the night before arrival but through every minute when fog prevails. Sir Bertram Hayes, who rose to be commodore of the White Star fleet and retired a few years ago, spent sixty-nine consecutive hours on the bridge on one eastbound trip. For a captain to be on duty two days and nights running is no infrequent occurrence. This kind of hardship ages them.

Like the British steward, the British captain is a world institution. No matter what strange waters you cross, you are sure to find one of John Bull's seamen in command. In the heart of Africa, for example, I found a retired royal naval commander in charge of a boat that flew the Belgian flag. As a matter of fact, the British captain is as universal as the Scotch engineer. Most persons have heard the story that if you yell "Mac" down the engine hatch of a ship anywhere, you will receive the reply, "Aye."

I doubt if any occupation involving similar exposure and responsibility is more inadequately compensated. The top salary of the captain on a large luxury liner never exceeds $7500. The pension is much smaller. Retirement age on British lines, for example, is from fifty-five to sixty. On one Atlantic liner today is a skipper who is still going strong at seventy, but he is a rare exception. It so happens that his line has no age limit. When a captain signs off his final articles he "swallows the anchor," as it is called. Behind his back every skipper is referred to by the crew as "the Old Man."

One of the familiar sights in Liverpool and Southampton is the retired captain who never ceases to take an interest in his old calling. Outwardly most of them seem to be

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

content with the care of a small garden, but I have observed that every time I sail from either one of the two ports that I mentioned, half a dozen of the old guard that I knew in other days are down at the dock with envy in their hearts and longing in their eyes.

Some have the satisfaction of dying in harness. A notable instance was Sir James Charles, commander of the Cunard fleet, who was fatally stricken on the trip slated to be his last. It was the end of his 726th voyage across the Atlantic. He had covered a total of 2,178,000 nautical miles, which did not include his early career in sailing ships.

Few captains engage in other occupations, once they retire. Though most of them seem to be husky at sixty, the wear and tear on the bridge have left their ravages and they are in need of a rest. Sir Bertram Hayes, to whom I have referred, has become a director of the Marconi International Marine Communication Company. Captain Howarth, another widely known White Star skipper, has gone into marine insurance. A third, Captain Hambleton, the merriest of mariners, tried sheep raising in New Zealand. Captain Hartley left the Leviathan to become associated with a ship-building company. A few others have been retained by lines in advisory capacities.

The German merchant captain is distinct in that he has always done the social thing more than any of his colleagues of other nationalities. He never fails to be a salesman for the Teutonic flag. His great hour, of course, was before the war. He mingled freely with the passengers and was strong on teas in his cabin.

If I remember correctly, the institution known as the captain's dinner originated on a German ship. This was usually given on the night before arrival, and was a festive event. A special menu was prepared and toasts drunk. In the phraseology of the country paper, "a good time was had by all," provided, of course, that the sea was not unruly. The captain's dinner has been revived, after a fashion, on big liners since the war in what is known as the "gala night" in the main dining saloon. The passengers wear fancy caps and throw paper balls at one another.

One story about the German captain had wide vogue prior to 1914. It was to the effect that every commander in the Kaiser's merchant service had sealed orders in his safe for specific action in case of war eventuality, no matter where he might be cruising or lying when the tocsin sounded. It was probably part of the legend that grew up about Von Moltke, the great field marshal of the Franco-Prussian War. In a pigeonhole of his desk in the War Office at Berlin were supposed to repose the complete plans for mobilization of the German Army, worked out to the most minute detail. Von Moltke always said that he had only to press a button and the vast military machinery would instantly spring into life.

The Death's-Head at the Feast

Events apparently confirmed the truth of the rumor about the sea captains' orders, because comparatively few German ships were caught napping. Many voluntarily interned themselves in what were then neutral ports, only to rue the day when a considerable part of the world, including the United States, became involved.

Literally and figuratively, the death's-head at the ship feast is seasickness. Next to the lack of wherewithal, it deters more people from the ocean journey than any other factor. Like the weather, there is incessant talk about it, but nobody ever does anything to change it.

Despite its terrors, *mal de mer* is supposed to have some virtue, as many unhappy victims have been told, although they could scarcely agree with the assertion at the time of agony. When pursers on Channel boats from France to England are required to collect the cabin cost from a passenger groaning on his couch and almost wishing for death as a welcome relief, their favorite consolation is: "Being sick is good for you after your stay in Paris."

I have discussed seasickness with ship's doctors on all the seven seas and have probably seen as many manifestations of it as any other individual outside a ship's staff. Regardless of the conflict of opinions about the cause—there is no doubt about the effect—certain precautions can be taken to minimize the hazard. The best I can do is to present them for what they are worth.

Just as people often dig their graves with their teeth, so do they also invite discomfort at sea with food indiscretions. If the weather is good at the start they gorge themselves, easing their conscience with the well-known alibi that sea air is always stimulating to appetite. The fact to emphasize is that if you fill yourself with rich food you are a much easier prey when the sea begins to kick up than if you had been more moderate. With seasickness, as in many other things in life, the blame is usually fastened on the wrong source. Old Man Neptune has a good deal to answer for.

Sea Dogs are Only Human

Exercise is as essential as diet. I have known many passengers subject to seasickness who staved it off by walking miles every day and having what little food they did eat out on the deck. Remain in the open air as much as you can. It may appear almost physically impossible to bring this about, but it is well worth the effort. The trouble is that people stick to their deck chairs too much. Many intelligent travelers do not take one. Thus they must keep on their feet outdoors.

There is no doubt that mental attitude can contribute to seasickness. Many habitually seem to fall victims the moment they get on board and instinctively take to their beds, to remain for the duration of the voyage, regardless of weather. After one unhappy experience, others say "I am a bad sailor," and bow to the worst. Fear, as we all know, has strong physiological reactions. It affects the nerves and muscles. This in turn interrupts blood circulation, with destructive consequences to the stomach. Therefore, if you make up your mind that you will not be sick and observe some of the precautions outlined, you can go a considerable way toward obtaining some degree of immunity.

The vagaries of seasickness are little short of baffling. Some famous actors are subject to stage fright—Edwin Booth used to confess to a chronic momentary trepidation before his first entrance—and seasoned mariners succumb to the malady that lays so many nonsailors low. A ship's doctor with whom I traveled from Vancouver to Yokohama, for example, told me that, except in midsummer, he always had a brief spell of seasickness on the first day out, if the weather was at all rough.

In 1917 I had the interesting revelation that even naval officers are not altogether impervious. It was necessary for me to go to Petrograd after the revolution that overthrew the Czar. The only way was in a British admiralty vessel, all regular passenger traffic on the North Sea having ceased because of submarine warfare. I had to go to Bergen in Norway on a small armed merchantman and experienced the roughest voyage I had ever known.

Nearly everybody succumbed. Much to my surprise, a distinguished naval commander intrusted with a secret mission to Scandinavia became seasick. There was one compensation for the hideous internal and external turmoil. Late on the second day the gale abated, sunlight flooded the unquiet waters, and against the reddening western sky was revealed the British Grand Fleet in battle order. It was an unforgettable visualization of sea power.

Since that North Sea dash I have discovered that many naval officers never completely resist the effects of a rolling ship. Curiously enough, children are usually good sailors. It may be because they do not indulge in any deep-sea thinking.

People who think they have known the worst kind of weather in an Atlantic or North Sea gale have something in store for them. No upset is quite as devastating as that wrought by an eastern typhoon. Wind and rain combine for the utmost in fury, with attendant human misery. The late Joseph Conrad did not exaggerate its terrors in his famous story Typhoon.

Another kill-joy of the ocean trip—I refer specifically to the homewardbound journey from Europe—is the customs declaration. This time man, and not the elements, is responsible for anxiety, and sometimes worse. No matter how happy may be the voyage for the first four days, gloom descends when the passenger returns to his or her cabin and finds the blank customs form on the table. Now begins the scheming and plotting to get by with as little payment as possible.

It is a strange commentary on the working of the human mind that people will respect every law except the one which relates to duty on what they have acquired abroad. They will go to all extremes to beat the game, often after lavish expenditure overseas.

Many women like to believe that they are born smugglers. They appear to get a great kick out of putting it over the customs authorities, even when their husbands are able and willing to pay the duty. It would almost seem that the richer the woman the greater seems to be the desire to evade payment. Her less affluent sisters are usually more conscientious.

One of the diverting spectacles on shipboard is the female who dresses early and often to be able to say that her new apparel has been worn. Such garments have certain duty exemption. Women seem to labor under the delusion that wearing a frock a time or two makes it dutyproof. They are frequently disabused of this idea. Alleged gifts also cover a multitude of sins.

Two dodges to evade the customs are not so effective as heretofore. One is the transsewn label. Before many women go abroad they not only rip the firm labels out of garments bought in America but get home labels from their friends as well. They sometimes overlook the discrepancy between a worn label and a brand-new dress or fur coat.

The second device, which has practically gone to the bad, is the doctored bill. For years it has been the custom to engage in an amiable conspiracy with the foreign shopkeeper to make out a bill for considerably less than the purchase price. Customs inspectors now pay scant attention to such documents. They do their own appraising, and it is highly unemotional.

World travel is now so popular and accessible that there will be a final word about trips to places more remote than Europe. The question of clothes should be carefully considered before you start. Though you can almost invariably buy what you want in the big seaports, you must consider your comfort and health en route.

A Bad Jolt at the Line

People who leave New York or San Francisco in midsummer argue that they will need only thin garments. Before long they discover their mistake. It is always best to be prepared for the sudden shifts of temperature that frequently come before you are out at sea a day. You can never tell what ocean weather will do. Once you catch a cold at sea, it is difficult to shake it off. Seasoned voyagers, therefore, carry apparel to meet both extremes. A close-fitting woolen sweater is useful wherever you go.

I have already dwelt upon the food end. Discretion is not only necessary to ward off seasickness but other and more serious ills, particularly while cruising in tropical waters. Special care should be taken with the water drunk during the stops ashore. You do not need inoculation against fevers if you stick consistently to bottled water.

One sea adventure, always a feature of journeys to the far places, requires a special word of caution and explanation. It relates to the ceremonies attendant to crossing the equator, or "crossing the line," as it is popularly called. Some of the uninitiated believe that they will feel a bump as they pass the middle of the earth. Of course there is no bump of the type they expect, but they do get another kind of jolt.

The crossing-the-line performance, which is somewhat akin to college hazing, has been described many times. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with it, I will rehearse the principal features, and what is more important, point the chief moral. In the first place, nobody is regarded as a full-fledged sailorman until he has crossed the equator and participated in the show. Women are usually exempted from active participation.

Though the ceremony varies in some details, the fundamentals are the same on all ships. On British lines various officers, especially the purser and his assistants, coach the participants and sometimes take part. Travelers who know the ropes usually assume charge. Long before the line is touched the passengers are agog with excitement over what lies before them. Some of the timid tremble at what is conjured up as a terrible experience. Though some of the horseplay is rough, few are ever injured. If they are hurt it is their own fault.

When the equatorial line is reached, Father Neptune, in full regalia and attended by his retinue, appears. The most active member of the entourage is a barber who carries a huge wooden razor. A satellite provides him with lather out of a bucket. Woe to the male passenger who resists the shave ordeal. He may try to secrete himself in the innermost recesses of the boat, but specially delegated policemen, chosen from the passengers, rout him out.

Not Bored on Board

After the shave the victim is ducked in the canvas swimming pool always rigged up on the deck for the use of voyagers. If the ship's company is large, not all the novices are shaved, but every male person who has not hitherto crossed the line is immersed. Hence, it is always wise to put on a bathing suit early in the day upon which the festivities are held. I have seen more than one fully clothed person who regarded the antics with scorn and disdain lifted bodily and dropped into the tank. The shave and the ducking are the main features. Sometimes a mock court is held and passengers sentenced to various kinds of foolish punishment. The celebration provides pleasant diversion and is a welcome break in the monotony of a long voyage.

Every passenger initiated gets a diploma signed by the captain. It states that he has entered the kingdom of Neptunus Rex, has been gathered to the royal bosom, and is henceforth entitled to the sea king's protection. It, further, makes him a member of what is called the "order of the bath." If you show your diploma on your next trip to equatorial waters you are immune from rough handling. You can then have your revenge on the greenhorn.

These equatorial rites, like seasickness, are no respecters of persons. The worst possible blunder that the male traveler can commit is to try to evade them. If for any reason he succeeds in side-stepping, he almost invariably invites ostracism and becomes a marked man for the rest of the journey. Whether of high or low social degree, everybody takes part. On his trip to East Africa, the Prince of Wales, having been initiated on a previous journey, was the lather boy and obeyed every instruction of his barber boss. A snapshot showed him clad in sleeveless shirt and shorts held up by a gay pirate's sash. His face was smudged, he wore a jester's cap, and his feet were bare. His brother, the Duke of Gloucester, got the full dose handed out to the unseasoned, and took his medicine smilingly.

Thus shipboard need not necessarily mean "ship bored," as someone put it. If you learn the ropes you can defy weather and make your journey a continuous pleasure.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two travel articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to the European railways.

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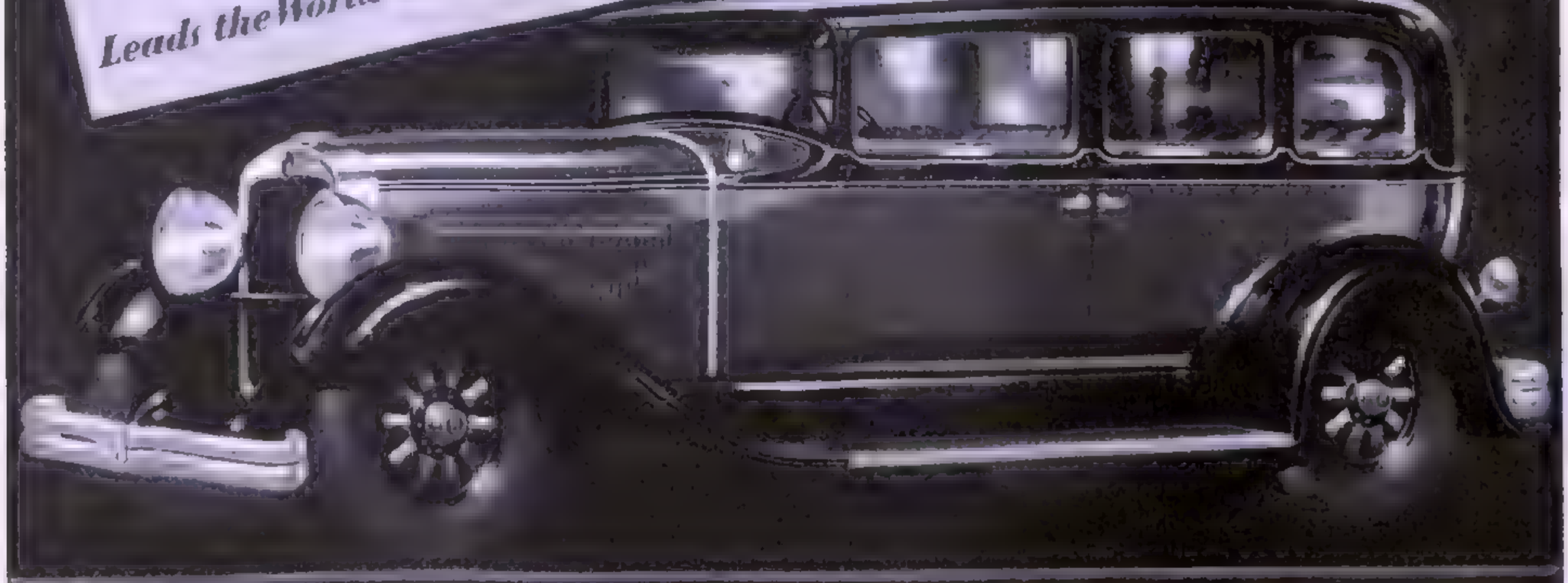

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THE "unusual" in pictures is just as attractive as the unusual in newspaper news columns. To follow the beaten path day after day is neither progressive nor interesting. Murder has been going on since the beginning of time, yet unless there is an unusual twist to it, newspapers of today dismiss it as a usual topic. That's the reason I am always looking for unusual stories for Universal. There's really nothing new under the sun, but there are new and unusual angles to old subjects and these make unusual pictures. Keep your eye on forthcoming Universals and you will find the unusual in most cases. —C. L.

* * *

What I consider the most important news of the year in this industry is that Universal has just purchased, at tremendous cost, the right to reproduce, in the screen version of "*Show Boat*," all of the Ziegfeld material in the stage version. I purchased the screen rights to Miss Ferber's novel when Mr Ziegfeld bought the stage rights. By this deal Universal secures the right to use any of Mr Ziegfeld's stage production including the music, with Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe, Aunt Jemima and the Plantation Singers actually rendering the songs, and Universal will immediately begin the reproduction in sound and talk. This in my estimation will become of the greatest pictures in history

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Mary Philbin in "The Man Who Laughs"

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Continued from Page 29

as, disentangling himself from those who eagerly congratulated him, he left the emptying Pnyx. Amid the stream of still-excited citizens pouring down the hill toward the city, he overtook Ephialtes, the gaunt fanatical leader of the populace with whom he, a Eupatrid of a famous family, was incongruously in political alliance. Henceforth they two would be rulers in Athens. The demagogue greeted him with a fierce laugh.

"We have avenged Themistocles," he said. "Would that we could ostracize all the aristocrats as today we have ostracized Cimon!"

Pericles smiled with that well-bred composure which, young man though he was, he had schooled himself in all circumstances to maintain—even in this intoxicating moment of personal triumph, this moment when he was thrillingly conscious that he had arrived at the fulfillment of that ambition which had burned in him from boyhood.

"Then would you ostracize me also, Ephialtes? No. Athens needs all her citizens, rich and poor alike. Rich and poor alike, they compose her Demos which must rule for the good of all."

There was a murmur of approval from those who pressed around them, eager to spread over the city whatever first words these two champions of the Demos might exchange after their victory. Ephialtes grinned at him cunningly, promptly aware of the impolicy of his own remark.

"Aye, aye, Pericles. If only all the aristocrats were like you—friends of the people! But now that we've beaten the oligarchs, there is much to discuss. We must meet this evening. If I were not a poor man I would invite you ——"

Pericles smiled again.

"I shall expect you to supper," he said.

He strode on, leaving Ephialtes with his low-class admirers. It was odd that he should be allied with such a man. He had need of all his philosophy sometimes to tolerate his vulgar ignorance, his coarse hatreds. But as Anaxagoras so often said—what shrewd wisdom the philosopher mingled with those ideal teachings which were the inspiration of his pupil's life!—one must work with whatever instruments presented themselves. Ephialtes had the ear of the Demos. He could use him in many ways. Now that Cimon was fallen, Ephialtes could bring forward—much better than he could himself—that reform of the Council of the Areopagus, last vestige of the old aristocratical institutions of Athens, essential if the Demos was effectively to rule the city.

The friend by his side—a sculptor, slightly older than himself, named Phidias—laughed good-humoredly.

"Never will that rabid old mob flatterer understand you, Pericles. He'd think you were mad if you talked to him about that ideal city of yours."

Pericles smiled as they walked down the path.

"Perhaps. Ephialtes and Cimon both love Athens. Each thinks her greatness depends on crushing the opposite party. They are both wrong. A city is the men who dwell therein, not the bricks and stones which house them. It can only be truly great when all her citizens share in that greatness. The entire Demos must be greater than any class of it. The whole must be greater than the part."

He spoke with emphatic conviction. Like every Greek, by the word "citizens" he by no means implied "inhabitants." Traditional was it for Athens to welcome those resident aliens—the metics—on whom so much of her wealth depended and of whom there were perhaps at that moment thirty thousand in the city; but he had no thought of extending to them the privileges of citizenship. Far less would it have occurred to him to include as citizens those hundred thousand slaves then in Attica, better treated though they were in Athens than in any other Greek state. To him it was axiomatic that Athenian citizens were that closely regulated minority of some thirty-five thousand adult males, rich and poor, born of certified Athenian parentage on both sides and registered as accepted Athenian citizens upon the roll of their ancestral deme, who alone possessed political rights and who alone were allowed to own Athenian land.

Phidias mused for a moment, rubbed his big, rounded, somewhat bald forehead.

"Of course I do not understand these things as you do, Pericles. You have studied philosophy. I'm only a sculptor, and I'm only concerned with trying to understand the physically beautiful and to create something beautiful with my chisel—just as you are trying to create your ideal city. But it seems to me that creation is never the work of the multitude, but always of some single man. In my workshop I have craftsmen skillful enough. They produce things which are admired as beautiful. But I, the master, create for them the pattern which they merely copy. This Athens of ours has been great for a hundred years. Who first made her great? Peisistratus, the tyrant. Cleisthenes drove out the tyrants and established the democracy. Athens became still greater—yet it was not the democracy, but Cleisthenes, who created that greatness. Themistocles gave the democracy more power than ever. Yet it was not the Demos, but Themistocles—as you said today—who built the fleet that saved Athens from the Persians, who rebuilt her ruins, who made her mistress of the sea. Where is Themistocles now? In exile from the city he loved. Take warning, Pericles. The Demos creates nothing. It understands nothing. And it is never even grateful!"

Pericles smiled equably. He was accustomed to the outbursts of this ruggedly individualist sculptor, whose genius was already becoming famous throughout Hellas. For a long time now they had been fast friends in a warmly reciprocal admiration.

"I don't expect it to be grateful, Phidias. I want only to help make perfect the city which, as a citizen among citizens, I inherit from my fathers. As you say, a few create for the many to copy. Each one's part must be according to his capacity. It may be that my part is to create a pattern for the Demos to follow. Phidias"—he was suddenly earnest, his handsome young face lit up with the intensity of his thought—"you can't imagine how great and beautiful I dream of making this dear city of ours!"

Phidias halted on the path, put an affectionate hand upon his friend's right shoulder, left bare in the draping of his mantle as the custom was.

"You dream dreams, my friend, and so do I. But I have only to shape them from marble. Yours is a harder task, for you must shape them from the fickle souls of men. . . . But no more politics! Stay a moment for this fair view of the city. Whenever I pass this point I like to imagine what I could put upon our poor Acropolis if some public-spirited tyrant would but give me the order."

He pointed to the great flat-topped mass of rock rising imposingly from the center of the town, the sacred ancient citadel whereof only the old Temple of Athene had yet been resuscitated from the ruins left by the Persians eighteen years before.

Pericles gazed across the flat roofs toward it.

"Some day, Phidias, you shall help me to set a crown upon Athens. The Acropolis shall be made worthy of her. We will rebuild those shattered shrines in a beauty which shall be her spirit made manifest to all the world. By Athene, I swear it!"

Phidias looked at him with a tolerant smile.

"May your dreams come true, dreamer! And now let us go on. I'll bet a drachma to an obolus that those lazy slaves in my workshop have done nothing since I've been away."

They continued down the path, arrived in the Agora—the great market place under the Areopagus Hill. The business of the morning was now all but finished and the stalls under the plane trees were being packed up, the umbrellas taken down, the flagstones left littered with the refuse of vegetables and fish heads. At the table of one of the metic money changers, yellow-trousered Scythian slave policemen were intervening in a vociferous dispute. Under the colonnades, newly painted with the famous frescoes of Polygnotus, the dandies, their mantles thrown over the shoulder in exact folds and an exact length to the shin, their shoes vying with one another in fantastic design and brilliant color, were promenading in a shade that was now a grateful contrast to the glare, were still discussing eagerly that vote upon the Pnyx which was unmistakably equivalent to the ostracism of Cimon.

They tugged one another to look curiously at Pericles, and one or two shouted insults at him. Unforgivable was it that he, a born aristocrat, should champion the cause of the Demos, the little craftsmen, the poor ship rowers who dwelt mostly in the Piræus, the common people devoid of all philosophic culture—though indeed they were the keenest critics at the springtime performances of the tragedies of Æschylus and the new man Sophocles. Some of those humble folk clustered enthusiastically about him as he walked, responded indignantly to the insults of the dandies. He passed through the square in calm philosophic superiority to that love or hate.

At the farther end the two friends halted. Here their ways parted.

"Come and dine with me," urged Phidias. "Afterward I am going to the Academia to watch the wrestlers. There is a youth there beautiful as Apollo. I'm going to get him to sit for me."

Pericles shook his head with a smile. It was part of the discipline he imposed on himself—unique in that society which spent its life gregariously out-of-doors—never to show himself in places of public resort other than the assembly. Not for more than a year had he been to that beautiful open-air gymnasium, planted with trees and adorned with statues, where every afternoon the young citizens who were over eighteen competed, nude in a physical perfection, at running and wrestling and boxing and throwing the discus while the older citizens gathered to watch them or to gossip.

"Anaxagoras comes to dine with me," he said. "Afterward he gives me a lesson in eloquence."

"This philosophy! . . . . Well, then, misanthropist, come and sup with me!" laughed Phidias. "Polygnotus and one or two others will be there. I've got some excellent wine for the symposium afterward, and that new troupe of dancing girls that everybody is talking about. Also, my friend, I've invited three new hetæræ just arrived from Ephesus, and one of them—Mylitta—is the prettiest thing you ever saw. I'll turn her over to you."

"Not even Mylitta can tempt me," smiled the young man. "Ephialtes comes to sup with me."

Phidias made a grimace.

"Ephialtes! Ugh! My friend, you carry your philosophic virtue too far. I'm sure Mylitta would cure you. But you are a strange fellow. I don't suppose you've ever known what love is like. You ought to try it. Read Anacreon. . . . No? Farewell, then, and may the gods keep you!"

They parted with that mutual bright look which was the Athenian equivalent of shaking hands.

As Pericles turned along the street toward his house he mused over the sculptor's last

(Continued on Page 57)

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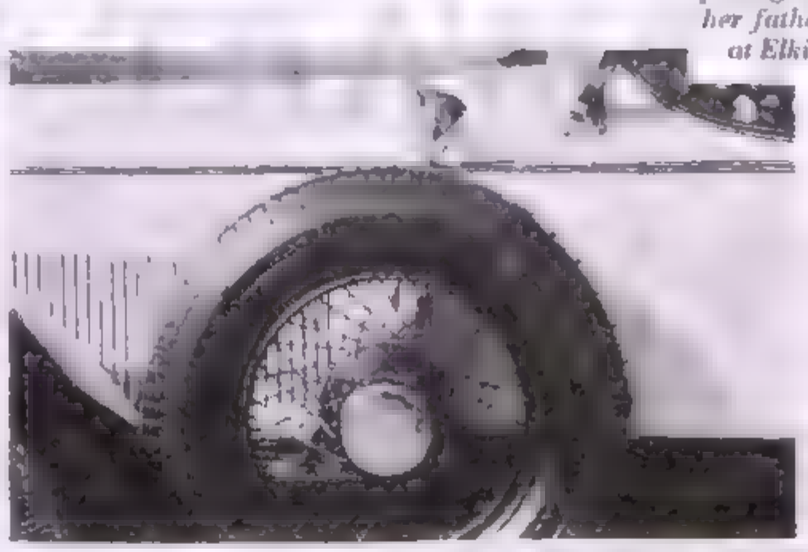

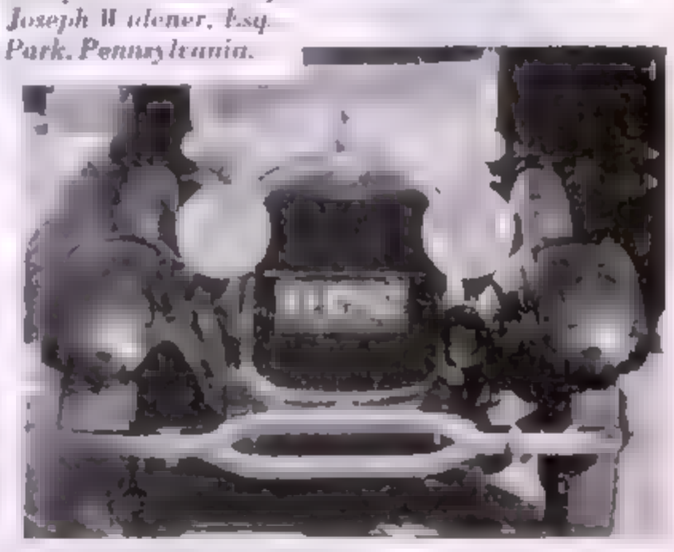

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(Continued from Page 54)

words. He was wedded, of course, as became an Athenian more than thirty years of age. He had already one son and the prospect of another. But hardly could he love Phariklea, excellent housewife though she was. Never once did he remember exchanging an intimate thought with her. It was not expected of him. Jealously secluded as were all the respectable Athenian married women, they were incapable of more than domesticity. For those husbands who, in addition, desired romantic affection there were, quite permissibly, the hetæræ.

From his adolescence—that adolescence in which he had seen Athens rise again from the ruins left by the Persians from whom, at Salamis, she had delivered Greece—he had concentratedly dedicated himself to the loftiest of aspirations. If around him every Hellene, save the dour harshly militarized Spartans, had become awakened to an eager perception of beauty then uniquely novel in the world, were often indiscriminately feverish in that enjoyment, he disciplined himself to the achievement of a self-sufficing inner harmony of the soul which was the essence of all beauty. Consciously, ascetically, he discarded the lower intoxications, attuned himself to that higher music of the spirit of which Damonides, his music master, could catch the divine echoes in the ordered progression of notes blended into chords; of which Anaxagoras could trace the majestic rhythm in the regulated cosmic intermovements of the starry spheres; of which the exquisitely proportioned chiseled forms of Phidias were the outward and visible symbols. So only could he attain that vision which burned like a flame within him.

For he also must create—not from the marble like Phidias, not in audible music like Damonides, not in soul-purging tragedies like those of Æschylus, not in the pure profundity of philosophic concepts like those of Anaxagoras—but in the medium appropriate to himself. Not for nothing had the gods given him that Olympian eloquence wherewith he could make white-hot and glowingly refashion the souls of men. Not for nothing had the gods given him that vision of the perfect city; that city which, invulnerably strong against her enemies—unthinkable was enduring peace amid the perpetual squabbles of the city states of Hellas, and Sparta was always grimly jealous—should produce the perfect citizen participating in absolute equality in an ideal beauty of life, intellectual and æsthetic; that city whose architectural splendor should be the lasting symbol of that inner beauty—that city which should be Athens!

He approached his home, in no wise superior to the other blank-walled modest houses in the street. The porter opened to him. He heard Phariklea screaming shrilly at some delinquent slave girl.

He was fifty years of age. For seventeen years, since Ephialtes had been assassinated by the angry aristocrats, he had ruled alone in Athens, his autocratic power tempered only by the necessity of perpetually persuading the sovereign people to ratify the decrees he submitted for its prosperity and its glory. Now, as every morning, he walked from his house to the government building in the busy Agora, the citizens pointed him out to strangers as they would a national monument, making the stale old jokes about the helmet always deep over his grave, handsome visage in conspicuous contrast to the Athenian habit of going bare-headed. He wore it, not, as they alleged, to hide his peculiarly onion-shaped skull, but in sign that he was, as uniquely for seventeen years he had continuously been, one of the ten annually elected generals of the city. As he passed, his mind filled with the cares of state, he ignored that vulgar interest, that characteristically Athenian irreverence, with the Olympian composure which had become second nature to him.

It had long since become his habit to return after the midday meal to that room in the government building where he read the reports of Athenian agents scattered all over the Mediterranean world, where he followed the intrigues of the turbulent city states of Hellas and checkmated them if they menaced Athens, where he made the lists of the public-spirited citizens who would undertake the costs of the public festivals, where he dealt with the thousand and one details of the administration, where he drafted the proposals to be submitted—often nowadays by a deputy—to the ecclesia on the Pnyx.

On this afternoon of a day that had been brilliant springtide, however, he pushed away from him the many parchment rolls still to be perused, leaned back in his chair in exasperated renunciation of further work. What ailed him? All day he had been restless, unable to concentrate with that normal clarity of mind which pierced at once to the heart of a problem, inclined to be irrationally, unworthily, peevish toward his subordinates.

All day a memory of a fruit tree in blossom—seen that morning sunlit against the blue sky—had come hauntingly between him and his multitudinous tasks. He thought of the farm which like almost every Athenian he possessed in the Attic countryside, the farm which nowadays he never saw, leaving it entirely to the management of a slave bailiff. Something in him hungered for a sight of it, for the sight of his olive trees silver green on the rugged hillside of Hymettus. Here in this silent room, littered with parchments pregnant with the destinies of peoples, his own life seemed suddenly a dreary emptiness: a complex futility in which, ever busied for others, he had no leisure intimately to live, starkly void of human affection. Long since, he had divorced his wife, now wedded to another man. He had had no time for other women. Rarely even did he see his friends, Anaxagoras, Phidias, Ictinus, the architect of the new Acropolis, Damonides. He was aging—this fatigue was proof of it—and life was slipping away from him.

Yet, he thought, in a reaction from that mood of despondency, he was making Athens that ideal city of his youthful dreams. Utterly destroyed was the last vestige of aristocratic privilege. In the most complete democracy the world had ever seen, the thirty-five thousand or so Athenian citizens authentically on the register decided their own destinies in that assembly where any citizen had a perfect right to bring forward any proposal whatever, however preposterous. In those many courts of law for which annually six thousand Athenian citizens were elected as jurors and paid each a basic day's wage for their attendance, panels of never less than two hundred at a time decided the cases brought before them in affirmation of the principle that the entire people had the right to judge. Every night a different citizen, chosen by lot, held the keys of the city and of the treasury. If the board of generals, dangerously subject to impeachment at the conclusion of each year of office, constituted the effective government, their most skillfully elaborated plans were always at the mercy of the popular vote. Only a superiority of intellectual power exercised in the open lists of the assembly enabled him or any other individual to direct the policy of the city which had become an empire with a thousand tributary cities.

For he had converted into an Athenian Empire that Confederation of Delos in which, after Salamis, the island and coastal Greek states had organized themselves against the ever-threatening Persian. Electing to take in money and not in ships the quotas of the other members of the league—agreeable enough that she should assume the entire burden of maritime defense—Athens had automatically become the mistress of the Ægean, the contributary states at the mercy of the sea power for which they themselves paid. In each of them he had intervened in local politics, had brought about a democratic government more or less on the Athenian model. Opposing that maritime confederacy, Sparta, champion of the oligarchic system, had organized the land powers of Hellas into the Peloponnesian League. There had been conflicts, open war. But that was settled. He wanted peace—a breathing space for the growth of the Athenian ideal. Already he had made peace with Persia, closing a war of two generations. Two years back he had made peace with Sparta—a peace specifically to last for thirty years—and what might not be done in thirty years?

To obtain that peace he had renounced the Athenian conquests on the mainland. The Empire of Athens should be on the sea—as it must if were to come to her uninterruptedly those corn ships from the Black Sea on which two-thirds of her subsistence depended. Her four hundred triremes placed her beyond the challenge of any rival. Moreover, thanks to his Long Walls connecting Athens with the harbors of the Piræus five miles distant, the metropolis of that empire was now impregnable.

In every phase of existence he had vitalized the city to an intenser life. Patrolled by sixty ships constantly in commission, for the first time in a thousand years the waterways were free from pirates, and never had the ports of the Piræus been so busy, never had so much wealth flowed into her merchants' coffers, into the temple treasure chests of the Acropolis. Never had the Panathenaic festivals, the many other public shows honoring this or the other divinity, been so magnificent, organized in such generous emulation by the rich men of the city. Never had been surpassed the perfection of the choruses similarly provided by private munificence at the springtime performances in the theater—for which he had decreed that every poor citizen should be refunded the price of his seat. And, above all, he was putting upon Athens that crown of beauty which long ago he had vowed. Already on the Acropolis was rising the gleaming marble of that great new Temple of Athene which later generations would call the Parthenon—the House of the Maiden. Already for it his friend Phidias was designing the statues of the frieze, was at work upon the colossal statue in gold and ivory which should dwell within it. Already, finished and perfect, stood majestically upon the Acropolis his yet more immense bronze statue of Athene Promachos, whose gilded spear tip was visible from twenty miles at sea. The great vision—slowly, slowly—was taking real shape. That turbulent citizenry still needed education, a patient guidance, but he was making beauty a part of their inheritance, was making permanent an ideal beauty which should inspire their children.

Beauty—the thought came to him through the restlessness of his mood. Of late, immersed in the ever-accumulating business of the state, he had lost contact with beauty. It was long since he had seen a new statue, heard a new poem. That was what ailed him; was why he had been haunted by that fruit tree in flower. Why not call in at the workshop of Phidias, refresh himself with the sight of one of the new masterpieces upon which he was surely at work? He yielded to the temptation, rose, draped his mantle about himself, called to his secretary to gather up the parchments, keep them for the morrow.

The sunset was a radiant glory upon the towering half-finished columns of the Acropolis as he went along the narrow, rutted street toward the sculptor's house. The doorway was open as usual, white with powdered marble, obstructed with great blocks fresh from the quarries. Beyond, in the semi-open workshop filled with statues in various degrees of completion, half a dozen craftsmen—slaves and free citizens indistinguishable—had finished their labor, were going home. He passed through them—typically democratic it was that none took any notice of him who was the ruler of Athens—went toward the dwelling house. He heard merry voices, a roar of laughter that was certainly Phidias. A hurrying slave passed him with a steaming

(Continued on Page 60)

Who's Who on Brunswick

Electrical Records

2—Good Selections on Every Brunswick Record—2

NICK LUCAS

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Nick Lucas

As a boy, Nick sang on the street corners of Newark, N. J. Later he graduated into the Oriole Orchestra of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Just recently he has returned from Europe, where he scored a remarkable success at the Café de Paris, London, and in addition gave a private recital for the Prince of Wales and Queen of Spain. "The Song I Love" and "My Tonia" (theme song of the movie "In Old Arizona") are two recent recordings by Nick Lucas. Brunswick Record No. 4141.

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"The Whispering Serenader"

Chester Gaylord

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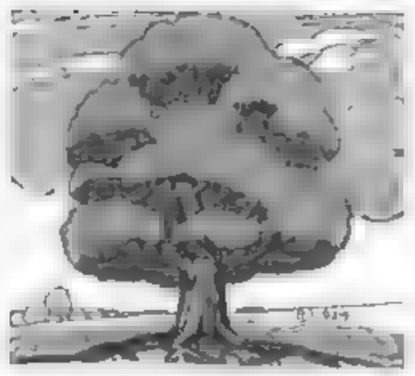

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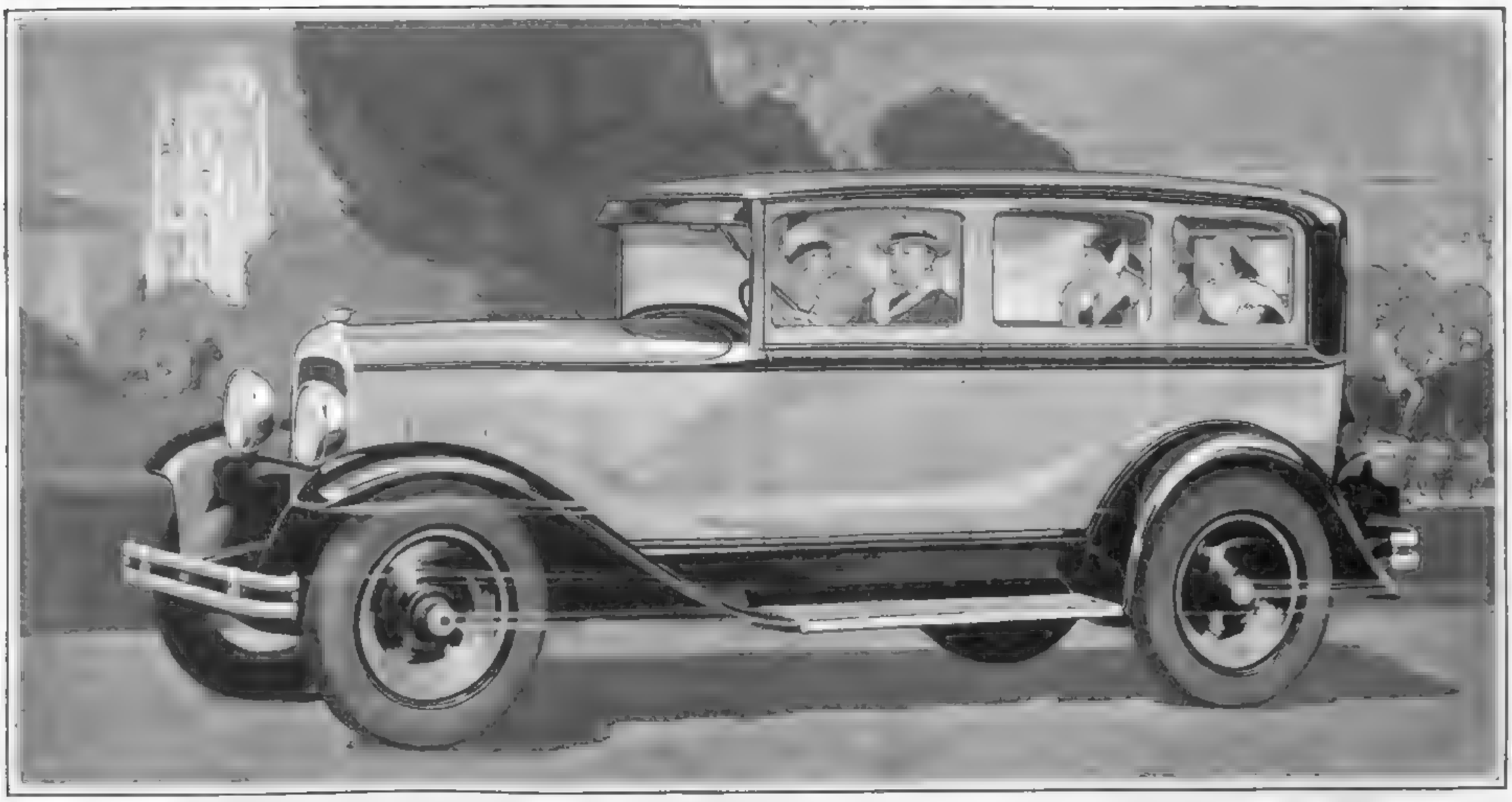

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(Continued from Page 57)

bowl from the kitchen. They were supping early tonight. He entered.

Reclining on couches, their torsos left nude by cloaks allowed to slip down to the waist, chaplets of flowers around their heads, seven or eight men were already at the evening meal. Phidias sprang up at sight of him.

"Pericles! Welcome! By Dionysos, this is a surprise! Welcome and again welcome! Thrassos, a couch and a chaplet for my guest!"

He sat and ate with them, dipping from the common bowl. The other guests were painters and sculptors, jovial fellows with witty tongues. He found himself next to a flat-nosed, bulbous-eyed young man whose unusual ugliness—antipathetic to any true Athenian—was obliterated by his brilliant talk. He was a stonemason, pupil to Archelaus. His name was Socrates.

A slave came to Phidias with a little roll of parchment. He glanced at the contents.

"Rejoice with me, my friends!" he cried. "Rejoice! Aspasia is coming to our symposium!"

"Aspasia!" exclaimed the ugly stonemason in enthusiasm. "Happy we! She taught me all I know of love. I began to understand it when first I saw her!"

"She is Aphrodite herself!" cried Panænus, the painter brother of Phidias. "I can portray form and color, but who can paint dazzling divinity?"

"Aphrodite for beauty, but also Athene for wisdom!" cried another. "Have you heard that she is starting a school of eloquence? And she picks and chooses among her pupils, as well she may!"

"She is all the divinities in one—never was there such a hetæra in the city! She surpasses them all. You know her, Pericles?"

"Pericles does not know a hetæra even by name!" laughed Phidias. "He is a woman hater on principle. But you must stay now for the symposium, Pericles. Just this once. You must see what a marvel our Ionian brethren can produce. She comes from Miletus."

Pericles frowned. Never, outside his own house, did he assist at these often riotous "drinkings-together" which followed an Athenian supper. He had indeed heard of this new courtesan from Miletus—what Athenian had not? Her beauty and her talents—though it was by no means rare for a hetæra to be highly accomplished—were the talk of the town. But he did not wish to meet her. His busy life left him with neither time nor inclination for hetæræ.

Phidias again begged him to stay just this once; the state was swallowing him up from his old friends; surely Athens would be safe for an hour without him! He relented. Just this once, he would stay—a short time. He concealed from himself a reluctance to go back to the empty solitude of his own house.

The symposium was in progress. Reclining on their couches, they sipped cups of the somewhat sweet diluted wine replenished for them from the mixing bowl by the attendant slaves. A troupe of young girl dancers, scarcely more than children, was performing to the music of double flutes. Socrates was telling a witty story. They were all, save Pericles, a little drunk.

In that joyous noise there was a commotion of arrival at the doorway, an enthusiastic cry of "Aspasia! Aspasia!" Pericles glanced round. Followed by half a dozen beautiful girls, a tall young woman was entering the room. Never in his life had he seen such loveliness. It startled him, gave him a peculiar little shock. She was about twenty years old, dark-haired, with large lustrous eyes, her figure—just to be divined through the fine-textured robe which swathed her—that of a goddess. It was incredible that she was a mere hetæra, so perfect was the quiet dignity of her manner, so modest and yet so fascinating her smile. The guests cried out to her in tumultuous competition.

"Aspasia! Aspasia! By me! By me!"

Only Pericles said nothing. He, the greatest orator in Hellas, could say nothing. He could only gaze at that unimagined beauty of womanhood, divinely, calmly superior to these men who clamored for her. Her eyes came round to him. It was again an intimate little inward shock. It was as if, without words, they spoke to each other, thrillingly, from deeps within themselves—an instantaneous transcendent comprehension. It seemed that his heart stopped while his soul waited in a crisis of his life.

She came across to him, pulled close to his couch one of the small chairs whereon women sat when in company with the lordly sex.

"I sit beside Pericles," she said. Exquisitely musical was her voice. "Not because he is the greatest of Athenians"—she smiled—"but because he is already my friend."

It was eleven years later. Pericles entered his house, passed into the simply furnished room where Aspasia ever at this hour awaited him. She rose with a quick, bright smile of greeting, fond for him. He took her in his arms, as never for eleven years—it was a story all over a cynically amused Athens habitually casual in its treatment of mere womenfolk—had he omitted to embrace her at his going out and his coming in. Still beautiful as a goddess was she. Still, in her radiant sweetness of soul, was she adorable as no other woman was adorable.

"My Pericles!"

"Aspasia!"

They loved each other. Year by year they had loved more passionately, more deeply, in an ever more perfect community of their interwoven lives. If the inexorable laws of Athens prevented him, an Athenian citizen, from making this foreign woman his legal wife, prevented him from legitimizing that infant Pericles she had borne to him—it would have been some consolation for the two unsatisfactory sons of his marriage—they could not prevent their happiness. It seemed to him often that he had never really lived before he met her. Sixty-one years old though he now was, his beard gray, he loved her with the fresh ardor of a young man possessing his first love, existence unimaginable without her. Brought up, like every Athenian, to despise women as inferiors, the nobility of her heart and mind was a never-ending revelation to him. Always she could be at his level—intoxicatingly passionate when he desired passion, tenderly gentle when he required tenderness, brilliantly an intellectual partner—however grandiose his thought, however subtle and far-reaching his plans—when he shared with her the problems of that Athens whereof now for twenty-eight years he had been the reelected general in chief of the state.

She pulled up a couch for him, sat on the stool beside him.

"My Pericles is weary?" Her voice was a caress, exquisitely comforting.

He sighed. He had had a trying day. The international situation was pregnant with lurking menace only he was clear-sighted enough fully to appreciate. Ever since the Corcyrans had appealed to Athens for help against Corinth and Corinth had appealed to Sparta, that menace had been growing. This revolt of Potidæa was another ominously significant symptom. Sparta, ever jealous of the maritime empire of her rival, was surely preparing for the war which should decide who should be supreme in Hellas. Moreover, it was becoming more and more difficult to control the sovereign people for its good. Exploiting the fickleness of the Demos, low, ignorant demagogues, men of no substance, convulsed the assembly with their constant clamors, proposed the wildest schemes that could only end in ruin. Nor was that all. Ceaselessly the old oligarchic party, always in sympathetic relations with Sparta, intrigued against him. Not yet did they dare to attack directly him who was the acknowledged chief of the Athenian state. They attacked him through his friends. Already the great Phidias—chief artificer of that new glory of the Acropolis whose propylæa was now rising in the marble splendor of a fitting entrance way—had been absurdly accused, had been forced to flee to Olympia, where he was working on the great statue of Zeus that was a marvel talked of all over Hellas. Already his oldest friends, Anaxagoras and Damonides, had been impeached, had been forced to fly for their lives. He had been unable to save them from that tyrannical Demos to which he had given illimitable power. And now some other intrigue was brewing, obscure, elusive, but nevertheless, by a hundred little tokens, certain.

He suppressed those worries, fondled her hand, smiled at her.

"Weariness vanishes in thy presence, Aspasia. With thee, I know only happiness."

"And I with thee."

They sat in silence for a moment or two, listening to the shuttle click of a slave girl weaving the household homespun in the courtyard. Very peaceful was this house. There was never a harsh sound in it. He spoke again.

"Were thy friends here today?"

Those friends were married women of the best Athenian families. The old-fashioned had been scandalized. Unheard of was it that respectable wives should visit one who officially was nothing more than a hetæra. At first those women had been shy, diffident. But Aspasia had managed to attract them, to hold them, forming a little feminine circle where—a delightfully exciting novelty to those secluded ignorant creatures—they recited and discussed poetry, were introduced to something of that culture which was a monopoly of their menfolk. He had encouraged it with a revolutionary boldness of concept, seeing a new hope for Athens. If only the mothers of the new generation could be as Aspasia, what an enlightened race would follow to take up the inheritance he prepared for them! Not confined to the hetæræ should be the accomplishments of which he had discovered woman to be capable. These afternoons of Aspasia were a beginning.

She looked at him. Serenely lovely were those large affectionate eyes.

"Yes. Nikodike and Kleone and Phrasiklea. We read that ode of Pindar with the lines thou lovest:

"Ai te liparai kai iostephanoi kai aoidimoi Hellados ereisma, kleinai Athanai, daimonion ptoliethron."

Her rich voice gave full value to the sonorous music of the verses.

He murmured to himself that celebrated tribute paid to Athens by the Theban poet: "Rich and violet-crowned and famed in song support of Hellas, illustrious Athens, as of gods the city." How he loved her, for all her waywardness! How magnificently, for all her faults, she had responded to the ideal he had set aloft for her!

He thought of that violet sunset light he had seen bathing those gloriously completed temples on the Acropolis as he had walked homeward. Beautiful was she as no city in the world was beautiful! He had not lived in vain.

The doorway was suddenly darkened. It was Alcibiades, that brilliant recklessly gay young kinsman of whom he was the guardian, whom he had brought to live in his house as a baby after the death of his father, killed in battle for Athens. The eighteen-year-old lad dashed into the room in a breathless excitement.

"Pericles! Pericles! You have heard? Oh, the scoundrels—the scoundrels!"

He sprang up from the couch.

"What is it?"

"They have denounced Aspasia!"

It was absurd, fantastic.

"They? Who?"

"The oligarchs—the friends of Sparta! Hermippus, the comedy writer, laid the charge for them! He waited till you had left the Agora!" The lad gasped out the

(Continued on Page 62)

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 60)

words. "The officer of the court is on his way here now."

Aspasia had also risen to her feet, startled, distressed.

"Denounced me?" she said incredulously. "What possible charge can they bring?"

The lad faced round to her.

"Impiety. And worse than that—that you get respectable married women here for Pericles to debauch them."

She uttered a cry of outraged indignation.

"Pericles, it is not possible! It is not serious! Oh, how vile—how vile!"

He was glaring like a madman, his teeth clenched, seeing suddenly all that this implied.

"Vile it is! There is no vileness they are not capable of!"

"But I shall not have to answer this absurd charge?"

His teeth were still clenched as he answered, "There is no help for it, if Hermippus has legally entered his plea. It is the law."

She stood blanched, staring at him.

"Pericles! Pericles! And we have been so happy—so happy!"

His voice was hard:

"They know it. That is why they have done this. They strike at me through thee! Sparta strikes the first blow—getting me out of the way."

She looked at him, frightened.

"But, Pericles, I am a foreigner; I know Athenian juries if they convict me—there are perjurors enough in Athens—does it mean ——"

He could not answer. There was an agony in his eyes.

Alcibiades broke in brutally, "It means the hemlock—death! They are sworn to it. It must not happen, Pericles! They mean to drag you down through this prosecution. You must get her away quickly; there are plenty of ships at the Piræus."

Her expression changed wistfully; a renewal of beauty in a new hope.

"We could go to Miletus together—could still be happy," she murmured, glancing at the sternly set face of her lover. "Pericles, if I could but have thee—the whole of thee—for a while, all to myself, free from this ungrateful Athens ——"

He was thinking in an agonized intensity of thought, thinking aloud:

"If I send thee away, it means that we dare not face the charge. My influence will be gone. It means that I also shall be impeached—they can hire false testimony enough—that Athens will be left leaderless."

She took a deep breath, her eyes strange upon him, and then she smiled poignantly.

"Thou canst think only of Athens?"

"I must think only of Athens! Sparta is bent on war, is waiting only for the opportunity. I have tried to keep the peace. But there is not room in Hellas for both Athens and Sparta. Athens is going to be forced to fight—a fight to a finish."

"Please!" she said with that poignant smile. "Spare me politics just now. How best, then, can I help Athens?"

Could she not guess how he loved her, how desperately he was trying to keep that love from interfering with the welfare of the city to which his life was dedicate?

"We must face the prosecution." As he spoke he could imagine how unscrupulously scurrilous that prosecution would be. "It is I they attack. I will defend thee myself in the court." He spoke through clenched teeth. "They shall not convict thee. By Athene, I swear it! They shall find that Olympian Pericles can still thunder!"

"Olympian Pericles!" She smiled still with the words. Yet never had he seen that look on her face. He perceived it with a shock.

It was as if something were irretrievably shattered—a mystic sphere that had inclosed their happiness, in ruins about them. He reacted against it in the sharp agony of that perception. If indeed they fled together to some Greek city which would welcome them, renewed in safety that miracle of love that had been theirs? The temptation was almost irresistible.

"Aspasia!" he cried. "Aspasia!" His voice choked.

She glanced at him in a strange sudden lighting up of expectancy, reading that wild thought. Would he, after all, prefer her?

No! He overcame that weakness. Without him Athens would be the prey either of treacherous oligarchs or foolish demagogues in that war to the death with Sparta which was surely inevitable, the Ionian race again defending itself against Dorian, free democracy against a regimented oligarchy, culture against a bleak harsh militarism, sea power against land power. Hellas could not hold them both. One or other must prevail. And without him Athens would be leaderless.

"Aspasia," he said, "forgive me. It must be Athens."

She smiled again, a pathetically different smile, as from a death inside. He would have preferred that she should weep.

"Of course, Pericles, it must be Athens. Hast thou not lived all thy life for her? I am but a woman." She spoke sweetly, with no reproach. "For what have I loved thee, if now I cannot serve?"

It could never be the same again—never. He knew it in an intimate despairful certitude that made him feel a little sick. She would still love him, but he had chosen between her and Athens. He had not the heart to follow her as, still with that blanched smile, she went quietly out of the room, left him with Alcibiades.

The trial was over. It had been an outdoor trial, with a thousand jurymen, as befitted the importance of the occasion. Gravely beautiful, Aspasia had answered to the charge. She had smiled to him once, quietly, modestly, with none of their old glad intimacy. He had felt that his heart was broken, had looked almost with hatred on those close-packed jurymen representative of that Athens which had broken it. It was his love for Athens which had forced that noblest of women to submit to the shame of this malignantly scurrilous prosecution; it was in love for him, who had sacrificed her as never would she have sacrificed him, that Aspasia had yielded herself to this ordeal she could so easily have escaped; in love for him, but not the old unflawed confident love of their happiness together. That had gone forever, destroyed by his own act. Nor did Athens appreciate that sacrifice. The jury had laughed gloatingly at the ribaldry of Hermippus, exercising his comic wit in the prosecution, bespattering with filth the ideal pure love those laughers would never comprehend. He had felt that ingratitude like a betrayal of all he had ever worked for. This was his Demos! This was Athens! The agony of it had gripped him as he had never known agony.

When he had stepped forward to speak he had been unable to utter a word. He had stood, speechless, grotesquely inarticulate, shaken with the sobs that unexpectedly, irresistibly, came up in him, tears streaming down his beard. And they had laughed again, mockingly; had shouted that he was simulating well—as good as any of the hired weepers usually paraded by the defense. He had swung round on them, had dashed away those tears. And then again Olympian Pericles had thundered, with a fearful fulgurant eloquence had blasted those impious traducers, had swept that suddenly silent jury with the storm of his indignation, had cowed them into bitter shame. Never in his life had he spoken with such godlike power. Unanimously Aspasia had been acquitted.

That was over. He had sent her home with an escort of slaves through that fickle crowd which again tumultuously acclaimed the name of Pericles. He stood now in his room at the government building in the Agora, talked with Phormio, the brilliant

(Continued on Page 64)

Why this penetrating foam

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He measured their power to penetrate the thousands of tiny crevices which are found in normal, healthy teeth and gums.

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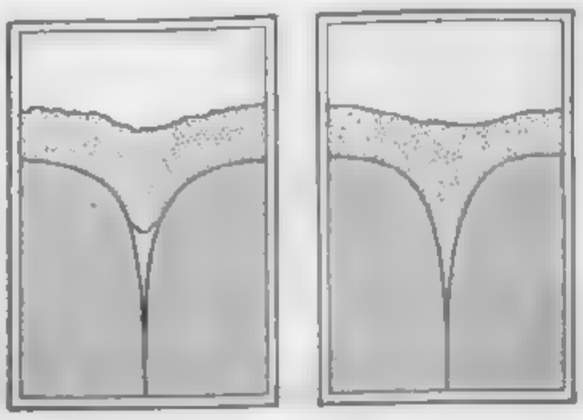

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where decay may start.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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Rocky Ford 5¢

(Continued from Page 62)

young naval commander who was the most trusted of his lieutenants.

"Pericles still leads Athens," he said grimly. "Sparta has failed. She must not have a second chance. We will show the allies what Athenian sea power means. Tomorrow the assembly shall decree the blockade of Megara."

Phormio looked at him, his lean finely cut face serious.

"That means war," he said.

Pericles nodded his head.

"That means war," he agreed—"the war—the war I would have prevented—the testing time of Athens."

It was the second year of the war. For the second season, outside the impregnable walls of Athens, the Spartan armies were burning the cornfields of Attica, evacuated by the order of Pericles. For the second season the Athenian ships were sweeping the sea of everything that owed allegiance to Sparta. All was happening as Pericles had foreseen, as he had worked out with Phormio in his room in the Agora. Sparta impotent to inflict any real harm upon Athens, Athens, secure in her naval supremacy, receiving still her corn ships, isolating Sparta from the rest of the world, raiding her allies, draining her resources. There was only one thing he had not foreseen. There was plague in Athens.

It had broken out among the thousands of refugees herded together in every available place within the city, camping in one long squalid temporary town in the space between the Long Walls connecting Athens with the Piræus five miles away. A third of the city was dying of it. In every house was horror and lamentation. Corpses lay in the streets in default of mourners to burn them. In increase of that dreadfulness, a superstitious terror appalled the hearts of men. Had not Apollo, the Plague Bringer, promised his aid to Sparta, and was he not now shooting his deadly shafts upon Athens as he had shot them upon the Greeks outside Troy of old? They had sent an embassy to the Spartans, begging peace. The embassy had returned, unsuccessful.

Now from the Pnyx poured out the surging mob of the assembly that Pericles had summoned, a torrent of gaunt, plague-haggard, wild-eyed citizens who shrieked and yelled: "Death to Pericles! Death to Pericles!" He stood, silent, alone, watching them depart, numbed still with the disaster to himself and Athens. This was the end. How they hated him! He was bruised and dazed with their insults.

He had fought, nevertheless—fought for himself and Athens, needing him more than ever at this crisis of her fate. Grim and masterful, he had dominated those angry shouts interrupting his every other word, had forced them to listen. He had given them no facile comfort. With an almost cynically logical clarity, he had shown them that their empire must of necessity provoke hatred, that they must wield the dominion of the strong over the weak if they were to survive in that glory which had been theirs. As for him, if, as he well knew, they now hated him, it was the fate of those in command to be hated when things went wrong. Yet everything had happened as he said it would, save only for that plague, which no man could foresee. Let them take heart, as he himself took heart. Hatred—even that jealous hatred of the Hellene world for the Athens her citizens had lifted above all other cities, even that hatred of the Athenian citizens for him, their leader—lasts not forever, and the immortal glory of undismayed achievement survives. They should send no more heralds to the Spartans, but fight courageously on. They should trust him whose mind was not weighed down with these present ills, for in both states and private men those who were most resolute to oppose calamity were the best.

They had not allowed him to finish, had raged at him with wild-beast howls, accusing him of all their misfortunes. And then Cleon, the demagogue, had snatched the wreath, had leaped to the bema. Whose fault was their present misery? They had answered in a roar. "Pericles! Pericles!" With a wild inflammatory eloquence that vulgar shoemaker had harangued them, had worked them into frenzy. "I demand that Pericles be deposed from commander in chief! I demand the vote!" They had screamed like madmen. "The vote! The vote!" It had been taken in a pandemonium. It was unanimous. Incredible to him had been the solemn voice of the president, resonant through that sudden silence: "By the vote of the Athenian people, Pericles is deposed!"

Nor was that all. Cleon had again leaped on the bema. "I demand that Pericles be impeached for embezzlement of the public funds! I myself will be the accuser!" It was a monstrously false charge, known to be such by every Athenian. But the Demos had gone mad. Again there had been pandemonium. Again the vote had been taken. Again it was unanimous.

And now there was silence, emptiness in that space where so often he had triumphed, which now had witnessed his fall in hatred and ignominy. Those who had been his friends had slipped discreetly away. That impeachment meant death if he were condemned. He cared not. Nothing mattered. Athens—that dear city to which he had given his life, that city he had dreamed of making his ideal city—had rejected him. Maddened by wild ignorant demagogues such as Cleon, she must inevitably succumb in that life-and-death struggle with coldly ruthless Sparta. What mattered his death?

He became aware of the solitude, moved slowly away, walking automatically, like one in a dream—a tottering old man who trembled. Home? He had no home. Aspasia had left him. He had sacrificed her to Athens. He had shattered the bond between them; had shattered something in her spirit. She had become more and more cold and stately, had laughed bitterly. And then, at last, one day she was gone, the house empty. She was once more a hetæra.

He must have passed through the streets of the city, must—unconscious of all around him—have passed through the Agora, no longer the joyous busy square of times of peace. He found himself at the foot of the Acropolis.

Mechanically he commenced to ascend that magnificent double stairway of the propylæa—the propylæa that was his creation, though other minds, catching inspiration from his, had designed and wrought its splendidly imposing architecture—up to the great Doric portico at the summit. It was deserted, save for one or two plague-stricken wretches groaning on the steps. He went up steadily, as though in fulfillment of some dominant purpose which moved him outside his will. Beyond the portico, the great bronze statue of Athene Promachos towered seventy feet into the blue air, her helmet and spear tip a blaze of gilt. Phidias, his friend, had fashioned that. He passed between the old temple of Athene Polias and that great new temple, unique in its colossal perfection of Doric columns supporting the friezes and metopes that Phidias had designed. Also this had he inspired. Without him it would not have been

He went on, totteringly, still half in a dream, to the eastern entrance.

He passed within those mighty columns, passed into the immense lofty hall of the shrine, softly reflecting a radiance of white marble. In front of him, on its pedestal, stood the great forty-foot-high statue of the Maiden, her flesh exquisitely sculptured ivory, her robe and breastplate solid heavy gold—the gold the Demos had accused Phidias of embezzling until it had been taken off and weighed in a proved exactitude; the gold which was the ship tribute, arrogantly diverted from its specific purpose, of the subject allies; the gold which was the last sacred reserve of Athens.

He gazed up to that pure calm face which Phidias had carved in an ecstasy of genius, which had become more than the work of Phidias, which was divinity itself made manifest. Austere and lovely in her armed maidenhood, in her serene Zeus-fathered wisdom, she looked out above the heads of men toward the east which, through the distant portal, would tomorrow once more touch her with the first rays of dawn. Inviolable and eternal, she stood as the very spirit of that Athens of which she was protectress, that Athens to which he had sacrificed every personal thought and personal advantage, to which he had sacrificed his love, that Athens he had endeavored to make the ideal city, perfect in beauty and in strength. Many were the men's lives she had taken and broken in her service, even as his she had taken and now broken, and in a divine indifference she gazed above their mortal fates.

He stood now before her, a little crazed in the agony of his despair. Surely for him who had done so much for her, for him without whom she would not be here in this matchless temple, she might give a sign that all had not been in vain! He yearned up to that majestically pure countenance, cried, "Athene! Athene! A pledge that Athens shall not perish!"

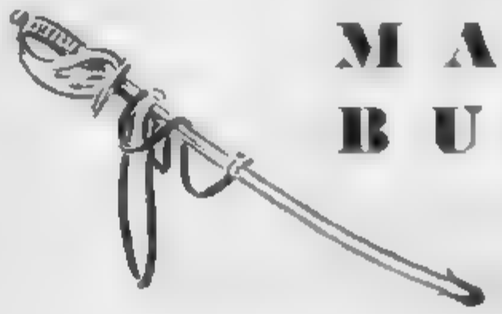
Sublimely beyond his human anguish, she continued to gaze above his head. The sacred silence of the temple was unbroken.

It was not yet quite the end. The Demos tried and condemned him on that grotesquely false charge, commuted the death sentence for a ruinous fine, and then, typically fickle even in its hatreds, once more tumultuously elected him general in chief. It was too late. The Demos could not bring back the Pericles it had ungratefully destroyed. Within six months he was dead, murmuring that, apart from war, he had caused no Athenian to wear mourning.

Still for twenty-five years would that Peloponnesian War continue; to terminate at last with the siege and capture of Athens by a Sparta subsidized with Persian gold. The greatness of Athens was past. Her Golden Age had lasted precisely fifty years—from Salamis to the death of Pericles. So brief was that immortal glory which was Greece, surviving yet deathlessly to be an inspiration to citizenships vaster than any Pericles could have dreamed.

the Roosevelt

The March 23 issue of this publication will carry the announcement of the first straight-eight in the world to sell for less than $1000. The name of this new car is the Roosevelt.



MARMON BUILT

A NEW CAR FOR ALL

We win 85 times out of 100

Men find this new shaving creation so exactly what they seek, that 85% who try it buy it regularly thereafter.

Make this 1 Week's Test—FREE

GENTLEMEN: From a scratch beginning a few years ago, to top place in one of the highly competitive fields that men know, is the record of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It was a hard job. Most of its users had to be won away from the habits of years in using rival preparations.

That is why we send 7-day tubes for free trial. 85% of those who try this creation keep on using it. We believe you, no matter how firmly you hold to another preparation, will, after a trial, adopt it

Will you not, in fairness to us both, accept a tube to try? 60 years of soap study stand behind its creation. 129 formulas were developed and discarded in perfecting it. It is different in five major ways from any other preparation you have ever used.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., E. T.; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., C. T., 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

These 5 Advantages

1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2: Softens the beard in one minute.
3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting
5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send the coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better way. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we send free with the Shaving Cream

7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3027,
Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

The Poets' Corner

South Cheyenne Canyon, Colorado Springs

The Song of the Freight Cars

THE Song of the Freight Cars ringing and singing along the rail,
Singing the song of their traffic as they ride like ships in a gale;
For ships in the wind lift music of a song that is all their own.
And chanting down grooves of metal, to a modern symphony grown,
The rhythmic cars have voices that the man who rides them knows,
While the telegraph poles to their music go dancing in dervish rows!
"We form caravans never ceasing that shift across the land!
Greater than Babylon, Baalbec, and farther than Samarkand,
The cities we link together; more valued the freight we lade
Than all that camels carried from ancient cities of trade."
The Song of the Freight Cars ringing and singing along the rail:
"We grapple up sleet-blind summits in the rush of the monstrous gale;
We slope down vistaed valleys, sweep chanting from town to town,
Bringing larger wealth than the Indies to which poets lent renown.
Greater than kingdoms the cities we serve with what goods they need;
And populations surpassing whole empires of old, we feed;
We could tuck away in our corners all the bygone merchants brought—
Yes, there's something in just bigness, though the envious say there's not;
Else the fret of the seething ant hills that the stray heel puts to rout
Would equal the still, great ranges that the sunset sits about. . . .
The trainmen running along us, with the three-board path for their feet,
And the trampe that hide in our empties know the melodies we repeat;
And the folk that wake at midnight, to hark as we rumble by,
Ken our diapasons of traffic that roll grandly through the sky!"
The Song of the Freight Cars ringing and singing a word of their own
That thunders down grooves of metal, to a modern symphony grown!

— *Harry Kemp.*

The General, or Scintillations

THE General is high of chest;
He almost has a pigeon breast,
And up and down his middle aisle
Five brilliant buttons single file.

His boots are as a shining flame,
The buckle of his belt's the same;
His spurs are bright as they can be—
But, oh, how dull his repartee!

Upon his shoulders shining stars
Proclaim a favorite son of Mars,
A bright and brilliant constellation—
But, oh, how dull his conversation!

His trappings, by his striker's aid,
Acquire luster with pomade,
And every day at morn and night,
The striker rubs with all his might.

I wish some cream would advertise
To make them witty, make them wise,
And all dull generals abolish
Till they can take some mental polish!

—*Irma Peixotto Sellars.*

Gardens

GARDENS, beautiful and sweet,
Greenest grass beneath my feet,
Fairest flowers of red and gold—
But I want your hand to hold.

Gardens, song of thrush and lark
Make them glad from morn till dark;
Then the nightingales rejoice—
But I want to hear your voice.

Gardens, canopied with blue;
Yet, my heart knows this is true—
All that makes a garden fair
Is to know that you are there.

—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Are you giving your family the advantage of beautiful music?

An Interpretation of Paderewski's "Minuet," painted for the Steinway Collection by Pierre Brissaud

THIS is, as someone has pointed out, an accomplished age. People are better educated, better informed, than they used to be. With every year there is greater public interest in the fine arts—painting, drama, music. A knowledge of the better things of life is expected among cultivated people.

If this knowledge rises to the level of an accomplishment it is a tremendous asset. To be able not only to discuss music intelligently, but to perform it with credit—to have the power to bring enjoyment to oneself and others—that is something which many a man would give much to possess. And in an incalculable number of cases he might have possessed it, given a proper chance.

The ability to learn to play the piano is possessed by everyone in some degree. Some are endowed with it to an extraordinary extent. Others fall short of virtuosity, but display sound talent, none the less. In either case, as those who know will testify, the pleasure and satisfaction which can be drawn from this instrument is almost limitless.

That is why so many parents today are giving their children every opportunity to study the piano. They are providing the best instruction, and genuine Steinways to play upon. For they know the importance of a lovely tone and absolute accuracy of pitch in musical education. And they value these qualities no less highly for their own enjoyment.

This widespread preference for the Steinway among the musically informed is simply a reflection of the choice of the greatest pianists of the past 75 years. Virtually every musician of note, from Wagner to Paderewski, has chosen the Steinway both for personal and concert use. In the fullest sense, it is "The Instrument of the Immortals."

Yet the Steinway is primarily a piano for the home, and particularly for the home of limited income. For this great instrument is built to endure. It will last a lifetime. For 30, 40, or even 50 years and more it will serve you well. And you can have it in your home *now*—and two years in which to pay!

There are many sizes and models of the Steinway piano, each at a different price. But there is only one quality of Steinway, and that is the best. . . . You can have your Steinway *now* and pay for it at your leisure. There is a Steinway dealer near you. Select your instrument tomorrow.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

The Steinway Ebonized Baby Grand—
$1375 (plus transportation)

There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a 10% cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years.
Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up—plus transportation*

10% down *balance in two years*

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

ESSEX THE CHA

This is NATIONWIDE *CHALLENGER WEEK*

Everywhere in Every Way

ESSEX *the Challenger*

is put to the proof . . . .

This week every city, town, village and cross roads will witness its challenge to the best achievements and records of the industry. Note particularly what records are broken in your own community.

The importance of "Challenger Week" is the dramatic revelation of an all-round quality Six—big, fast, roomy, powerful—now available at the lowest price for which Essex ever sold and but little more than the cost of the smallest, lightest and lowest priced cars on the market.

It Challenges in All These Things

In Fast Getaway **— no car is excepted.**

In Speed **— anything the road offers up to 70 miles an hour.**

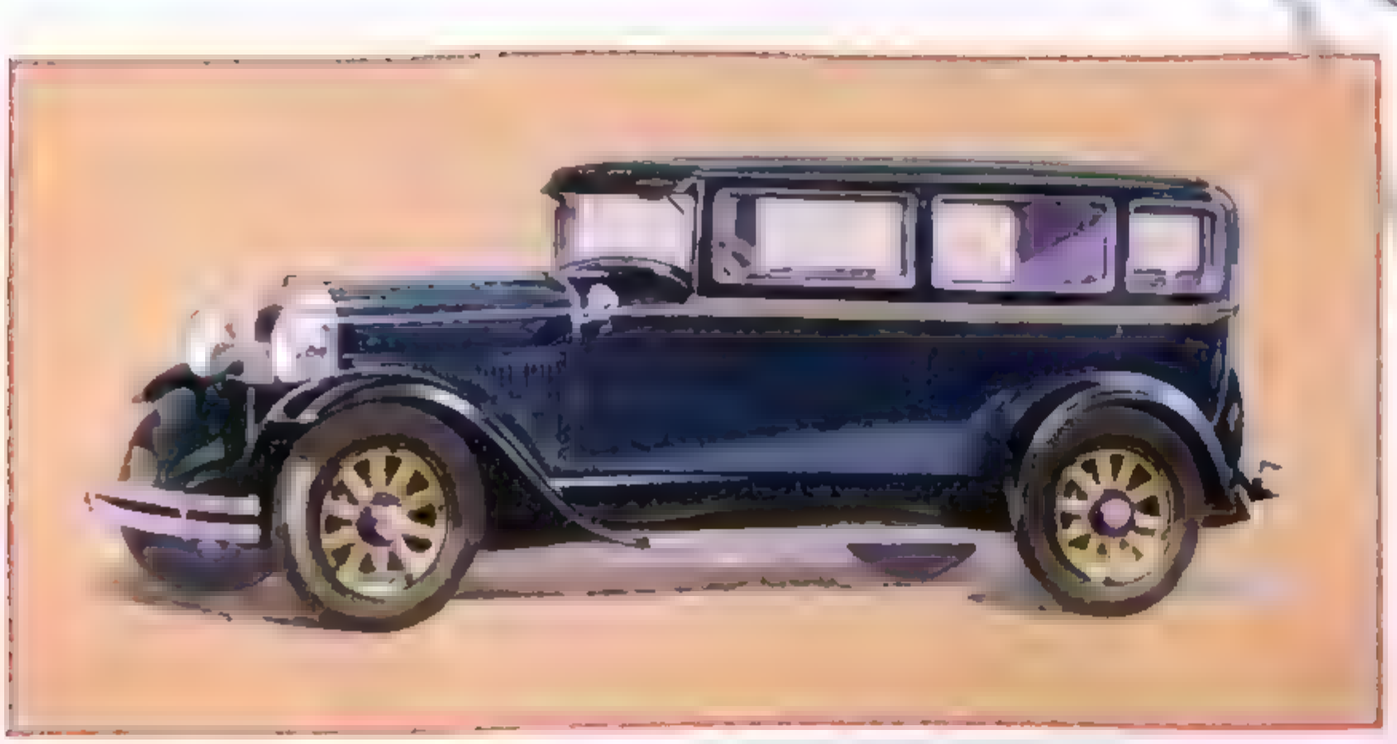
In Hill Climbing **— the hardest hills in your community — and in America.**

In Reliability **— 60 miles an hour all day.**

In Economy Tests **— better than 20 miles a gallon.**

And in Value—part for part compare it in equipment, accessories and in every quality particular of appearance, finish, comfort and easy riding to those costly cars in which you pay the higher price for those very things.

*Watch "*ESSEX *the Challenger"*



Coach	$695	Standard Sedan	$795
2-Pass. Coupe	695	Town Sedan	850
Phaeton	695	Roadster	850
Coupe (with rumble seat)	725	Convertible Coupe	895

Standard Equipment includes: 4 hydraulic shock absorbers —electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps —windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.

CRABBED AGE AND COLLEGE SPENDERS

(Continued from Page 31)

and a longer time to complete their college course.

The statement from the University of Nebraska reads: "A student is advised not to enter the university unless he can count upon resources for one semester—at least three hundred dollars—and preferably sufficient funds for his first year."

Stanford University, in California, sums up the situation in the following sensible fashion: "The student is advised not to enter the university without a reserve fund to provide for immediate needs or unexpected contingencies. This fund ordinarily ought to amount to at least two hundred and fifty dollars, although it is preferable for new students to have a larger sum." The student, it goes on to say, needs time to get acquainted, to become adjusted to university methods and requirements, to systematize his university work, to learn about the various opportunities for earning money, and to discover how much time he can afford to devote to self-support and still make study his main object aside from keeping in good health. He should not undertake to earn more than absolutely necessary, "for his time is too valuable for this and should be devoted to his studies to the largest extent possible. It is recommended that no new student plan to devote more than four hours a day to earning his expenses." This advice is sound.

Too Collegiate for Collegians

At some institutions, like the University of Minnesota, as high as 60 per cent of the undergraduates report themselves as earning a part of their expenses. They constitute a class by themselves, though many of them merely take an odd job now and then to increase their spending money. At the older colleges in the East, where tuition is high, very liberal provision is made for deserving and needy students. There are many scholarships which pay more than the tuition charge, and at Princeton, for instance, at least 400 men, or one student in every five, are receiving aid from the university. To reach any mean or median, the conscientious statistician would have to have more accurate accounts of undergraduate expenses than are now obtainable and he would probably exclude the lower and upper 25 per cent.

Even such a median would not solve the problem, since there cannot be a common denominator for items like travel. A boy living on the Pacific Coast who comes East to college and makes two trips home would have to add $400 which need find no place in the budget of the boy living near by. The cost of clothes likewise is almost incommensurable. Two years ago the coonskin coat, at an initial cost of from two to six hundred dollars, was regarded as standard equipment by the sport-model type of undergraduate. Many were entirely happy but a few hopelessly envious and dejected without one. A large number of undergraduates would, however, tell their fathers that everybody was wearing one. Its vogue is passing, even among its erstwhile votaries. It would be pleasant to believe that it was being discarded because it was expensive. I am afraid this had nothing to do with it. Some undergraduate must have noticed that young men in business and about town did not go about in such Eskimoish gear. He probably felt it was a bit rah-rah. Then somebody said "collegiate." That ended it, and it began to give way to the more genteel black derby and the chesterfield. Such changes are rapid and frequent.

If undergraduate estimates are too high it is because in every college there is a certain group of this sport-model type. They are by no means one-half or even one-third of the college, yet they are much in evidence and set a pace in spending. They are likely to be regarded as "average" by envious classmates, whereas they are above the average in their expenses and usually below in all other respects. Even if one could be accurately established, there would be another drawback to the budget of this "average undergraduate." For all practical purposes there is no such animal. The conscientious father must be interested in his particular son, Percy, or Jim, or Joe, and must know his individual habits, tastes and needs. If he cannot tell his own son from an abstraction like the "average undergraduate," there is little hope for a successful relationship between the boy and his home.

This formidable array of college expenses in various parts of the country will, however, of itself give the general public a thoroughly misleading notion about the importance of finance in the life of the college student. I believe it is fair to say of the American undergraduate that the possession of money as such is a less important element in his happiness than normal relations with his home and family, the respect and esteem of his classmates and at least some degree of success in either extra-curricular or curricular activity. Success in any one of these three phases of his life may be sufficient to keep even a poverty-stricken boy cheerful and on an even keel. Serious failure in any one of them may result in that sense of defeat for which there is no cure. There are boys who have distilled enough self-esteem to be accounted happy out of the fact that a poem of their creation has been printed in the college literary magazine, that they have played a minor part in the college play or that they have finally won the position of second substitute second baseman on the college nine.

I have even known a grind, a "poler," a so-called "sad bird," who never made a fraternity or club, who drew so deep and pervasive a gratification out of his ever-growing sense of mastery of his studies that the sympathetic interest of one young instructor satisfied his only remaining needs. One of the most consistently and imperturbably happy undergraduates I ever knew never received a penny from home and contributed to his family's support out of his earnings while at college.

There is no reason why the more money-minded public should imagine that the bright boy who is earning his own way in large part is necessarily having an unhappy time of it. There is, alas, some social snobbery on our campuses. Family counts for something. Members of a nationally known and otherwise distinguished Greek-letter fraternity have told me that, years ago, in their chapter in the Middle West, a boy could not be taken in if his father was engaged in retail trade. Though within a narrow range this stupid prejudice exists, one of the finest things that can be said about the American colleges is that economic democracy pervades them all, and in the best of them it governs.

A Muffler on the Eagle

Neatness in dress and person is today essential. This is more important than money, and a well-dressed boy of easy approach and good manners, of "personality," has a better chance, even though he is unable to pay an expensive tailor, than the wealthier but stiff or uppish heir to millions with a bulging bank roll and three motor cars. The day of the roughneck has passed. Clothes are more important than they should be, but your son cannot change this. In general, whether the boy makes a club or a fraternity depends not upon his financial rating but upon one thing only, whether he is or is not "wet," and "wet" means simply personally unattractive. The question of family will enter in only if he wishes to make the most exclusively snobbish, upper-crust fraternities or clubs, and even there family cannot prevail over "wetness." That and not poverty is the unpardonable campus sin.

In the main, however, success is open on an equal footing to rich and poor alike. There is no saving social grace in the mere possession of the dollar. The eagle may and, alas, does scream in our urban, suburban and rural communities, and there are, of course, city colleges where there is little or no college life, whose social activities and standards are faintly colored by that urban life which surrounds and sometimes invades them. Over the college campuses—at least, over the campuses of the isolated colleges where the residential tradition still holds—that screaming eagle of the mint is mercifully silent. It is a great good fortune, and we Americans have the right to congratulate ourselves that in these islands of economic democracy the undergraduate for four blessed years may, if he will, live an ideal life and may assess and measure it in terms that at least are not mercenary.

What's Yours is Mine

As a consequence of this absence of monetary standards, there is created upon the college campus a type of life which many parents—particularly those who have never been to college—fail to understand. The campus of a residential college becomes in a quite literal sense a commonwealth. Personal property rights are pooled in a sort of communistic ownership far more than they are in any village or town of similar size. If Jim Smith owns a bicycle and leaves it in the rack in front of his dormitory, its disappearance does not mean that it has been stolen. Without ever a word, Bill Jones rode away upon it with no sense of violation of property rights. All that Jim can reasonably expect is that it will be returned to the place where he left it, and even in this reasonable expectation he will sometimes be disappointed. Where automobiles have not been barred by grudging elders, the same is true of old cars. If Bill Jones has a new overcoat Jim Brown thinks nothing of wearing it on his visit to town. A dinner suit, privately paid for, becomes by extension the property of half a dozen. This is why things at college are forever disappearing and why the college campus is too often a happy hunting ground for professional sneak thieves. Ownership is less rigorously private, property less personal. Every good fellow has his stake in this communal chest and there is an easy give-and-take. Though at first sight it seems paradoxical, it is nevertheless entirely natural that what may be called the boy's community sense is stronger than that of his elders. Every boy wishes to contribute his fair share to the common quota. If he is financially able to do so and does not, he is punished by being rated a "piker," and for this reason he is eager, almost abnormally sensitive, about doing his part, about holding up his end. A four years' sojourn on a comfortable allowance in this noneconomic world is not necessarily the best immediate preparation for business, and if many leaders in commerce and industry complain of the inept tude of the recent college graduate, it is probably for this reason. Whether it is worth the price in time and money depends upon how quickly he can overcome this handicap and whether, with his wider perspective, he can win in the long run.

Sweet as is social success in the eyes of the sophomore, it would be a very serious mistake to accept the undergraduate judgments of "wetness" as passed upon their fellows. Just because this community sense is so strong, conformity is rated more highly than character. In spite of undergraduate protestations of independence, the strong herd instinct tends to suppress rather than develop originality. Young men appreciate at more than their face value the more primitive and barbaric qualities of physical strength and prowess. Nearly all adolescents are potential athletes and understand athleticism, and the captain of a team or the star halfback will be exalted as having done great things for the college. The boy of rarer gifts—with an unusual literary or artistic sense—who has written a prize poem will not fare so well. Not nearly so well, for instance, as the hail-fellow-well-met reporter on the campus daily. Neither will the "poler," who devotes more than the usual amount of time to his studies and stands at the head of his class. He is, curiously enough, not regarded as a benefactor of this supposedly intellectual commonwealth. Neither is the boy who dislikes hubbub and noise, who has learned the difficult art of withdrawal and of solitary meditation and communion with himself. Such gifts are, of course, not antisocial, but they are sufficiently rare to brand their possessors as queer or as freaks, and a number of men of this fine type may be found among the social outcasts of even the best-regulated campus. The one important difference between the campus regular and the more primitive clansman is that the former regards these outlanders not with hostility but with indulgence.

Because of all this, it is necessary to repeat again that a boy's happiness at college does not depend primarily upon money. The young—and this includes boys at college—accept poverty as an act of God. It is exceedingly rare to find "the world owes me a living" attitude, even among undergraduates who are forced to work and earn their way, and I have never known a college boy who blamed his parents for being poor. Any right-minded undergraduate accepts with good grace all financial hardships and privations which spring from family misfortunes. With stoic simplicity he accepts them as necessary. Let no parent, however, lay this unction to his soul and conclude for this reason that the question of his son's financial status in college is not important. It is so, decidedly, and it is so because, though his happiness does not depend upon the possession of money, it does depend, as we have seen, upon proper relations with his family. Just because a boy is generous, when he is forced to the conclusion that the scantiness of his allowance is the result of niggardliness, self-indulgence or lack of sympathy at home, this disillusion tends to vitiate that normal relationship with his family and even with his classmates which is fundamental to his well-being. Anyone who probes a number of unhappy father-and-son relationships will find an unsatisfactory financial relation in the background of so many cases that an intelligent handling of this problem should be of primary concern to all parents.

To Promote Thrift

The really vital, practical problem which must be solved in every case is that of the proper allowance which should be made to a son for his personal expenses by the father able to do so. In a general way, allowances which tend to cause trouble group themselves in three main classes. We might call them for convenience, (1) the allowance with the savings feature, (2) the excessive allowance and (3) the skimpy allowance.

The allowance with the savings feature in one form or another is more frequent than is generally supposed, especially in this time of prosperity. Like falsehood, it hath a goodly outside. It consists in a father's giving his son a larger monthly sum than he believes is actually necessary. It is done on the same theory that led automobile owners to buy oversize tires. It would be cheaper in the long run. Such allowances are given to encourage thrift, with the understanding that the son make regular payments and put aside say ten dollars a month in a Christmas club or building-and-loan association, or merely

Continued on Page 75

WHY *an adequate* WORK-TEST *is offered on every* GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK

YOU make the test at our expense. We furnish truck, gasoline, and a man to accompany your driver.

THIS whole story is in the headlines you've just read. The offer means precisely what it says.

We provide a General Motors Truck—any available model, body or chassis, that most closely meets your particular requirements. We provide gasoline, and a man to accompany your driver.

You put them at the same work your own men and trucks handle. You keep them at it for a reasonable length of time, sufficient to make the test a real one.

You'll find out whether modern trucks *do* reduce time and distances. Whether they actually *increase* work-capacity and work-speed. Whether, and how much, they reduce operating costs. How, and why, they contribute a greater degree of safety in all traffic your trucks encounter.

This is information you can use. It is accurate information, advance information, obtained in the only practical way.

That is why we have worked out this offer. It will, we believe, further the progress of Better Delivery—better truck transportation. We consider it a sound and wise way to use our advantages: the strength and the products which make such an offer possible.

Through any of the 55 factory branches and franchised distributors of this company, this test is available now. A postcard will bring information as to the nearest representative through whom a work test can be arranged for you. It's an offer well worth accepting, and using.

NOTE: *In states where such tests are unlawful the offer does not, of course, apply. But even there you will find willing eagerness to give you much more than the customary, casual "demonstration."*

TWO other modern advantages now further truck-buyers' interests

"Excess Allowances" on trade-ins have been abolished as far as General Motors Trucks are concerned. List prices contain no "padding", no "water" to take care of unsound and unreasonable allowances. The buyer gets extra value; shares fairly in the results of unusual manufacturing and purchasing advantages.

And, further to clarify the situation for truck owners, a sane modern method of capacity rating now applies to all General Motors Trucks. STRAIGHT RATING eliminates the vagueness, hedging, and hidden penalties of the old rating terms: "one ton", "two ton", etc. The buyer learns—exactly, in advance—what any given model, equipped with any given body type, will handle with top efficiency. And for which the guarantee will be unqualified. It brings definite new economies. It ends the wastes and needlessly high costs of indiscriminate overloading.

A TRUCK FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

LIGHT DUTY
1929 PONTIAC-powered

Type 1001	$ 625 00
Type 2001	1015 00
Type 2002	975 00
Type 2003	895 00
Type 2004	1085 00
Type 2005	1045 00
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(STRAIGHT RATING capacities 3000 lbs. to 5000 lbs.)

MEDIUM- and HEAVIER-DUTY
New BUICK-powered

Type 3001	$1530 00
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Type 3003	1395 00
Type 3004	1570 00
Type 3005	1545 00
Type 3006	1435 00
Type 3007	1620 00
Type 3008	1595 00
Type 3009	1485 00
Type 4001	1685 00
Type 4002	1790 00
Type 4003	1685 00
Type 4004	1920 00
Type 4005	1825 00
Type 4006	1720 00
Type 4007	1935 00
Type 4008	1840 00
Type 4009	1735 00
Type 4010	1960 00
Type 4011	1865 00
Type 4012	1760 00
Type 5001	3215 00
Type 5002	3160 00
Type 5003	2880 00
Type 5004	3265 00
Type 5005	3210 00
Type 5006	2850 00
Type 5007	3280 00
Type 5008	3225 00
Type 5009	2865 00
Type 5010	3315 00
Type 5011	3260 00
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(STRAIGHT RATING capacities: 6000 lbs. to 15 000 lbs.)

HEAVIEST DUTY
BIG BRUTE-powered

Type 6001	$4250 00
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(STRAIGHT RATING capacity: 25 000 lbs.)

Above Prices, chassis only, F. O. B., Pontiac, Mich.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

Factory branches, distributors, dealers—in 1,500 principal cities and towns

ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

Now we offer 14 New Frigidaire Water Coolers

New models for homes, offices, factories, mills, theatres, hotels, stores, hospitals and public buildings

Water is one of the most important factors in keeping the human body efficient. But water must be properly cooled . . . neither too cold nor too warm. It must be conveniently supplied in sufficient quantities at all times. Facts and figures from actual experience prove that plenty of properly cooled drinking water pays real dividends in health and better work. That's why leaders in the business world today are turning more and more to Frigidaire Water Coolers.

What a Frigidaire Water Cooler Does

The Frigidaire Water Cooler may be used with city or bottled water. It automatically cools the water to the most healthful and palatable temperature . . . a temperature that is always the same, day and night, the year around. It operates quietly, without care or attention. It ends completely the bother and expense of servicing ordinary ice coolers.

Saves Carnegie Steel $40,000 a Year

Tremendous annual savings are made possible by Frigidaire Coolers. For example, in the open-hearth section of Carnegie Steel's Homestead Plant at Pittsburgh, surrounded by heat that often reaches 130°, Frigidaire proved its worth with two test coolers in 1926. Today, *two hundred* Frigidaire-equipped coolers keep fit the men who labor in this plant . . . and save, besides, more than *$40,000 a year* for Carnegie Steel.

Saves $1,500 Annually for Manufacturer

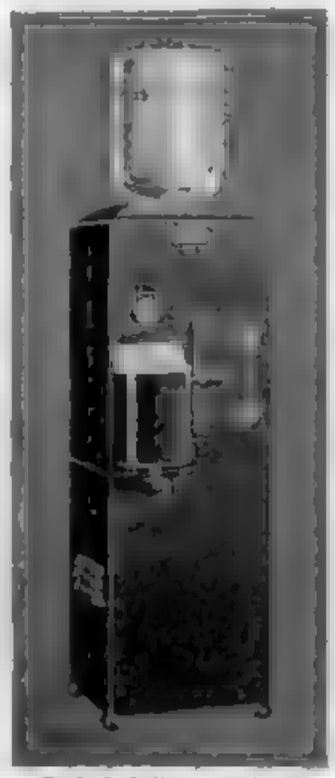
While Frigidaire cannot clear that huge sum for every user, it does effect proportionately large savings in smaller establishments. Pittsburgh Screw & Bolt Corporation has 13 Frigidaire units supplying 26 drinking fountains in the plant and office. This equipment shows "an annual approximate saving of $1,500 over the old cooler and ice method," says C. H. Rindfuss, Purchasing Agent.

Saves $348 a Year in Movie Theatre

And in the Takoma Theatre, Takoma Park, D. C., two Frigidaire coolers "have furnished an unfailing supply of cold water at all times . . . we do not believe the amount of current would exceed $1.00 per month . . . we were paying $30.00 per month for ice."

Protects the Health of Employees

Another important item . . . health protection. G. W. Bonnette, President of the Old Colony Laundry, says, "We never have had anyone overcome by the heat, which previously occurred when drinking ice water . . . as Frigidaire gives a uniform temperature the year around . . . one of the best investments we ever made for the protection of our employees."



Cools 3 Gallons per Hour

Model No. 10. A complete unit for cooling bottled water . . special storage compartment for beverage bottles and sandwiches. Ungrained mahogany Duco finish. Model No. 12 is designed for multiple installations. Same size, finish and capacity.

Cools 3 Gallons per Hour

Model No. 6. A complete unit for cooling bottled water. Accommodates 25 to 35 office people. The cabinet is 50½" high, white or green Duco finish. Model No. 8 for multiple installations, is the same, except that it has no compressor in the base.

"50 Series" Cooling Tank

Model No. 42. The "40 Series" cooling tank without compressor, bubbler or cabinet. Designed for mounting on girders, etc., and connected to distant bubblers or glass fillers by pipe. Used singly or in multiple with city water only. Model No. 22 is the same except that it has the smaller capacity of the "20 Series" tank.

Cools 2.5 Gallons per Hour

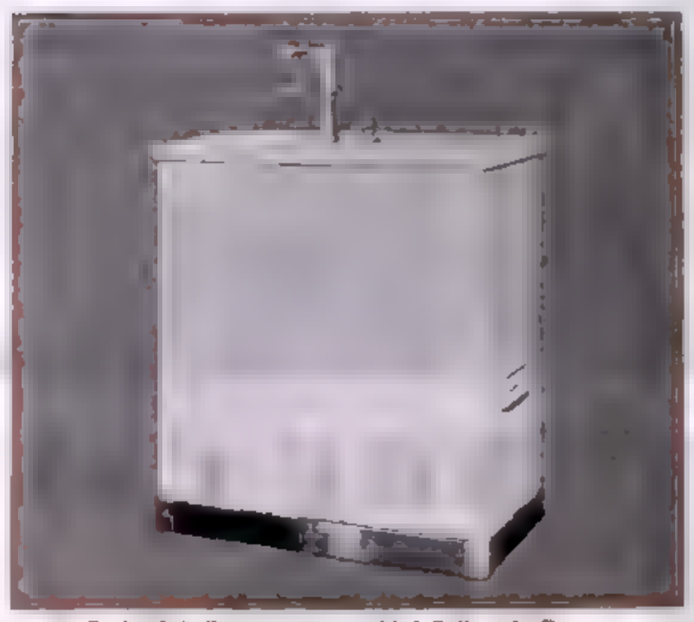
Model No. 11. A complete unit for cooling city water. Exact storage capacity and finish the same as Model No. 10. Model No. 1 is for multiple installations. Same size, finish and capacity.

Cools 3 Gallons per Hour

Model No. 20-D. A complete unit for cooling city water for 20 to 30 office people, 12 to 18 factory workers. Bubbler or glass filler. Gray Duco finish, white porcelain top. Model No. 21-D is for multiple installations.

Cools 2.5 Gallons per Hour

Model No. 7. A complete unit for cooling city water. A companion model, No. 9, with no compressor, is for multiple installations. Same capacity. In size and color finishes, Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9 are identical.



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"The Wolf of Wall Street"

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 70)

deposit this sum in a savings account with an absolutely ironclad understanding that under no circumstances is he to draw upon it. As long as these deposits are regularly made, the oversized allowance is continued. If the son at any time fails to make his saving, the father not only cuts out the allowance for saving but often reduces the spending money as well. This is the plan at its most rigorous worst.

Sometimes it is made, in milder form, in a promise to double all savings made, or an agreement that in case the boy saves, let's say $400, during his college course, the father will double this and grant him after graduation a trip to Europe. I have frequently had fathers tell me with pride that they had made some such arrangement with their sons. I have never known a case which I considered unqualifiedly successful, though I have known cases where the son faithfully put by the monthly ten dollars throughout his four years. There are other cases where the bank book will show that the son made the monthly deposit with the regularity of clockwork. It will not show, however, that in the month of the college Prom the son clandestinely borrowed from his roommate not only the ten dollars for savings but a twenty-dollar advance on his next month's expenses.

If Laertes Had Gone to College

If gambling is, of course, reprehensible and a frequent sin of youth, borrowing and lending are not. They are among its most normal manifestations. There are on every campus many emergencies. An innocent friend is arrested by an excited policeman and held for bail by an unfriendly magistrate. There is probably no college class of any size in which this has not happened once. A wallet is lost or stolen, a boy who lives across the continent is suddenly called home. Everybody chips in all he can. I can recall the case of an undergraduate whose fiancée was living in Florida, where illness had forced her parents to spend the winter. The tornado swept the district. When he learned the news he took the next train down, and naturally did not wish to arrive with empty pockets on the scene of such disaster. Imagine, under these conditions, an undergraduate with $100 in a savings account. Under no circumstances is he to withdraw it without parental consent. He will either violate his pledge and nullify the foolish agreement or feel guilty and self-conscious. He will hardly thank even the well-intentioned father who placed him in this predicament. This is not the place to discuss whether Polonius' familiar advice to his son, Laertes, is generally valid — "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." It sounds well enough, but it is middle-aged, and there are times in his course when a college man will have to borrow and there are other times when he should lend. To refuse to do so would be a sin against the more generous code of youth. If many intelligent sophomores regard Polonius as a sap, an old stiff, a stuffed shirt, it is probably because of saws like this. Whatever the middle-aged may think of it, his advice is not that which a wise father will give his son in college, and the oversized allowance with the savings feature is therefore psychologically a misfit.

Even less can be said for the merely excessive allowance. It is made by two types of parent. Sometimes it is done by the merely stupid and carelessly indulgent; more frequently, perhaps, it is done by the parents whom we might describe as overgenerous for selfish reasons. Such parents as a rule have not themselves gone to college and feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of their poorer but socially and intellectually more gifted neighbors. By making their sons a shamefully bulging allowance they usually write themselves down as members of the *nouveau riche* or war-profiteer class. They do it not because they are interested in the boy's happiness but because they expect him to make an impression for them. He usually does. He makes a very bad one. The boy who is on his own and compelled to earn his way has, of course, some sense of financial perspective, but even those more fortunate who are still living on unearned allowances are not moved to admiration by such sheer, lavish honorific display and conspicuous waste. The boy who makes a show of spending for mere effect is quickly set down by his comrades in the campus world as "running it out" financially.

No one can buy his way into the hearts of his classmates. It is far more impossible than it is to buy one's way into the hearts of one's neighbors or business associates. And although undergraduates put up with a considerable amount of financial quixotism in their comrades, they roundly and soundly resent the financial pusher. Such a son is, therefore, under a far heavier handicap at college than are his parents in their more money-minded community.

It is difficult to set any one top figure for an allowance to which there will not be a few exceptions. Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of Columbia University says that one cannot give a boy more than fifty dollars a month over and above all necessary expenses without doing him damage. I have known only the rarest cases where this advice would not hold. Occasionally, for instance, a boy develops the collecting habit. Once in a while it is for the American antiques of the section where he goes to college. Sometimes it is for etchings, and more frequently, though still rarely, for good books. One young man, now a well-known editor, had to hire a van to move his personal library. Since such tastes are not vicious in themselves and are in a sense educational, they may be safely encouraged where parents can afford to do so.

There are, of course, small and modest college communities where even less than fifty dollars would provide a maximum of spending money, but in general the fifty-dollar limit for all practical purposes should hold.

One Vice Youth Escapes

By far the most frequent source of trouble between sons and fathers lies, however, not in the excessive but in the insufficient, or skimpy, allowance, and we may set it down as a first principle that a parent who is generous in his allowances to himself should not be niggardly in his allowance to his son. If family finances permit only a small allowance or none at all, it should give no cause for worry, and will not where the son understands. Trouble most frequently springs from the illiberal allowance made by the parent who can easily afford to do better. Even where additions are grudgingly and ungenerously made, the son cannot be expected to accept them with gratitude. It results in continual haggling, family bickering and wounded pride, and such a son is far less happy than his financially less fortunate classmate whose longer hours of toil are lightened by the realization that his poorer parents are doing for him all that he can reasonably expect.

Providence has mercifully so arranged it that the seven ages of man are not all subject to the same infirmities. Certain diseases attack only infancy or only childhood or only adolescence. Certain vices also show a decided preference for certain age levels. Middle age and old age are immune from some of them—from measles, for instance, and the boisterous riotousness of youth. As we grow older we must fight against the encroachments of senility upon character as well as upon physical constitution. Now if niggardliness may be ascribed to any one period of life, it must be to middle age and after. The great misers of literature, like Shakspere's Shylock, Molière's Harpagon and Balzac's Grandet, are all of them aging men. Their creators divined a highly important truth. If we are to be miserly at all we shall become so only with age. There are, of course, boys whom their discerning comrades call close-fisted or tightwads, but a full-fledged youthful miser is unthinkable. The first symptoms of such weakness show themselves intermittently in youth. They succeed in mastering us and take complete possession only with age. It is not until an adolescent has exhausted life's many other possibilities that he can really devote himself with complete success to the exacting and exclusive practice of miserliness. But in any case, the vice takes decades to develop its more virulent forms. Like hardening of the arteries, it comes with many years.

Youth, on the other hand, is generous and in practical matters irreflective to a fault. I suspect that those who made of prudence a virtue were themselves past forty. In any case, prudence is not really a virtue of youth. Youth should have confident dash, should be quick in its responses to the challenges of life and should be allowed to believe a little longer in the world's beneficence. All the world would not still love a lover if our later Romeos poked about deep in middle-aged computations, or if all day long, like the king in the nursery rime, they remained in their counting houses counting out their money. Acquisitiveness and possessiveness are rarely youth's prepotent interests. That is why the savings banks which the old give the young are broken far more frequently than they are filled. A youth does, and he normally should, desire other things more pressingly.

Miserliness and prodigality are equally sins of the spirit.

Both make for social confusion and unhappiness, and indicate the lack of a sense of measure in dealing with this world's good things. With his deep moral insight, Dante punishes them both in the selfsame circle of his hell

It is a hard saying, but a true one, that the successful father must be born again. This allows him to live over once more with his son the blessed years of youth, and in such cases all troubles, including the financial, melt away.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

and the elocution teacher will be down in the morning to show me how to testify. And, folks, that's not all."

"Go on, daughter," said Hiram.

"I've made three separate contracts with the syndicate—one for my autobiography, one for the trial, and one along the line of general advice to girls."

"Yes, Nell," interrupted the mother, "but what about Frank—good old honest Frank? Frank's always stayed home and tended to his business. Nothing flashy about him—just a plain country boy trying to do his best."

"You're right, mother. I've had him in mind all the time. I didn't want to encourage him until something happened to him, and now it's happened. Didn't you hear about it?"

"No."

"Well, mother, the county political organization has been looking around for somebody with a good name, but with no great amount of energy, in order to give the ticket a little prestige at the next election. Mother, our Frank is going to be prosecuting attorney, and maybe—who can tell—maybe I'll be Mrs. Prosecuting Attorney one of these days when I get through with Desmond." —DAVID B. PARK.

Short Story

WE MET. I liked the looks of her;
I had some pleasant talks with her,
I borrowed several books of her;
I went for rides and walks with her.

I saw a subtle charm in her;
I set a precious store by her;
I found no fault or harm in her;
I worshiped her, I swore by her.

I nursed a growing yen for her,
And—as was only due to her—
Became the best of men for her,
And vowed I would be true to her.

I stole her tender heart from her,
But then I fetched a tear from her;
For soon I drew apart from her—
And now I never hear from her.

—Norman R. Jaffray.

The Model Man

WITH knives I've never eaten yet,
I know I never will.
It's not a case of etiquette,
I haven't got the skill.

Strong drink I always will refuse.
Although I'm asked enough,
I never drink a drop of booze;
I just don't like the stuff.

And not to gamble I'm content.
It's not because I'm good.
I might not lose a single cent,
But I'm afraid I would.

Although some fellows like to fight,
To fight I never cared.
It's not a case of wrong or right,
It's just because I'm scared.

And I'm the most industrious
Of all the office mob.
I do not like to labor thus,
But I might lose my job.

And so I'm often pointed out,
And called a model man,
Although I really act about
As wicked as I can.

And yet the world my virtue sings,
And shouts my praises, too,
Because I do not do the things
I do not care to do.

—Douglas Malloch.

A Modern Lover to His Lass

WHY do I love you? Well, let's see:
Partly, of course, because you're pretty.
I mean, you look that way to me;
Perhaps you're plain—but then, you're witty.
Yet have you wit? I cannot tell;
I often find you most amusing,
But prejudice may here, as well,
Lie at the root of my enthusing.

Your wisdom, then; it has no flaws,
It wins my fond respect completely,
And yet, no doubt, it's just because
Our judgments coincide so neatly.
Then, too, you have an air, a way,
Oh, charming, quite! And yet discretion
Would probably ascribe its sway
To some subconscious prepossession.

You're pretty, gracious, witty, wise,
And hence I love you, sweetheart, dearly,
But still, of course, my love implies
A complex. Do I see you clearly?
Ah, well, it doesn't matter; don't
Refuse my love, howe'er you rate it.
Accept it now, my dear. . . . You won't?
Well, never mind; I'll sublimate it.

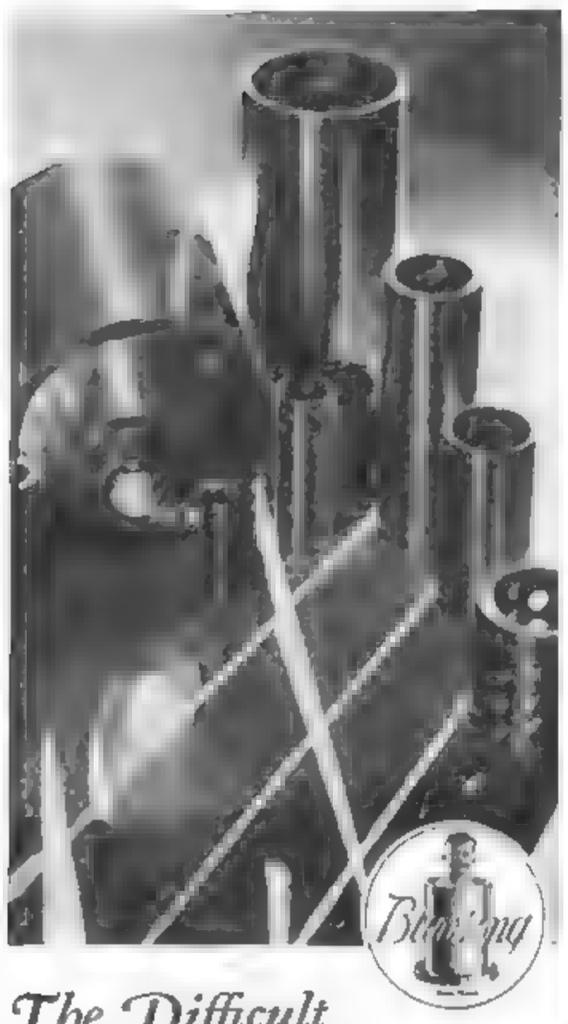
—Gorton Veeder Carruth.

CREATORS OF THE MODE

As seen from a window on the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, here are two ruling modes. An afternoon tailored costume by Premet; and the newest Century car by HUPMOBILE. Both dated today. ■ ■ To the style-conscious woman, the New HUPMOBILE Century car flashes its message of smartness and modernity as swiftly and surely as does the latest gown by the Paris Grande Couture. ■ ■ But to the man who knows HUPMOBILE, there is more than beauty in these new Century cars. In their mechanical trustworthiness he sees

them as the same old, game old HUPMOBILES. As rugged as they are regal. As responsive as they are smart. As elegant in their road-manners as they are in their looks. ■ ■ Her car for its dash; his car for its deeds! It is this harmony of approval from both sides of the family that has given these New HUPMOBILE Century cars a sales impetus almost startling, even in the fast-moving motor car industry. ■ ■ The New Century Six, $1345 to $1645; the New Century Eight, $1825 to $2625. All prices f. o. b. factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

THE · NEW · HUPMOBILE · CENTURY · SIX · AND · EIGHT



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Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings for all automotive service replacements.
Bronze castings and parts to specifications.

BUNTING
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BUSHING BEARINGS
PATENTED

A SOCK ON THE BUSKIN

(Continued from Page 13)

in ten minutes of a Sunday morning; if he is an accomplished curb hopper he can cover it afoot in twice that time at the theater hour, but half an hour is par for a taxi after eight P.M. The distance is two long blocks and three and a half short ones; few playgoers have so short a distance to go.

In as much as eight o'clock is the fashionable dinner hour in New York, hosts and guests either must forgo the theater, move the dinner up an hour and a half or compromise—that is, sit down before 7:30, eat hurriedly and arrive at the theater in the midst of the first act, crowding over those who have come on time.

This when the weather is good. Rain or snow further slows up traffic and immediately causes a taxi famine. On any night of unanticipated storm men and women in evening clothes may be seen waiting in the darkened doors of theaters forty minutes after the show let out, still hailing occupied cabs.

Having contrived to get into a theater, what do you get for this expense of money, time and physical and nervous effort? Now we are getting warm.

Mild Stuff Today

Musical shows grow more lavish yearly and those who like them, as most do, get value received, I should think. They range from the decorous operetta of the Schubert-composer series to the kind of revue that put burlesque out of business by being dirtier and nuder, as well as more artful. As one with a homicidal mania against tenors, and whose interest in the musicals, except an occasional Show Boat, wanders when the comedians are off stage—and sometimes when they're on—your correspondent is not a qualified witness.

When a production plays to capacity at a $6.60 scale for one year before turning a profit, however, as Mr. Ziegfeld says is true of Show Boat, the producer has kept his part of the contract. The only question that remains is whether any show can be worth that much, and the public has answered that.

But when the theater is spoken of, it is the dramatic stage that is implied. The more or less serious theater is the institution that is ranked as an art and given the privileges of an art. It is the one that waves the Bill of Rights when censorship threatens.

Standards of decorum have changed so sharply since the war that any Robinson Crusoe, returning from his desert island, might well blush through a decade of whiskers at his first glimpse of home and mother. That change is reflected everywhere in daily life; the percentage of pornography in the popular novel is higher, for example, than that of the drama.

The postwar theater, however, long ago passed beyond decorum or indecorum. A play called Our Betters, a biting study, by Somerset Maugham, of American expatriates in England, was produced in New York in the spring of 1917. Some of its situations and one of its epithets were the farthest south ever seen until then on the respectable stage, and Broadway was fluttered. The play came to be a tradition and last season was revived. Audiences yawned in its face. So far had we traveled in a decade.

The loud and profane drama, as distinguished from the indecent, is a gradual growth, but it may claim as its parent What Price Glory, at a performance of which a saintly grandmother is supposed to have mislaid her glasses and, infected by the performance, to have demanded of her grandson: "Where in the so-and-so are those double so-and-so glasses?" Grateful to Messrs. Stallings and Anderson for not prettying-up the A. E. F. in the usual heroic lah-de-dahs, the public took the play to its bosom. Since when, the box office being imitative, increasingly pointless and graceless cursing has dulled the edge of native profanity.

The only dramatic success of the forepart of the season, The Front Page, is, it happens, probably the most profane and ribald public performance ever shown on Broadway, but it is a success not by reason of this, but because it is great theater; virtually the only actual drama in town. It is fast, it is convincing, it is thrilling. The profanity and ribaldry are in character, but it is a question whether it would not be just as effective and more artistic with much less of either. By January its business was declining, and competent observers believe more custom has been frightened away by its rowdy reputation than has been attracted by its vulgarities.

Wandering in a Circle

You will find no hint in the drama today that this is an extraordinary time and that America is an exciting place in which to live; that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic alone a little while ago; that more history, as it affects the common man, is in the making than in all the centuries together between the fall of Rome and our Civil War.

The nearly exclusive concern of the presumably serious drama since the war has been sex, brutal and sensuous, natural and unnatural; the hopelessness of marriage, the futility of birth, the devilishness of mothers, the defeat of life and the failure of death. Our better dramatists have lumbered about in this circle as spiritedly as a troupe of performing elephants, trunk by tail, tail by trunk.

And so, at length, commercially and in a Broadway house, a clinical case of sexuality was dramatized and sentimentalized to capacity houses—much of it young girls. The police stopped it after a time.

Arguing from particular shows, you may prove anything you wish about this season. Dirty shows have failed and others have

(Continued on Page 80)

The Extraordinary Belasco Jet Which Has Helped to Make "Mima" a Success

BEAUTY AND THE BALANCE SHEET

IT MAY be a sign that pioneering days are gone forever, this nation-wide awareness of the artistic, this awakened appreciation of craftsmanship in all departments of life. A people no longer forced to wrest its farm lands from the wilderness can turn some of its energy to making life decorative, colorful, gracious. An industry no longer pushed to turn out utilities for a waiting multitude must clothe those utilities with beauty if the market is still to be waiting—eager, receptive.

The changed buying habits of today are to be observed in every kind of purchase—the home itself, the automobile, or even a skillet to hang in the kitchen. The builder of homes has appropriated architectural beauty from all the world. The automobile is sold on appearance, color scheme, lines, richness of upholstery and appointments, as well as its ability to run. The humble frying pan appears in soft reds and blues and yellows to harmonize with a kitchen also smart and colorful as well as efficiently, almost scientifically, arranged.

Advertising reflects this close relation between beauty and the balance sheet. It, too, competes for attention in an age sensitive to design, responsive to beauty. In the hands of the craftsman, type and white space, decoration and illustration can portray refinement or brutal strength, can shout a bargain or suggest a precious purchase. All beauty, past, present, future, is within the province of advertising. Its artistic standards are more exacting than those of the academy. Always its aim is sales. Not only must it reflect changing taste among the buying public: it must inspire change, if it be effective as a commercial weapon.

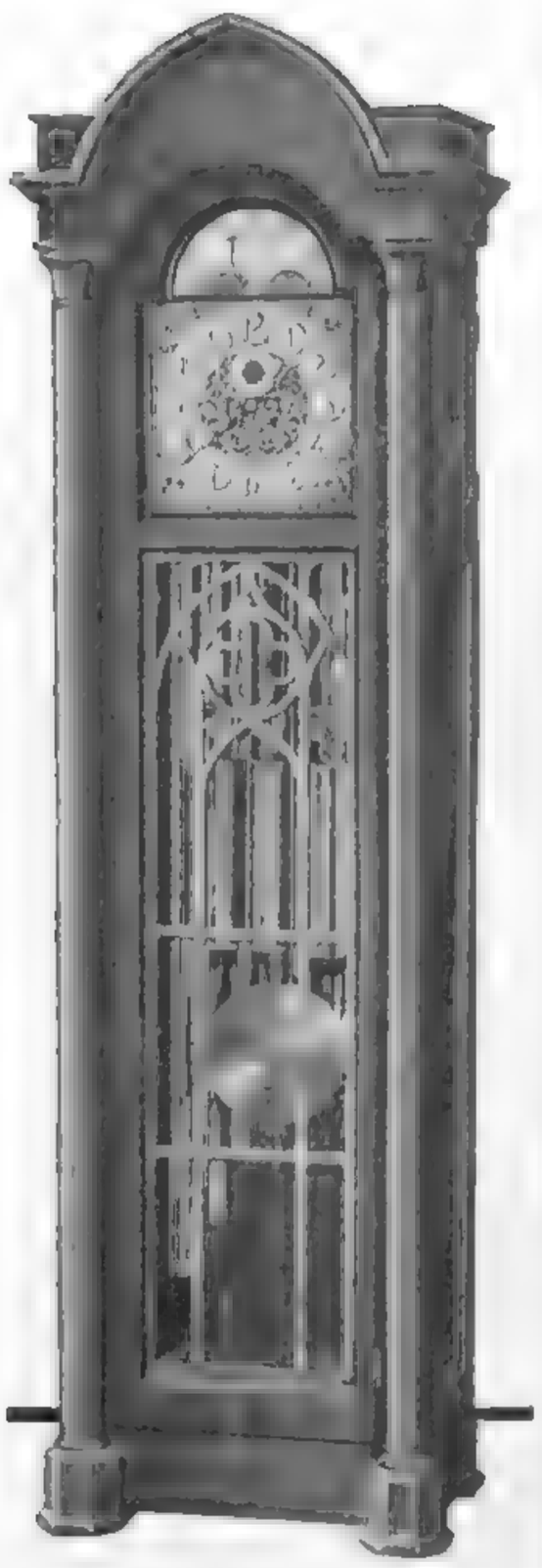
Naturally the appearance of the finished advertisement is vastly different now from what it was five, or even three years ago. Just as surely will it be different five years hence. Advertising styles, like styles in clothes, or automobiles, or music, will change and improve. Always the advertisement worthy to appear in magazine or newspaper will present its sales idea in effective layout, illustration and type dress. It will use art appropriate to its subject and its audience. It will be in tune with the swift age whose life it would influence. Only thus can the manufacturer or the advertising organization which serves him hope to maintain supremacy.

N. W. AYER & SON

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

The Ayer Galleries have been made a prominent part of our new business home, because we realize the increasing sales importance of good designing to all classes of merchandise. Three rooms, carefully planned for the purpose, allow for a variety of exhibitions which we hope will prove of inspiration and practical benefit to our customers and to business in general. The Ayer Galleries, like the rest of the new building on Washington Square, give tangible evidence of our belief in the close relation between beauty and the balance sheet.



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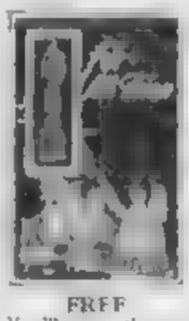
Intrinsic values give to a Colonial Clock its prestige. But you must live with this companionable clock to discover the deeper values that will win your abiding affection. When it has memories to whisper about, then will you understand why many thousands increasingly treasure their Colonial Clocks beyond all other household possessions. Let us send you the names of nearby dealers who can help you select the right model from over a hundred styles and sizes. Years hence you'll have more reason than ever to point with pride to the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door.



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Cases of Solid Honduras Mahogany. Finest of Imported Movements. Preserved for all time with Duco.

COLONIAL CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 78)

succeeded. Reasonably clean performances are making money and others have folded up. The merely stupid alone have suffered pretty even justice.

Witness the record. At the halfway mark in January the dramatic leader was Belasco's Mima in which Lenore Ulric competently degrades Sidney Blackmer; but the real attraction appears to be an astonishing piece of stage machinery which Mr. Belasco, ever handy with tools, has devised as a background for a modernistic hell. Arthur Hopkins, always self-respecting, is the producer, and Philip Barry, whose dialogue is our smartest, is the author of Holiday, the first real success among the comedies. It is sophisticated but unobjectionable banter without any permanent value, which gets the carriage trade.

The Guild has gone abroad for its newest comedy, Caprice, by Sil-Vara, the story of a woman who sees her lover being snared into a belated marriage by the mother of his son and turns her wiles upon the son. Fine acting and direction conceal its emptiness. Eugene O'Neill's 5:30 to 11 P.M., with an hour for dinner, stunt, Strange Interlude, still is playing to capacity after a year, which proves little but that Broadway always can be captured by a stunt. Wings Over Europe, another Guild production, is one of those dramas in which the British Cabinet is portrayed as a choice group of poltroons confounded by a radiant young poet idealist. This is not the Guild's lucky season, either.

Dealing with polite Manhattan society in the 70's, The Age of Innocence, which is doing comfortably in its eighth week, brings the blush to no cheek, but its virtues are negative and the real pull is Katharine Cornell, whose vogue probably is the greatest of the day. No one can be found who has seen Skidding, one of those increasingly rare, innocuous small-town comedies, which has been playing thirty-five weeks, the second longest dramatic run in town. Its trade never has been large, but the overhead being modest, it has made consistent money.

Alice Brady, one of the best and the unluckiest of actresses, is wasting her talents in A Most Immoral Lady to yes-and-no patronage. The similarly gifted Helen Menken is the star of the pretty successful Congai, another of those Shanghai Gesture things. To quote Charles Brackett: "'Congai' is the Indo-Chinese word for a young person who is no better than she should be."

Cleaned Out of Clean Plays

Jane Cowl is moving beautifully about to moderate houses in a completely circumspect but sugary Pierrot and Columbine whimsey that would wither overnight without her personality. Margaret Anglin appears to have a failure in a creaky costume drama based upon Bleak House. A mild success is Little Accident, which is accurately described as the "adventures of an unmarried father with a baby on his hands." A. A. Milne's mystery play, The Perfect Alibi, is doing capacity in a little 300-seat house. Jim Tully's Hollywood pastoral, Jarnegan, failed to shock, as hoped for, and is leaving after seventeen weeks of spotty traffic. Courage, in which Janet Beecher suffers as the distracted mother of a flock of stage children, has built up a profitable draw from women.

John Golden, whose specialty is clean plays, has none since his night-club melodrama, Night Hostess, quit. Young Love, with Dorothy Gish, lasted eleven tepid weeks. Nine poor weeks of Exceeding Small, a story of a young married couple in a tough run of luck, demonstrated that Broadway was not in the market for gloom, however well done. In past seasons a Frederick Lonsdale comedy has been good for thirty weeks or more of smart patronage, yet even a surpassingly good English cast failed to keep The High Road going for more than nineteen weeks.

Excepting revivals and Ruth Draper, these about exhaust the dramatic pieces worth a mention on one ground or another. My opinion is that the five best performances in New York are The Front Page, Miss Draper, and three revivals, The Wild Duck of Ibsen, Rostand's and Walter Hampden's Cyrano, and Shaw's Major Barbara, all a generation old.

Following the Latest Styles

On a draped stage, with a few shawls and aprons, and for her more elaborate effects a pine chair and table, Miss Draper alone achieves more high comedy and drama in one of her ten-to-fifteen-minute sketches than numbers of our better playwrights do in two hours with a stage full of players and $50,000 worth of scenery. She cannot be described; she must be seen. In the past New York has seen her only on Sunday nights and at special matinées; this season she is on for a run at the Comedy, one item to the credit of 1928–29.

The inference to be drawn from Miss Draper's case is that our stage needs less machinery and more imagination. From the revivals, two deductions might be made—one, that our problem will be solved by returning to the theater of the nineteenth century; the other, that we should import our dramas from Europe.

The inference is correct, but the deductions may be exploded, the first by a trip to Hoboken, where Dion Boucicault's After Dark, a great success in London and New York in 1867–68, is being revived at the old Rialto. Boucicault was the best-known dramatist of his time and the play is a very fair example of the popular theater then. Played with a perfectly straight face by Christopher Morley's repertory company, this seriously meant melodrama is the funniest thing on either side of the Hudson. Sing me no songs of the Good Old Days. Whether Pop Anson and Hal Chase were better first basemen than Jim Bottomley is open to argument, but the plays of yesterday, as a whole, were frying-pan vittles.

As for the imported drama, Europe is as barren as we are. A London piece called Potiphar's Wife, which staggered through the guaranteed two weeks around New Year's, met the local rubbish on the home grounds and took the booby prize right away from them. Or there is the French affair called The Lion Tamer, or How the Englishman Was Eaten, by Alfred Savoir. The Lord Chamberlain banned its public performance in Great Britain, but it was shown privately and turned out to be about an Englishman who morbidly followed a French circus for years in the quaint hope of seeing the lion eat his tamer. This coming to the notice of the trainer, he tosses the Englishman into the cage. The rest is a darkened stage and awful screams, snarls and sounds of eating.

If this is the picture on the highbrow stage, what may be expected in the fringes of the industry, where no bones are made about fishing with any bait that will hook fish? The run-of-the-street showman and the hangers-on originate no ideas. New and exclusive models are copied as quickly as a Worth gown in a sweat shop, and much less expertly. If a crime play is a success, they order crime plays and offer twice as many murders. If dirt looks to be the season's vogue, they double the bid. Nor is this altogether imitativeness. Sensation is the easiest short cut to attention in the theater as elsewhere. Genuine dramatic ideas are hard come by, but noise and shock will do the trick often.

Mae West is an outmoded type which once was known as buxom blonde, who began by playing Little Eva and other child rôles in Brooklyn stock and graduated into a strong woman in the varieties. Last year she wrote and starred in a play admirably called Sex. When it had done a capacity business for eleven months and made a small fortune for her and her backers, the police raided it and arrested her.

Released, she capitalized her notoriety by writing and playing the title rôle in Diamond Lil, a veracious account of a Bowery bordello of the 90's which did forty weeks' business—most of it excellent—at the Royale. When the police indicated no intention of interfering with Diamond Lil, Miss West wrote a play that will be undescribed here. The authorities let it go unmolested during a try-out in Harlem, but raided it on its first appearance on Broadway and closed it.

Figuring by the past performance charts, Broadway expected Diamond Lil to profit handsomely on the notoriety of the play which was raided and closed. Instead it began to fall away. By early December attendance was off one-half, and after playing to five weeks of losses, on January tenth it took to the road, where its adventures will be instructive to watch. This reversal of form following closely upon the disastrous failures of plays exploiting Peaches Browning, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Texas Guinan and Jack Dempsey in person has given the Rialto something to think about in the long winter evenings.

An Evil to Overcome Vice

The eventual result of all this would have been a formally imposed censorship. Censorship is a form of martial law, a suspension of the common liberties, and is a last reluctant resort. An outraged society always has the right to declare it when self-control fails, but its effects are only less disastrous than the abuses that precipitate it. It means that certain persons or groups will tell you and me what we can and what we cannot see in the theater. The stage being a matter of taste, within the bounds of decency, we are entitled to make our own selections. If I am to be limited to a diet of Pollyanna, Everyman and Abie's Irish Rose, the theater has ceased to exist for me and I will make other arrangements for my evenings. You, conversely, might find my preferences fantastic. Many have. So a censorship is an unmitigated evil to all except those who hate or are indifferent to the theater; yet if the stage has not brought it down on its own head, it has not been for lack of trying.

Or could it be that Alexander Pope was wrong and that

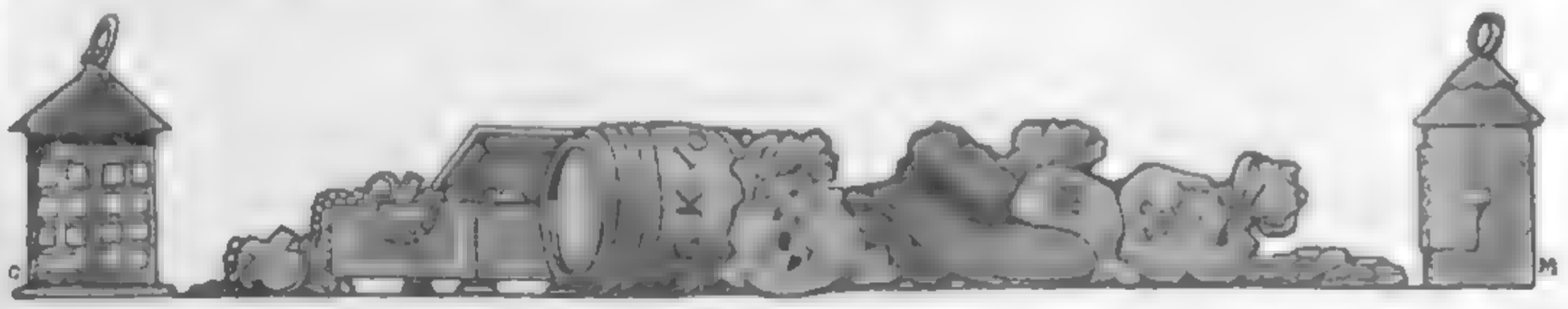
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
That she stirs the curiosity;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We turn it to the wall?

Pope had not the benefit of Freud, but his version continues to sound more likely.

In the Morning Telegraph, a theatrical and sporting daily, of January fifth, I find:

One of the youngest and most enterprising of New York's theatrical producers is Hamilton

(Continued on Page 82)



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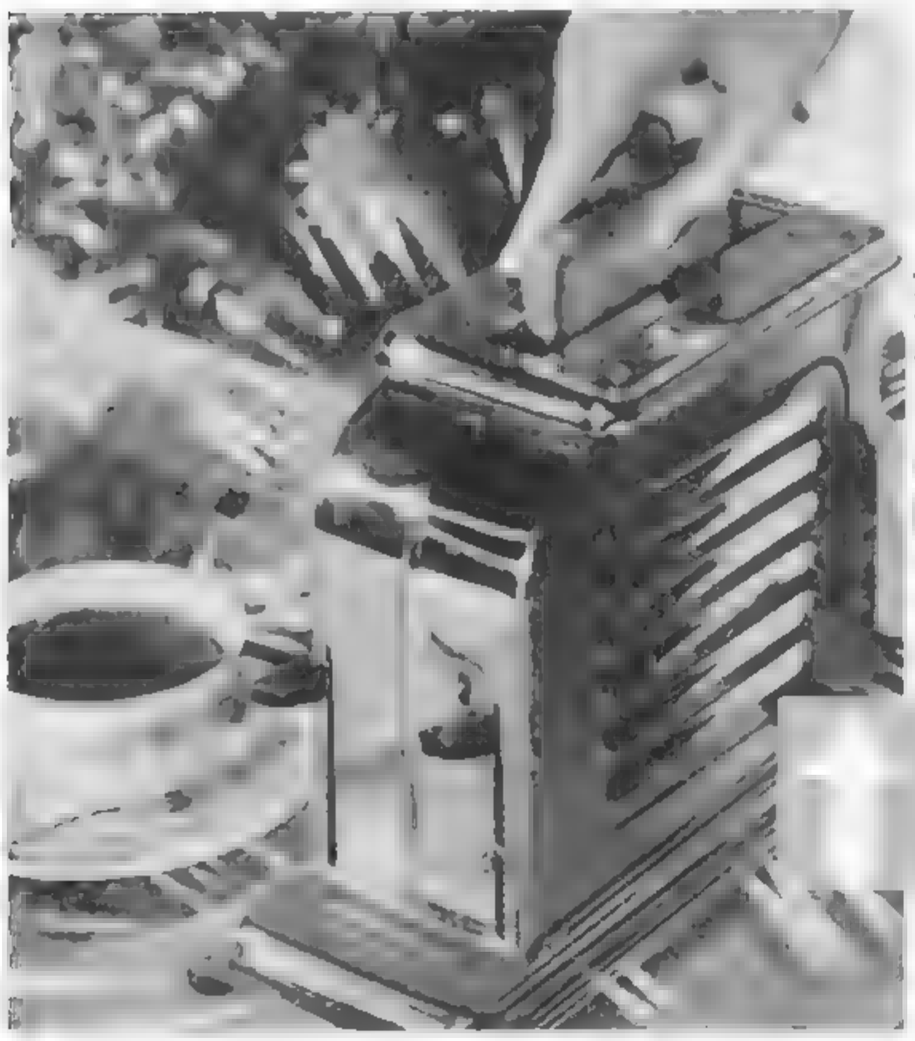

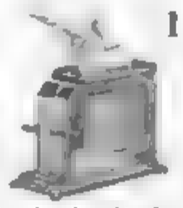

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(Continued from Page 80

McFadden, a Harvard man whose enthusiasms are strong, whose purposes are earnest and whose energy is conspicuous. . . . The immediate audience of a new play in New York Mr. McFadden says—is, therefore, largely composed of out-of-town visitors. This class is always demanding sensations. Those who compose it like to go back to their homes in Kansas or some other remote region and relate to their friends some shocking episode they witnessed on the stage during their stay in New York. That is why dirt is brought into the theater. It appeals to them.

This strikes me as the biggest piece of news since Dana's man bit the dog. Oh, excellent young man! My faulty memory was that when a timid spectator ever had ventured to suggest that this or that play was a trifle nasty and might well be hauled out to sea with the rest of the municipal ashes, he had had a dozen fingers waved under his sensitive nose and had been told that "the yokels of the Bible Belt" were not going to tell the adult and civilized minority of New York what they could or could not see.

The available records show Mr. McFadden to have been the producer of one play, La Gringa, which ran for just sixteen nights in February a year ago; coproducer of the short-lived Gods of the Lightning, in which Sacco and Vanzetti were canonized; and conductor of a stock company at Scarboro last summer; but he is young, enterprising, earnest, energetic and from Harvard, and if he says that the New York theater is foul because Kansas and other remote regions demand that it be, we defer. Could something be done, perhaps, about these hordes of decadent Kansans and the other sensation-jaded peasants who monopolize first nights on Broadway and debase its high standards? Stricter immigration laws, for example?

We are all agreed, then, that the stage is not beyond reproach, though the innocent victim of rakes from Kansas and debauchees from Arkansas. For the first half of this thesis supporting testimony may be had in great volume. Mr. Atkinson, of the Times, also a Harvard man, quotes Meredith's "paddle in life's muddy shallows when they think they are plumbing the depths," and goes on to say, "And although our theaters are prepared to deliver plays to suit every taste, nothing—well, almost nothing—happens. Certainly, nothing that measures up to the theater's opportunities."

Bad Notices From All Sides

St. John Ervine, author of two plays of the first rank, John Ferguson and Jane Clegg, who is visiting the New York stage as guest critic of The World, is moved to say: "If I have to choose between the nausea that comes from pretty-pretty plays and the nausea that comes from ugly-ugly plays, I will choose the former on every occasion. I prefer a measure of truth, but if there are to be lies, at least let them be likable lies. A man may be willing to see himself portrayed as a worm, but he soon tires of seeing himself portrayed as a neurotic worm. Sierra's play—Miss Barrymore's vehicle—despite its defects, does the playgoer the service of reminding him that not all men are entirely contemptible nor all women wholly corrupt. . . .

"If the theater is to become the resort of cliques, of the undercivilized rich, raw adolescents and nasty little tweet-tweets who remind one of nothing so much as the creatures one sees wriggling under stones that have suddenly been turned over, then the theater will die. Drive the middle people out of any organization and you ruin it. The undercivilized rich soon will turn elsewhere—they have no constancy to anything—the adolescents will grow up and lose their rawness; and the tweet-tweets are neither numerous enough nor important enough to be of any help to the manager when he needs support."

Even the left-wing Heywood Broun, one of Mr. Ervine's predecessors as The World critic, is discovered, in a reactionary mood, admitting in The Evening Telegram: "I think the drama is dying because of the blighting touch of intellectuality. Managers have been fooled into heeding the cries of those who say they want to be able to think in the theater. In spite of certain evidence to the contrary, I have no objection to thinking. But why should anybody choose a playhouse as the place to do it? Within the last few years the man who went out for an evening's entertainment was as like as not to run into three acts of morbid psychology or some little thing concerning the nature of inherited disease. I would rather see a good musical play than any of the more weighty affairs unless it happened to be one of those extremely rare things called a great play.

"The Drama League and kindred organizations have hurt the theater much more profoundly than the speculators. These societies have introduced a new and fatal point of view about the stage. They ask their members to come forward and support good shows, and such a request must contain the implication that it is a painful duty to watch the more worthy sort of dramas. The simplest way to make any art dull is to uplift it. No one has to be implored to see Animal Crackers for the good of his soul."

Beggars Can't Be Choosers

The oldest and shrewdest heads in show business guess wrong often enough on plays, and novices occasionally guess right, but there have been shows on Broadway in recent seasons that must have been inexplicable to their unhappy audiences—plays so inane that it was a strain to imagine money being found to produce them.

Such a production is one of two things—either it was presented solely for the purpose of selling the stock company and picture rights, or it was another heritage of the wildcat speculation in theaters and plays that has infected show business since the war. Hollywood will not buy the picture rights to a play that has not survived six weeks on Broadway, and a New York production is a talking point in selling stock rights. Hence, the unwary play shopper is trapped into shows that never were intended for the metropolitan stage.

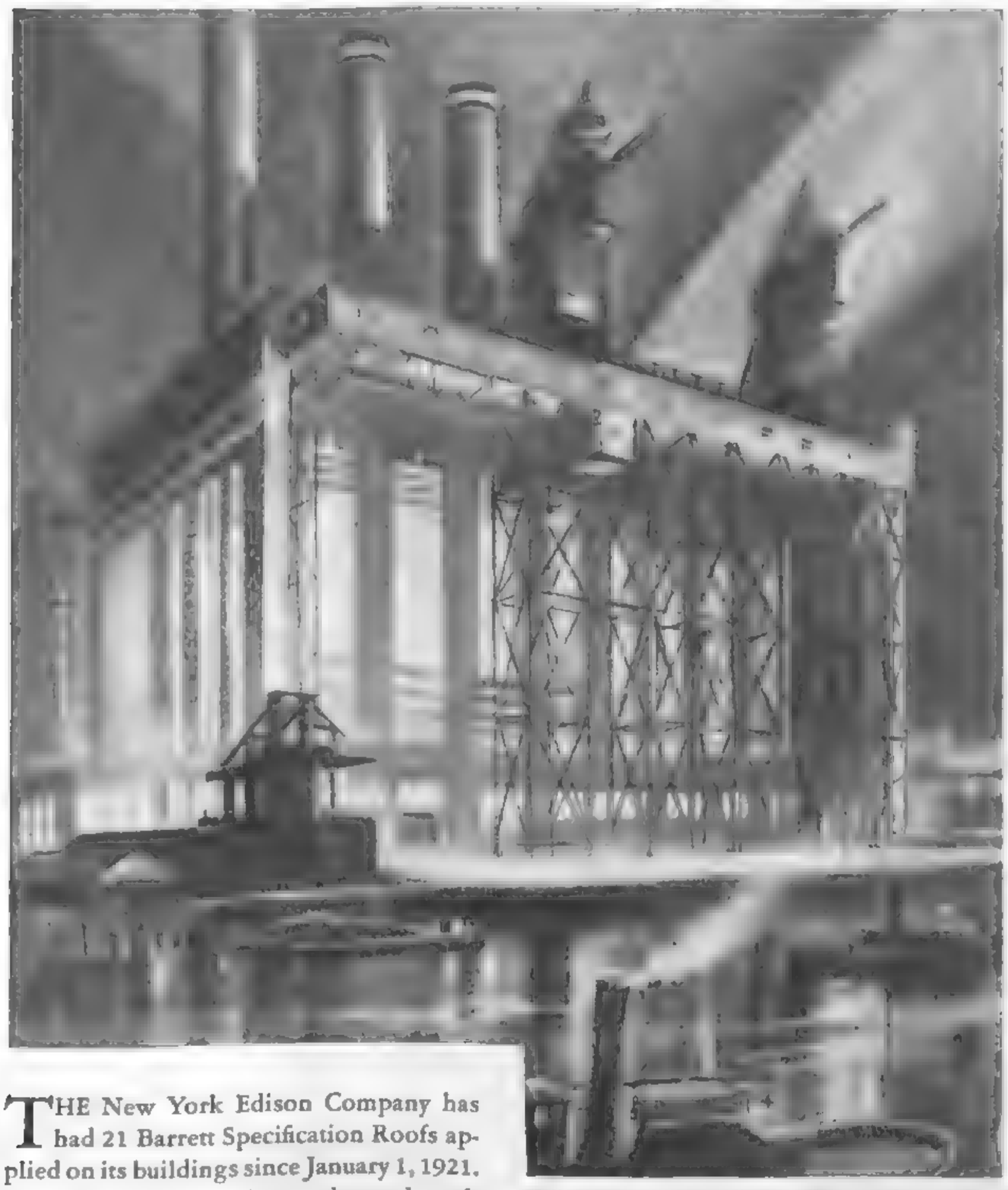
Speculation has operated in two ways to promote inferior plays. From 1920 to 1927 theater building was, in the speech of Times Square, a great racket. Show business was booming and there was a shortage of houses. Theaters are not rented for flat sums but for a share of the box-office take, customarily 40 per cent. The weekly business of a dramatic show will run from $5000, on which a few can make a small profit, to $28,000. During the flush period every rental contract contained a stop clause; if business dropped below a stipulated minimum—probably $9000 a week for a house of average size—out went the show and the house got a better client. The least return an owner might expect, then, was $3600 a week, and he did not so much as furnish the lights out front. Many legitimate houses were operating fifty-two weeks a year and the value of the real estate was rising steadily.

A play that did not get away to a flying start in this period was lost unless the producer had enough faith in it to pay the house owner's guaranty out of pocket. But with the situation reversed, owners now are offering bargain terms, even taking shares in wildcat productions in order to open dark houses, with the result that shoddy goods that would not have reached rehearsal two seasons ago, contrive to make a bad season worse.

Plays long have been floated on Broadway by means of a sort of loose stock company. Harry has a play or an idea for one. Sam has some money, but not enough. The two join and peddle shares in the play at what they can get until they have enough to see them through. When Abie's Irish Rose was in rehearsal, and later, in its early weeks of poor business, shares in it could have been had at a price that would have converted $1000 into $100,000 in a brief

(Continued on Page 85)

21 New York Edison Buildings under Barrett Specification Roofs



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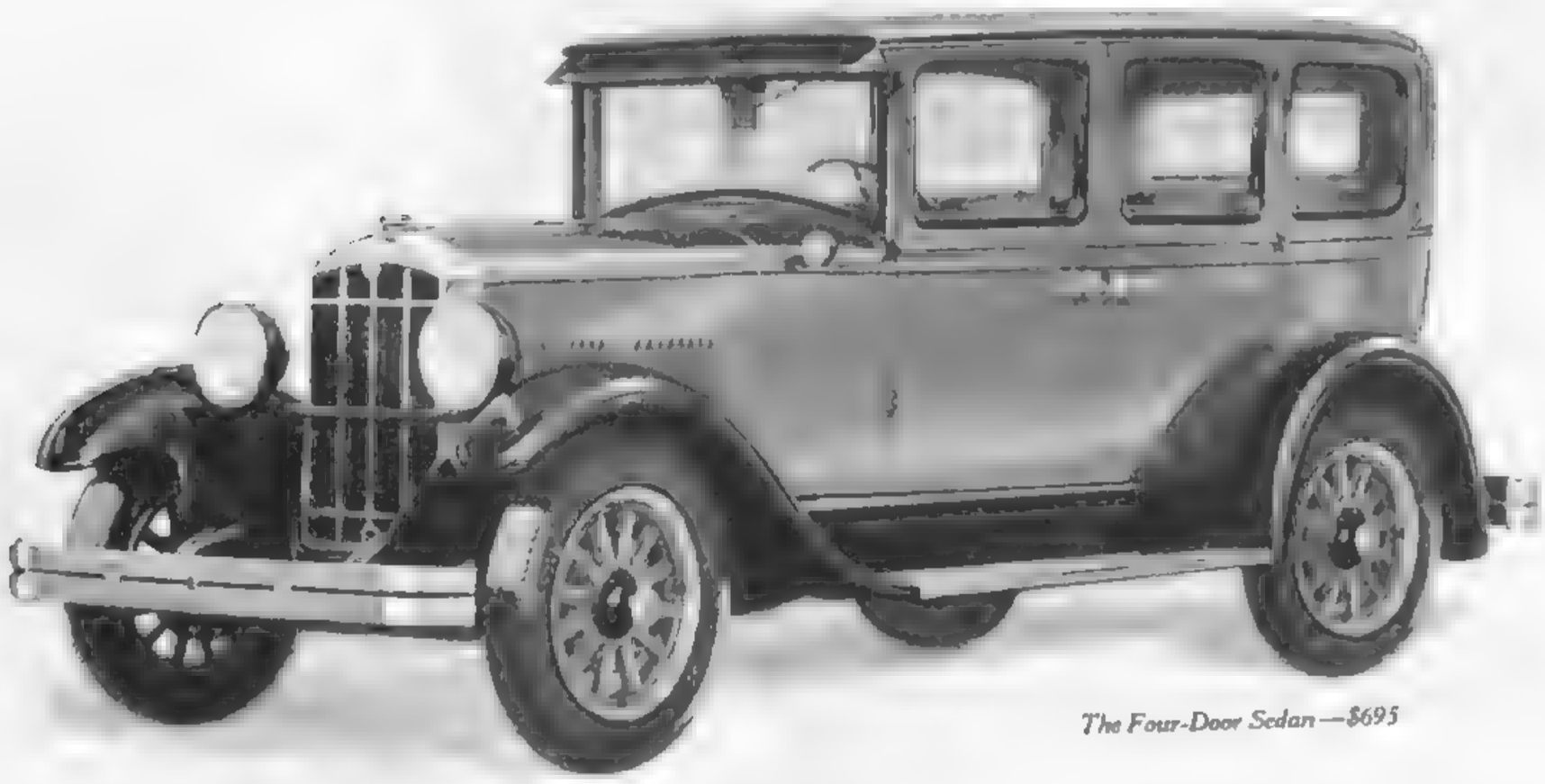

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(Continued from Page 82)

time. Few other than Anne Nichols could see anything but a quick flop in Abie. It was the Comstock lode of the boom years, but there was many another rich strike that began in hat-passing – Broadway, for example.

Word of these good things spread beyond Broadway. In particular did the news excite the adjacent fur and garment trades. Shortly the curbs of Forty-second Street were lined with sportive aliens to the show business holding out their money and begging for someone, anyone, to put it into a hit for them. This was not the sort of cry to go unheeded in that vicinage.

A new and bumper crop of producers, directors, dramatists and plays, fertilized by this heaven-sent shower of ready money, ensued. Probably more bad plays are to be accounted for by this phenomenon than from any other one cause.

Samaritans who whispered words of caution were invited to put it to music. Any suggestion that a projected play looked rather influenza was greeted by the retort: "That's what all the wise ones said about Abie."

It would be unsafe to generalize too far about these newcomers. A few highly competent producers and managers emerged from the ruck in this time. Jed Harris was an unknown three seasons ago; today, after an unbroken string of artistic and commercial successes, he has $2,000,000 to $3,000,000. But for the most part, the angels have returned to the fur and garment trades, and the producers, directors and playwrights have dropped back several points in the theatrical scale.

Who's That Guy, Goodwill?

"Bums" is the word for them among Broadway managers who came over on the Mayflower.

"This is just what we needed to scare the bums off the street," they say, silver-lining the current cloud.

In a bad season the goodwill item looms large on the ledger, but there is no goodwill for a business which sends a block of its merchandise to Leblang's to be sold at half price, yet continues to charge a chance customer at the box office full price for seats no better or worse.

"Now, can the legit producers realize what goodwill means?" Variety inquires. "'A hit is a hit and a flop is a flop.' 'If we give 'em a show, they'll pay.' 'Make 'em pay when you've got something; they only come when they know it's good.' These are the producers' inside remarks. Goodwill! Who's that guy? Goodwill! When the last one died, would goodwill have saved it? No, indeed; don't talk to the theatrical man about goodwill. He knows better. No goodwill around him. You can't hock it. It may be true that you can't hock it, but neither can you buy it."

What if organized baseball marketed its tickets through brokers, scalpers and cut-rate agencies, and doubled its prices when the league leaders met in a crucial series? There might easily be the same chaos in the picture industry today had not its components long since made common cause of many things, with Will Hays as overlord. Actors have their clubs and their Equity; musicians, stage hands and scene painters have their unions, but two producers is a crowd, three is a fight. Lee Shubert says feelingly: "I have personally tried on many occasions to organize the theatrical managers for the purpose of protecting the business, but there has been so much envy and jealousy shown that the attempts have come to nothing. In all other industries the heads of the business get together and work for the common welfare."

Only the ninth and the tenth of the ills catalogued at the outset remain to be considered. How much a part the competition of the movies, talkies included, is playing can only be guesswork. Admission prices are more reasonable, but they reflect the high cost of living in New York. I saw Al Jolson in The Singing Fool at Charlotte, North Carolina, in October, for thirty-five cents, a week before the same picture opened at the Winter Garden, where it still is playing at one, two and three dollars. The street is dotted with one and two dollar pictures that have been shown as early or earlier and for much less elsewhere in the country.

There is one thing about such picture houses as Mr. Rothafel's cathedral, where the scale is fifty cents to $1.50: If you do not like one part of the varied program, you will like other parts, usually; you are treated with ostentatious courtesy, there are no tedious intermissions, and the theater and the crowd are a spectacle in themselves. For two or more nights a week the new Madison Square Garden is filled with 16,000 ice-hockey enthusiasts, a new form of competition for the theater. Bridge, which a few years back was principally an afternoon diversion of women, now is as virulently epidemic as is golf among men. In a pinch, the public can get along without the legitimate theater—and someone is pinching.

The sum of the exactions of the unionized stage hands, scene painters and musicians amounts only to this: The collateral employes of the theater have set out to stabilize their employment. In doing so they arbitrarily enforce regulations that seem high-handed and senseless to the outsider, but which are less unreasonable often upon examination. Incidental music between the acts now is a rarity in the dramatic theater, and audiences at Lady Dedlock at the Ambassador in January were surprised to find a four-piece orchestra in the pit. It seems that the Ambassador had housed a musical show earlier in the season and that the house, therefore, was required to maintain four musicians throughout the season. But as I understand it, the theater chose to make the season contract in order to avail itself of the lower wages fixed by the musicians' union for guaranteed employment. If this is true, the regulation is wholly equitable.

Abuses Based on Abuses

Arthur Hammerstein, wishing to take publicity pictures of the cast of Good Boy, discovered that he must call out the stage crew of fifty-six hands to set and strike the scenes; a task six men could have performed easily. If a member of the cast plays a piano offstage to further the action of a play, the manager is compelled to hire a union pianist who merely reports to the theater. If a manager wishes to rehearse on a bare stage in his own house, he must pay for the property man's time. If he wishes to rehearse some individual in a new part for half an hour, he must pay his stage crew for a minimum of two hours. The actors, even under Equity, give four weeks of rehearsal free under a guaranty of two weeks' salary after opening; yet the stage crews exact full time and overtime and all penalties during rehearsal. The salaries of stars are high, but when was it that ability and beauty did not command money?

Some of these union requirements are abuses, but lurking behind them will be found old counter abuses, the added costs are passed on to the public anyway, and they are only further proof of the fact that everyone in the show business except the managers is tired of dog eat dog and the devil take the hindmost—the hindmost rarely being the manager. When producers can show a united front they can meet this and the rest of their problems as well as other industries meet theirs. Meanwhile, save your tears for the poor Armenians; they are certain to be in distress again shortly.

HOW DO THEY GET THEIR MONEY?

(Continued from Page 7)

them came such men as Gould and Vanderbilt, who made transportation agencies out of what had been mere sections of track. After them came Harriman, Hill and Cassatt, who devised railroad systems. All of the groups were pioneers. It is likewise in banking.

We have had banks since we had anything, but James A. Stillman and George F. Baker, each in a very different way, showed what banks might be made into, while the late J. P. Morgan brought a new thought into investment banking by his ability to interest the public in the consolidation of corporations.

George E. Roberts, first in the Treasury Department and then in the National City Bank, has for many years studied wealth in its varied phases. These are the conclusions which he gave to me:

"I think most of the fortunes of the country have been made by the development of new ideas in industry, trade and transportation. A man either originates or picks up an idea which represents a real improvement in methods of service, and by keeping in the lead in its development finds it possible to make his business finance itself, yield handsome profits and grow into large proportions.

"Andrew Carnegie took up the Bessemer steel process and added to that every other new process which tended to cheapen steel production; with the result that he built up a business of very large volume in which his costs were always the lowest and his profits the largest. The great merchants have won their success by superior skill either in the details of their business or in attracting the public to them, as in the case of A. T. Stewart of New York, Marshall Field of Chicago, and others. The Woolworth ten-cent stores embodied a new idea in selling. The fortunes made in the mail-order business have been due to another new idea, and the chain-stores system is making many more fortunes.

"The railroad development has been the basis of others. Harriman made a great fortune by buying up roads which had not been money-makers, like Union Pacific, and by rebuilding them and reducing operating costs at a time when traffic was rapidly expanding, he made a vast amount of money. Everywhere the secret of money-making is in developing new or improved service at lower costs."

If you call the roll of America's wealth, you will discover that no matter what the present holders of any fortune happen to be doing—and some heirs seem divinely appointed to see that their property gets into hands that can better use it—the original fortune has a constructive base. The heir may be a corporation and the public may own it. But the base is there. And that base was never created by a faithful observing of the negative virtues.

Men never get wealthy merely by saving; although often they think that they do. For unless one first learns how to earn money there will be none to save. Stephen Girard, our first rich man, was thrifty enough, but he was never afraid to risk in a venture which gave promise of a large return. By no means all highly successful men of the pioneer type have been hard workers; some have been most indolent. Andrew Carnegie got out of hard work just as quickly as he could, and the first J. P. Morgan never did any work that he could avoid. Others, such as Harriman, worked day and night. He earned his money in twelve years—after he was forty-eight. But all have the common characteristic of being able to work and to think at top speed until the job that they were on was carried through. It makes no difference whether the necessary period be a week, a year or a decade. The leader seems always

RUGS

Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced

Asphalt-slate surfaced
Varied colors
Fire-retarding · Minimum expense

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
CHICAGO BIRD NEW YORK
In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS LTD.
Montreal

Like three continents

but with ideal weather for sightseeing

YOU'LL see a rearing peak, snow-clad in June. You'll see a gay and colorful watering place. Here are Spanish missions, centuries old . . . crumbling, yet inspiring still . . . monuments to saintly Padres who first brought civilization to this land.

A rocky headland resembles a stretch of the Riviera. A desert like Sahara provides the unique foliage of the sandy waste. Gardens of rare blossoms are set in velvet lawns.

Giant monarchs of the forest contrast with the green acres of oranges. Vast wildernesses are but a short day's ride from famed hotels and restaurants.

An island playground rises from the sea. A great valley, once a desert, grows the fruits of the tropics.

See rare beauties, hundred-mile views. Motor over mile-high mountain boulevards. These sights . . a trip abroad, in fact, in your own America . . . are yours this summer if you choose.

It's the playground supreme. Your favorite sport is here, better than you've ever known it to be. Choose a mountain trail or a rolling meadow for your bridle path.

Play golf on 65 famous courses. Fish for deep-sea fighters or the game trout of mountain brooks. Hike along a mountain range. Camp in a primeval forest. Sail before a fresh ocean breeze. Swim in the surf or loaf on the sunny beach.

Motor over 5000 miles of paved highways marked with 100,000 guide signs.

Rest. Relax. The change is what you need. New sights, new surroundings, a new atmosphere, outdoor exercise, constant activity or lazy idleness, according to your whim.

Where is this land? It's in a section you probably never thought of as a place for summer vacations. It's Southern California, where perfect days invite exercise and play, where cool nights mean sound, restful sleep.

The summer climate of Southern California is always a revelation to the visitor. There are not the same temperature variations between summer and winter as elsewhere. Summer days are cool, comfortable and free from humidity. Muggy, sultry days are practically unknown.

The secret lies in the prevailing westerly winds which blow over the cool Pacific. By sundown, even in July and August, there is a touch of chill in the air. Light overcoats are worn in the evening. And nine nights out of ten are slept under blankets.

It's practically rainless, too, in summer. You can spend every waking hour out of doors. Summer is the native Californian's favorite season, for the weather is delightful with never any rain to interfere with plans for trips to the mountains and shore.

You will find much of interest in the orchards of oranges, lemons, dates, avocados, and other semitropic fruits. The agricultural crops of Los Angeles County alone approximate $95,000,000 annually and its oil fields represent a billion dollar investment. Los Angeles, largest city on the Pacific Coast, with its moving picture industry, its gay theatres, restaurants and clubs is a source of unending attraction for the visitor.

Send for a new book, "Southern California Through the Camera" . . . a work of art . . . 75 large pictures in gravure showing magnificent scenery, sports, musical and social events.

Plan to come this summer. Special summer rates available. Know for yourself the joy and benefit of this ideal trip

Southern California

"A TRIP ABROAD IN YOUR OWN AMERICA"

All Year Club of Southern California, Dept. F,
1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me your free book "Southern California Through the Camera." Also booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties I have checked

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego

Name_____

Street_____

City State

able to function as long as it is necessary for him to function. I have not heard of a highly successful man who did not bring to his job whatever physical and mental endurance it required.

The sheer endurance of the leader always exceeds that of his followers, and this quite regardless of the physical make-up of the leader. The late Theodore N. Vail, who made the telephone a national utility, was very fat, and during the latter years of his life he moved with difficulty. But he thought nothing of racing across the continent and back, working all the time, and then, after a ten or eleven hour day in his office, starting right off again on another trip. Harriman could wear out any group of associates or secretaries. But of course endurance alone is not enough; one must have something of importance to be enduring about. The Marathon dancers have endurance and little else.

It is easy enough to collate the characteristics of great numbers of highly successful men and then deduce rules. But the rules are not worth anything, for, like the intelligence tests, they do not and cannot describe that particular something which causes one man to rise far above his fellows. No real pioneer is ever a well-rounded man. In the nature of things he cannot be. It is easily possible to take the life of any great business or financial pioneer and, passing over the usually unromantic traits which made him great, write a biography which will be true in every statement and make the man nothing short of a fool—and often a vain, unpleasant, bad-tempered sort of fool. Or, again, the picture can be made banal and mushy. The distorted pictures which can so neatly be drawn account for the quite general belief that many of the pioneers have been accidents and that others have gained their positions merely by cheating.

No Accident in Leadership

There are no accidents among the leaders; some of the followers are accidents. It is true that often a group of men will rise quickly, but if they are accidents they will not hold their places. In one of the most thrilling business adventures in recent years a firm in foreign trade within thirty months ran an initial capital of one thousand dollars into a capital of twenty-six million dollars. But almost overnight they lost the millions, and also the thousand

Commodore Vanderbilt did not owe his fortune to his rough ways; at seventy he had ten million dollars and it was all invested in steamboats. He sold out and went into railroads, buying short lines and combining them until he achieved the New York Central. He died worth a hundred million dollars.

Any man who has the energy to undertake a new career at seventy, and then the brains to make a success of it, must have something other than merely objectionable personal habits. Jay Gould was ruthless, but he had to have more than that up his sleeve to die leaving the control of nineteen thousand miles of railroad, the Western Union Company and the Manhattan Elevated.

The Folly of Selling Short

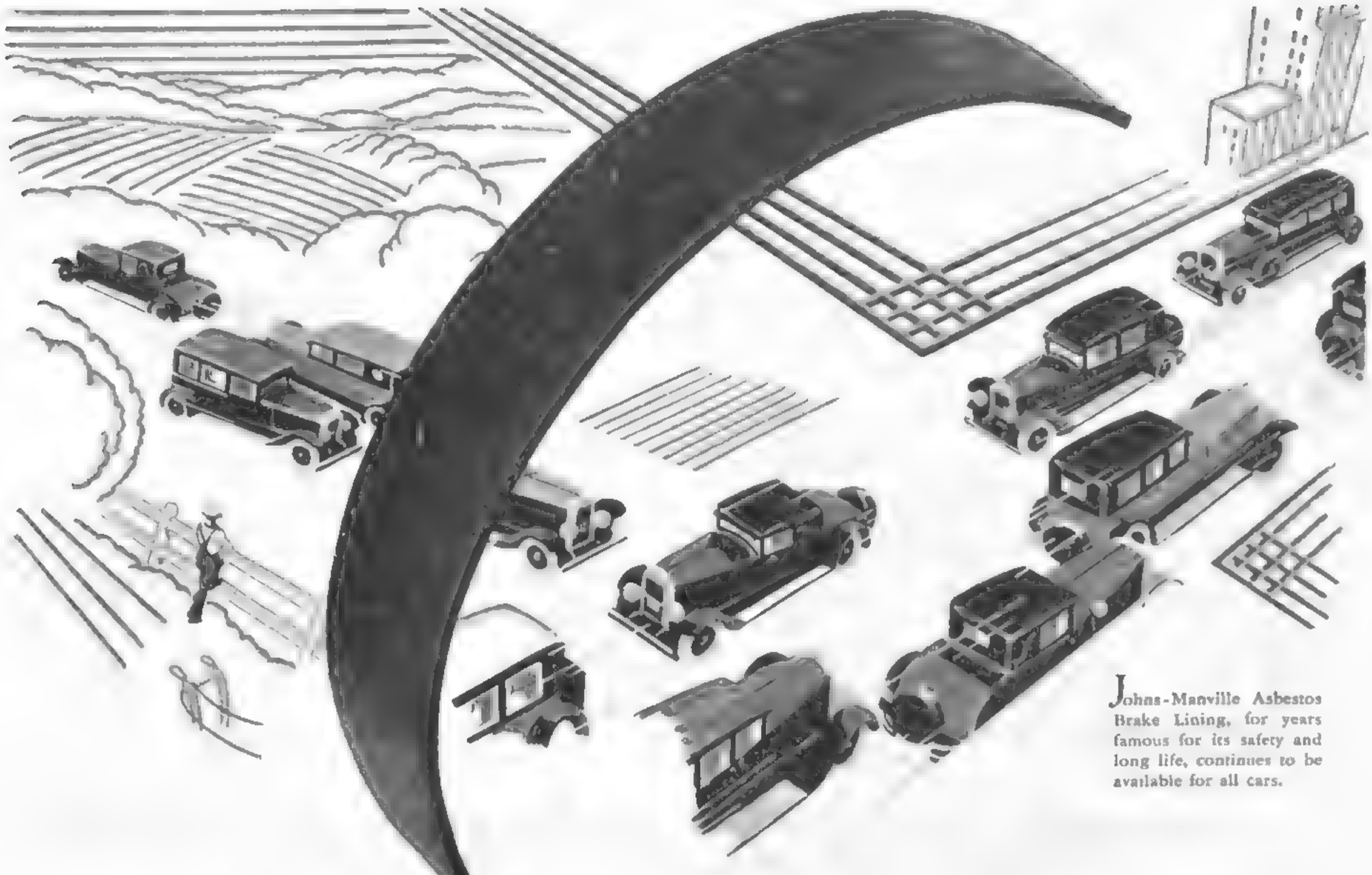
Only this can be said: No American has ever acquired riches by being destructive. Thousands have tried it and a portion of the public still thinks that the stories of vast wealth gained by wrecking are true. There is not a word of truth in them, in spite of the way that the railroads were rigged in the days that have passed. Some of the riggers gained for a time, but in the few cases where they held their gains, it was only by shifting their tactics and building instead of destroying. No man has ever gained wealth by selling the U. S. A. short. That is the one absolute rule of wealth.

But if great wealth is to be had only through leading in ideas, where does the average citizen come in? Everyone cannot be a leader. Everyone may, but few do, have ideas. In point of fact, this country at no time has many actual leaders: although it has more now than ever it had. Not more than fifty men comprise the entirety of leadership throughout industry, distribution, transportation and finance

(Continued on Page 89)

PHOTO BY F. J. HALEMAN

Flathead Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana



Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining, for years famous for its safety and long life, continues to be available for all cars.

The Johns-Manville *New Moulded* Brake Lining ends screeching . . .

And with quiet action goes smoother,

safer stopping of cars,

no matter what the speed

QUICK stops, safe stops, comfortable stops—car owners have demanded for years. Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining has met this demand, but now Johns-Manville has gone farther. Now motorists can enjoy what they have only hoped for—namely, silent brakes. J-M Moulded—the new rigid brake lining—takes the screech out of brakes. It also grips without grabbing, and provides smoother stop than former types of brake lining. In addition, this remarkable new lining has exceptional life.

What J-M Moulded Is

Hitherto brake lining has been made of woven or compressed fabric. J-M Moulded is a tough, homogeneous material, rigid in character and moulded to fit the particular style of brake shoe on which it is to be used. Here at last is an improvement in brake lining parallel to, and as important as, four-wheel brakes and other recent advances in brake construction.

Important to Every Car Owner

With traffic constantly heavier and constantly moving faster, no driver can afford to take chances with his brakes. J-M Moulded is so tough that it is almost wear-proof. It cannot stretch, nor compress as do other linings. In other words, J-M Moulded assures more mileage with brakes in safe condition.

It means less repair expense, yet greater safety and freedom from annoying noises. If your brakes show any sign of wear, take the surest means of protecting yourself and your family. Go to your repair man. Tell him "Re-line my brakes with J-M Moulded." Then your car will have modernized brakes, the same lining that is now being used as standard equipment by a half dozen of the foremost car builders. It is available for 150 different cars and trucks

Remember this—no flexible lining, whether woven or compressed, can have all the qualities of rigid, fitted J-M Moulded.

You cannot afford to use anything but good brake lining and J-M Moulded is little, if any, more expensive than ordinary lining.

One of a Famous Family

Johns-Manville is a name which has been made famous by over fifty years' success in the manufacture of asbestos and kindred products. J-M insulations for all ranges of heat and cold, J-M refractory cements and J-M packings are used by industry to conserve and control power. Johns-Manville also makes roofing for every purpose and every variety of building, as well as industrial flooring, and scores of other articles for everyday use by power houses, factories, railroads and in building operations.

MOULDED TO FIT

Johns-Manville

MOULDED BRAKE LINING

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION

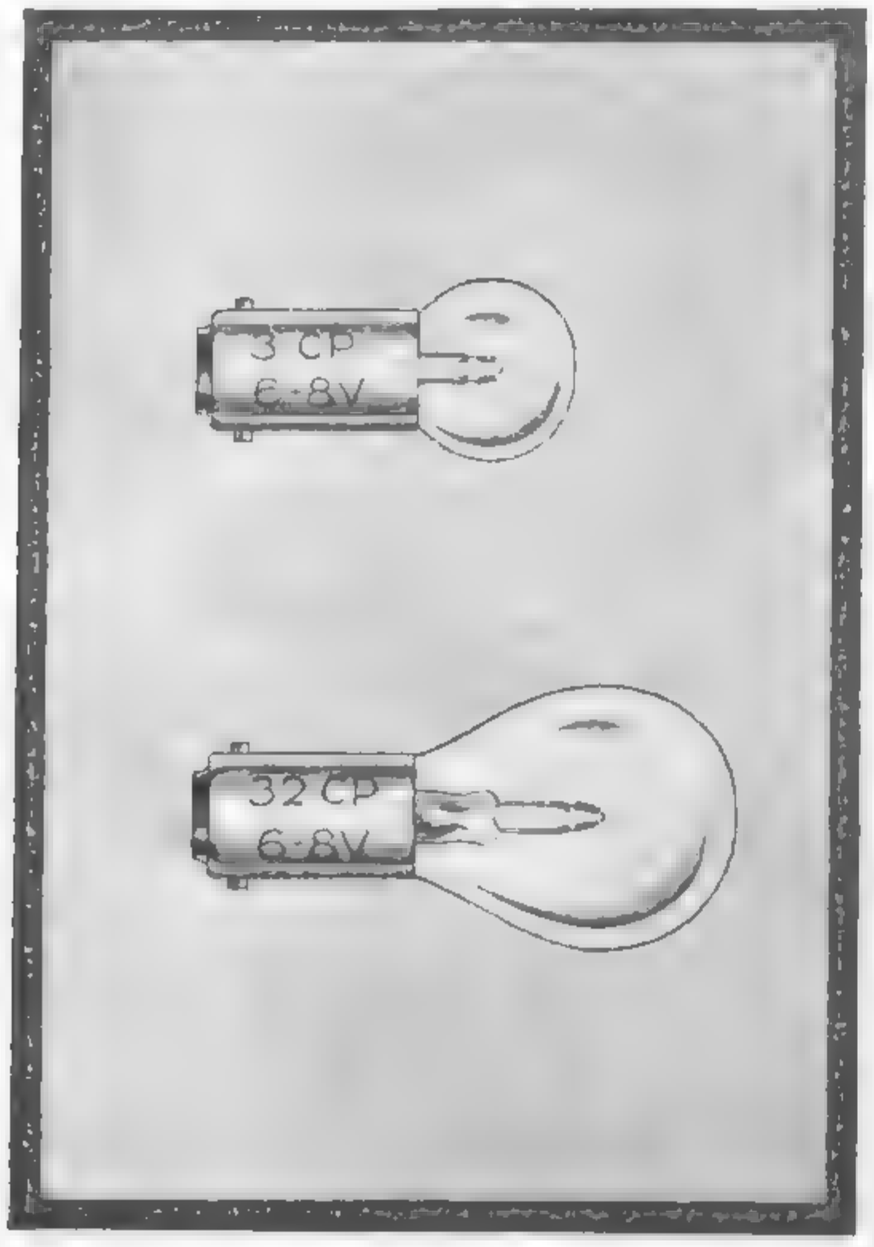
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco Toronto

(Branches in all large cities)

Let us tell you more about J-M Moulded Brake Lining.

Name

Address



You're careful to get the right-size bulbs

. . . are you as careful in buying a battery?

You don't do any guessing when you buy bulbs. You follow a definite prescription for *electrical size* (volts and candle-power). You're *careful* to get the right electrical size.

But when it comes to batteries—do you know of the prescription which gives the right electrical size for the particular car you are driving?

There *is* such a prescription. It's just as simple as the one for bulbs . . . and equally reliable. It is the Willard Chart of "Battery Sizes for All Cars," and it hangs on your Willard dealer's wall.

To consult the Willard Chart is to be sure of the *electrical size* that is right for the economical and satisfactory operation of your car . . . to be able to ask for a battery of known size, just as you ask for bulbs and tires.

It will profit you to know one thing more: that every battery marked "Willard" is correctly rated . . . and that Willards are, of all makes, the preferred batteries, with the majority of car builders and car owners today.

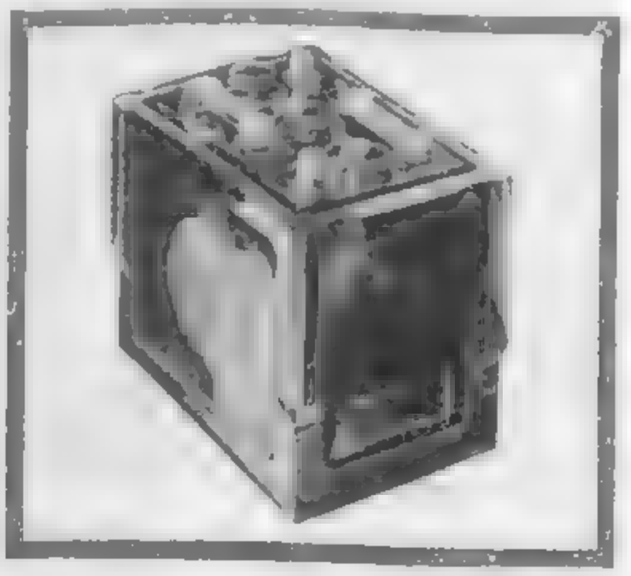
CONSULT THE WILLARD BATTERY CHART BEFORE YOU BUY

The Willard *Thread-Rubber Battery*

For every normal condition of driving, you will receive satisfactory service and big value with a Wood-Insulated Willard Battery.

On the other hand, if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will profit you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.

With this type you can expect a long term of uninterrupted service and useful life under the very heaviest driving conditions — also complete freedom from re-insulation expense; for Willard Thread-Rubber Insulation will last until you wear out the plates in the battery



Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 86)

today. It is doubtful if the whole class of leaders in these fields would number more than five hundred if counted from the beginning of the country. By no means all of these men have become wealthy, but they have furnished the ideas on which others built wealth.

Behind the pioneers is another great group of striking ability who have the flair for administering rather than for pioneering. Many of these men make far more money than the pioneers ever thought of. Rockefeller and Ford are the outstanding examples of the few men who have combined pioneering and administering. Behind the pioneers and administrators comes another great army who aid in specific ways, and who also have ability. Finally, we have the class of investors who just happened to get aboard the pioneer's ship. Some of them boarded it by design and others by accident.

Joining the Procession

Thus it is that wealthy people come into the community as in waves. We have had the railroad millionaires, the land millionaires, and so on through oil, steel, banking, automobiles and their equipment, motion pictures, chain stores, public utilities, radio, rayon and others. The first wave may be followed by larger waves. The real-estate waves come every so often, now that realty operators have abandoned the Astor plan of waiting for cities to grow to their holdings and have, instead, sprouted the cities. Oil has had many waves and each has been greater than the one preceding. Everyone who joined the Rockefeller procession grew wealthy. The Standard Oil group has distributed three and a half billion dollars in dividends since 1911. One of Rockefeller's original partners died in 1921 leaving fifty-three million dollars; the partner's widow preserved the securities in the estate, and when she died seven years later she was found to be worth one hundred and seven million dollars. She had not done anything; her securities had simply increased in value. That is an extreme case, but there are many cases where the purchase of a single share years ago has yielded the holders fair-sized fortunes. One very wealthy man has as the backbone of his fortune some shares of the original Standard Oil Company which he bought on credit and a single share of Singer Sewing Machine which he bought in 1864 for sixty-five dollars. That share is now worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars, while the oil shares, by split-ups and stock dividends, are now represented by a number of shares that run into five figures and are worth around a million. The automobile companies have been just as spectacular and are of our own time. If one hundred dollars had been invested in the stock of one motor company in 1923, it would by now have increased seventeen times, in two others about nine times, in another eight times and in another four times. But it also may be noted that if still other motor companies had been selected, the one hundred dollars would have been lost.

These things seem big. They are—the ideas behind them are big. But most big ideas start small. The largest safety-razor company is worth about fifty millions, but it began on a capital of thirty dollars. The largest cheese company grew out of the operations of a grocery clerk who started to peddle cheese on a capital of sixty-five dollars. The largest chewing-gum manufacturer began peddling his own wares. The largest taxicab company is an outgrowth of an idea that cabs could be made simply and run at low rates. The largest soup manufacturer rescued a failing business by learning to make one soup well and then to sell for one-third of the price other manufacturers asked. The first man to make a good shoe for a medium price and sell it as under a trade-mark died very rich.

The list is rosy; it could be extended for columns. And another list might also be compiled, and it would be anything but rosy. The hardest road to wealth—but also the surest—is to have a good idea and know how to develop it. The easiest road is to join some procession which seems to be going the right way. The trouble is to find the destination of the procession; it often does not finish at the point it started for.

The small investor seldom waits to find out where any procession is going; he marches with one for a while and then shifts to another and in the end is nowhere. During a heavy day on the Stock Exchange the ticker reported the sale of fifty thousand shares of a certain stock. Instantly orders began to pour in for that stock, and it quickly rose in price. In ten minutes the ticker reported that the sale had been for five thousand and not for fifty. And at once the prices dropped heavily. Many stocks have recently been bought at such prices that the dividend return reduced to an interest rate is negligible. One stock sold at fourteen hundred times its earning power. Once upon a time ten times the earning power was considered a fair price. Now fifteen times is usual.

A Bargain in Advice

There must be differences of opinion as to the values of stock, otherwise there could be no sales. It does not take a prophet to foresee that some investors are going to see their stocks sell for less than they bought them for; in the end they may earn money, or again they may not. Some investors are going to earn money. Those who have bought on margin for speculation will do what thousands have done before them—stay along until they lose their money. On all these points it is possible to get plenty of advice. As John W. Gates once remarked: "You can get all the advice you want in Wall Street for nothing—and it is worth it."

Everything may have changed. It may be possible to reap without sowing. Always a certain number of people awake to find themselves on the right ship when they had intended to board the wrong one. But it is rather likely that at least one of the old principles still holds. The one, for instance: Rewards are roughly but surely given only in proportion to constructive contribution.

What price *quick lunch* ?

GUARD against indigestion, as millions now do, with a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals. Perfected over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman, this delicious gum is today a favorite with those who buy chewing gum as an aid to digestion. And everybody loves that keen, refreshing flavor and wonderfully smooth quality. Try it today!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

IMPORTANCE AT THE NECK

Continued from Page 15

we could. The girls certainly abandoned us that day, and they must have been making a terrible hit with these grandee Bullfinches, because they were away all afternoon and telephoned about half-past six to say they were going to stay at the Bullfinch cottage for dinner; then about eight o'clock in the evening I was sitting out on the piazza alone when a most disgusting uproar broke out on the ocean road that runs in front of the house, and the Dorio-grecco racing car that Enid's school friend had talked about came whang-banging up our driveway and stopped in front of the piazza.

It was a terrible-looking thing, with hardly any paint except where the racing number 26 was left on it, and that had been repainted so as to be more conspicuous. I didn't like the appearance of that machine at all; its open plumbing was sticking out in the air, and altogether it was one of those cars with the look of having been in a good many accidents and going to be in more. Enid got out of it and so did a long, gangling boy who looked just the person to have that sort of a car. He must have been six feet high; but I judged him to be a couple of years younger than Enid, or maybe almost seventeen, and he had grown so fast and was so narrow all the way up that he didn't seem to have had time to get put together the right way—not as yet—or to know how to handle all his parts in conjunction, so to speak. He had a pinkish face, with a childish nose in the middle of it that seemed to have been left over from his younger years; his light-colored hair had been soaked back, but part of it was sprung out of place. He didn't wear any hat, and his white-flannel pantaloons were not much for shape and had automobile grease on them. All in all, he was the overgrown kind of boy you'd have expected to be as shy as he was gawky. But he wasn't shy; you could tell that right away by his expression; he was the kind of boy that tells a hotel waiter to rack along and make it snappy.

He stumbled a couple of times as he followed Enid up the piazza steps—caught the loose sole of one of his spotted white shoes in a crack—and walked partly into the side of my chair when Enid introduced him.

"This is Eddie Bullfinch," she said. "Clarissa and Janey and George have started to Blue Harbor for a dance, and Eddie and I are going to join them after a while. Is mother upstairs?"

I said yes, and she took Eddie into the living-room and left him there while she went up to see her mother. Eddie must have been looking things over pretty thoroughly, because I heard him bumping around in different parts of the room, and pretty soon he knocked the piano lamp over.

"Oh, slush!" I heard him say; and then he seemed to be rubbing himself instead of picking up the lamp. Enid came trotting downstairs at that.

"Did you hurt yourself, Eddie?" I heard her say.

"Me?" he asked her. "It takes a good deal more than a lamp to do me any harm. That's a bum lamp, anyhow; you needn't fool with it, because it's too twisted to be much good any more and there's plenty light in here without it. Listen! How do you like driving round in a Dorio-grecco? Pretty warm little car, what?"

"It's lovely," Enid told him. "Perfectly wonderful!"

"Listen," he said. "Don't tell anybody, but that car's had three racing drivers put out o' business in it and it's been right through the front wall of a brick house. That's the kind of a car I like to own," he went on, and he let out a pretty loud, reckless-sounding laugh. "I had to pay fifty dollars down to get it and I owe two hundred and forty dollars on it yet for the repairs. Don't say anything about that."

"I won't," Enid said, and I could tell by her voice she was impressed. "I won't say anything to anybody about it."

"Don't tell this, either," Eddie said "Don't tell it and don't let anybody know I told you: I owe more than eighty dollars at the hardware store in the village for things I've got to put on the car. Don't tell anybody about that and don't tell this, either: I run bills pretty nearly everywhere. Don't let anybody know I told you about that, though. Do you know what I tell 'em when they ask me for the money? I say, 'I may pay you next month or I may pay you next year—that's my business. Talk to me too much about it and you'll never get it!'"

With that, he gave another kind of reckless laugh, and I judged he must have gone over to the mantelpiece and leaned back against it, or rested his arm on it or something, because there was quite a crash and the tinkling of glass or china getting broken on the brick hearth. "Oh, slush!" he said again.

"It's nothing," I heard Enid telling him. "It's only a couple of luster vases mother got at an antique store."

"I see," Eddie said. "My mother used to collect those things, too, but she quit. Listen. If you're going to try and pick up

all those pieces, we won't get to Blue Harbor till after the rest of 'em are there, and I bet George three used golf balls against his striped socks that we'd be there first. Let's go!"

So they came out of the house with Eddie caroming off the side of the front door and the loose sole of his shoe flopping as they went down the steps—I wondered how he was going to dance in it, but I don't suppose he let anything like that bother him—and they got in the car and drove away, making about the same noise that a battle would, I expect.

Well, I wasn't overly impressed with Eddie Bullfinch, myself, and somehow he gave me kind of a poor idea of his parents, too—which of course isn't fair, but on the other hand it's pretty natural—so that I didn't quite share the excitement of the rest of my family over the Bullfinch grandeeship. But for days nothing else was talked of at our table, when the girls were home, except what wonderful people the Bullfinches were and what wonderful things they owned and how wonderful it was for a new family like ours to have got to know them so soon. In fact, it seemed that if we didn't make any mistakes—that is, if Mrs. Massey and I didn't—the Bullfinches were preparing to recognize us as a family, so to speak, and even invite us to dinner. That's what happened, too, before long; we went there to dinner, but I didn't enjoy myself particularly, because, in the first place, they had steamed clams in seaweed, and I'd never eaten any before in my whole life and, living in Logansville, hadn't even expected ever to be called on to eat any, and hadn't learned how. In the second place, doing my best to seem appreciative, I ate the wrong part of quite a number of these clams before I found out that I was mortifying Enid and Clarissa by doing it, and, in the third place, the clams didn't agree with me at all.

Right away I began to be sick enough to wonder how long I was going to be able to stay at the table; but I wouldn't have enjoyed the conversation much anyhow. Mr. Bullfinch was a tall, thin, fair-haired man, very long-winded, and, of course, after being invisible all those weeks, I'd have been mighty glad to talk to any man about anything; but he was one of those people who have the habit of working any subject around to themselves

"Do You Know What I Tell 'Em When They Ask Me for the Money? I Say, 'I May Pay You Next Month or I May Pay You Next Year—That's My Business. Talk to Me Too Much About it and You'll Never Get It!'"

"Good weather this year?" he'd say. "That reminds me. One of my friends asked me the other day: 'Mr. Bullfinch,' he said 'Mr. Bullfinch, you're the chairman of the Westfield Industrial and Agrarian Statistics Committee, aren't you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I am.' 'Well, Mr. Bullfinch,' he asked me, 'if it's not an intrusion, would you mind giving me your opinion as to the effect of last winter's bad weather in the South upon industrial conditions? You ought to know more about that situation probably than any other man in the United States and, if it's not an intrusion, I should like to ask you if you'd mind stating your opinion upon that subject.' 'Not at all,' I told him. 'My position enables me to be posted upon the subject, and it was only at the last meeting of our committee that one of the members asked me the same question. He stood up at the meeting and addressed me. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "may I have the floor for a moment?" "Certainly," I said. "Well, Mr. Chairman," he spoke up, "I would like to ask if you feel like confiding to the committee your opinion upon the effect of the weather in the South upon the present situation?" 'I told him I would be very glad to do so.'"

He went on like that fairly forever, it seemed to me, as I sat there wondering just how far those clams were going with me; and sometimes I could hear Mrs. Bullfinch talking to Mrs. Massey and telling her about the cottagers, how few really attractive people there were among them and how there were only two other families—the Blodgetts and Carmichaels—that a discriminating person would care to have much to do with. We must meet the Blodgetts and Carmichaels, she said; virtually all the other people were outsiders. The Blodgetts had peculiarities, of course, she went on, after talking a long time about how nice these two families were, and Mrs. Carmichael was leading a martyr's life because of Mr. Carmichael's weakness for the bottle; and besides, nobody could stand the Blodgett children. But aside from this, we were sure to find the Blodgetts and Carmichaels really delightful. The trouble with Mary's Neck, she told Mrs. Massey, was that there were so few desirable people here. Mrs. Massey kept nodding her head and exclaiming, with the deferential kind of eagerness a new person in a place always has when the settled potentates become confidential; and Mr. Bullfinch went on with his stories about people asking him his opinion; and at the other end of the table the young people made a power of noise, and my clams threatened me so that I wondered if I wasn't going to be a case for a surgeon. But finally we got out of there without anything serious having happened.

Well, after that there was more talk than ever at our home table about how wonderful the Bullfinches were, and pretty soon we had them to dinner at our cottage, and I lived through it without complaining any afterward, though I confess I was getting fairly tired of Eddie Bullfinch. He spent about two-thirds of his time at our house and I hardly ever wanted to sit down in some comfortable chair without finding him already in it. He damaged most of the furniture that was at all fragile; he put his foot through a French window, and one of the things he broke would have been almost impossible for anybody else. It was a glass chandelier in the dining-room, and one day I came in and found most of it on the table and on the floor; and when I asked questions, Clarissa said casually, "Oh, Eddie broke it."

"Why, he couldn't," I told her. "A person can't just bump into a chandelier, especially when it's hanging right over the middle of a dining-room table."

But she explained that he'd been showing a golf stroke with the poker, and I saw that I needn't have been surprised; even a chandelier wasn't too much for Eddie Bullfinch. When Enid was out with him in the Dorio-grecco we usually had at least the comfort of knowing where she was until the car got some miles away, because we could hear it, and it was never any use trying to take an afternoon nap when the Dorio-grecco was in that township. It was the same with Eddie's brother George's motorboat, in which Clarissa spent a lot of her time. She and George would come charging over the ocean and go thundering up and down the sea front before the cottages all afternoon, and it made me pretty nervous.

Then one morning at the beach the Bullfinches introduced us to their friends, the Blodgetts and the Carmichaels, and Mr. Blodgett, a dried-up little dandified man, took me to one side and said: "I don't want to alarm you and I'd be obliged if you wouldn't repeat what I'm going to say. Everybody at Mary's Neck is very sensitive, because, you see, we all come from different places, and when we get here everybody may not know who we *are* at home. Of course, Mrs. Blodgett and I are good friends of the Bullfinches, for instance, but we never have known just who they are in the town where they come from. Naturally, they're leading people here and we see a great deal of them, but the fact remains that they are extremely sensitive—especially about their children. I'm not sure that I ought to continue."

I told him to go on, he could trust me, and I was anxious to hear what he had to say. "It's just this," he said. "My own three little daughters are too young to be mentioned in this connection, thank heaven, but if they were old enough I should certainly never let one of them step into that horrible car of Eddie Bullfinch's or into that worse motorboat of George's! In the first place, Eddie doesn't know how to drive and, in the second, both his car and George's motorboat are dangerous. That car's been on fire twice and the motorboat three times. Besides that—though I don't know whether or not I ought to be telling you this—none of the other young people here will have anything to do with either of the Bullfinch boys."

This disturbed me a good deal. "You don't mean bad reputations?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Unpopular. Just unpopular. The most unpopular young man in the whole of Mary's Neck, next to Eddie Bullfinch, is George."

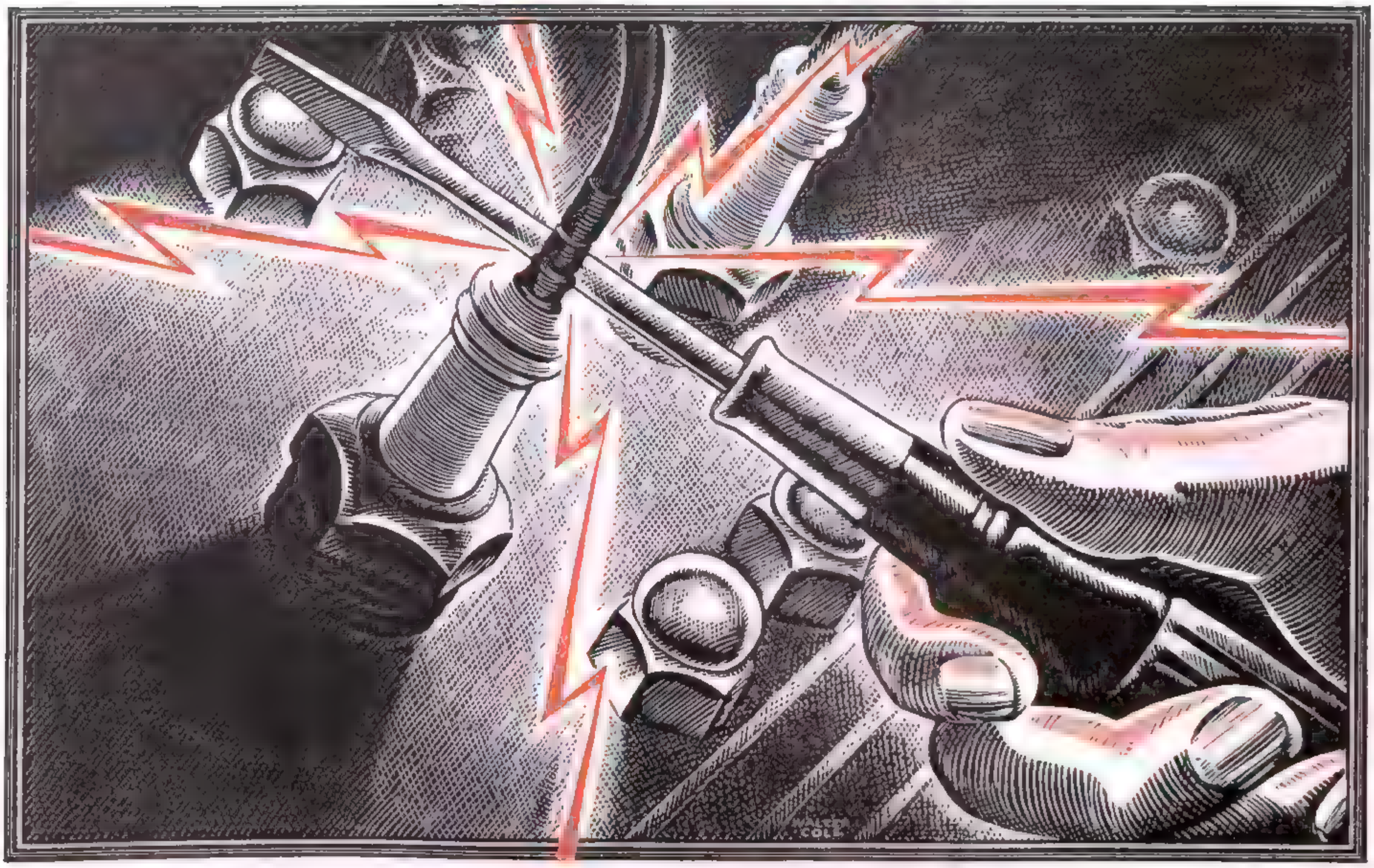
Well, this information shook me up quite a little, especially as it came from such an intimate friend of the Bullfinches. Of course, I hadn't thought that George's motorboat and Eddie's car were the safest playthings in the world; but on the other hand, not wishing to interfere with my daughters' pleasure, I'd kept my worryings restricted to myself and tried not to be too imaginative. After the conversation with Mr. Blodgett, however, I naturally felt there'd have to be a change, and I spent the afternoon trying to work out a way to put the matter before Mrs. Massey as tactfully as possible and get her to tell Enid that she couldn't go out any more in the Dorio-grecco, and Clarissa that she'd have to give up the motorboat; but as things happened, Mrs. Massey was able to help me out in the matter without my doing much.

Mrs. Carmichael had taken quite a fancy to her, it seemed, and called for her that afternoon and carried her off to a big tea at the cottage of a family named Allstover, who lived a little distance back in the country. The tea lasted a long while and Mrs. Massey must have been having a pretty interesting time at it, I judged, because the girls and I sat down to dinner before she got back; and when she came to the table her face was all flushed and it seemed to me she was almost trembling.

"Well!" she said, in the way a woman does when she's heard something pretty astonishing; and then she began to tell us all about it.

At the tea she'd been introduced to a lady named Parkinson, and it turned out that this Mrs. Parkinson's husband's cousin

(Continued on Page 95)



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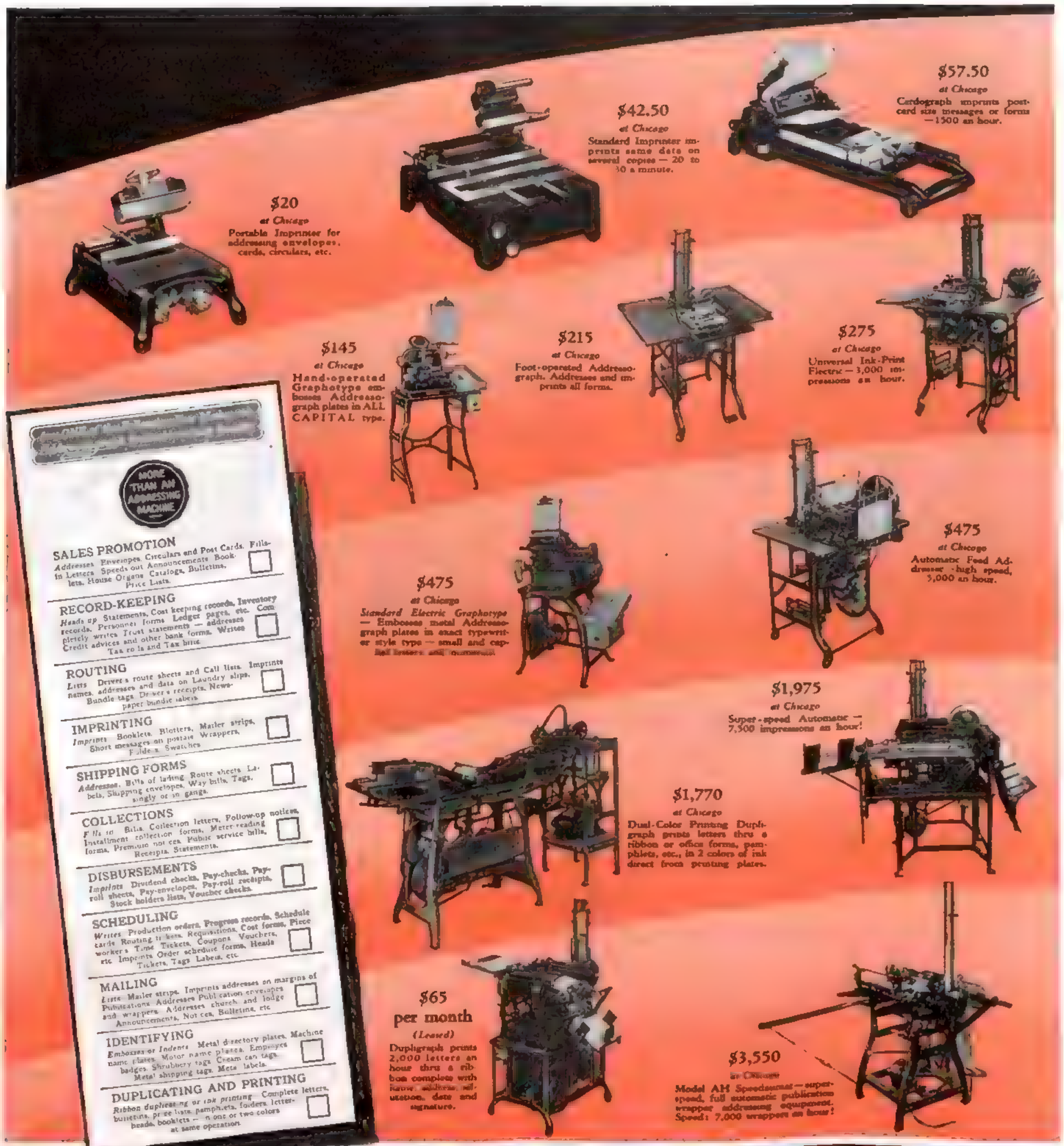
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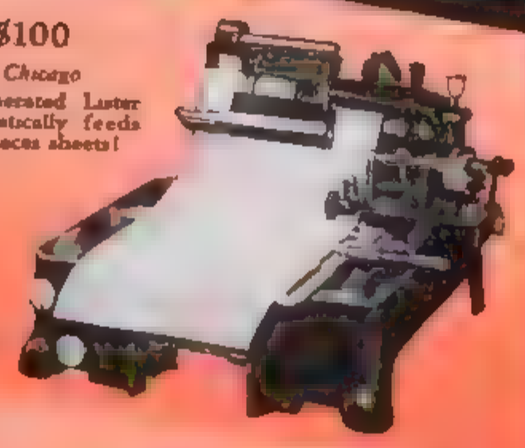

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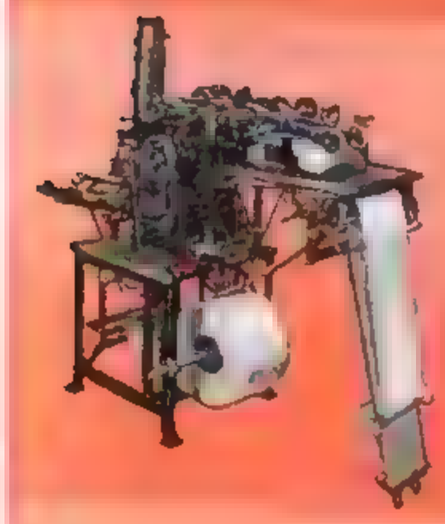

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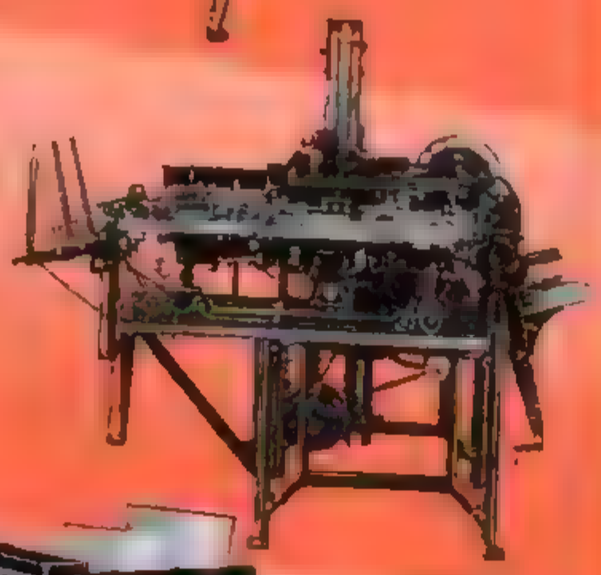

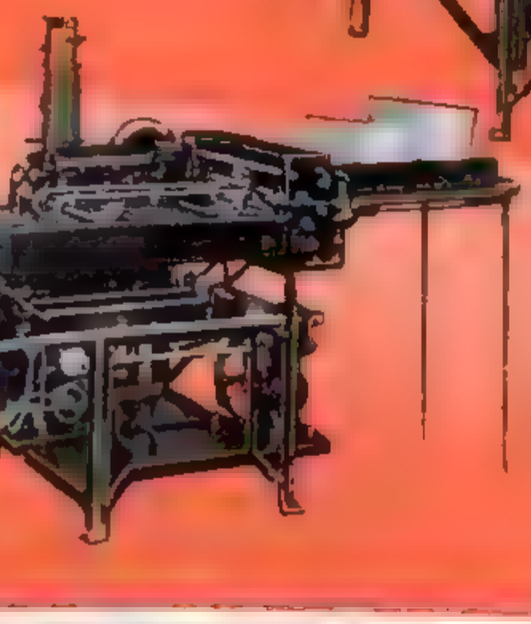

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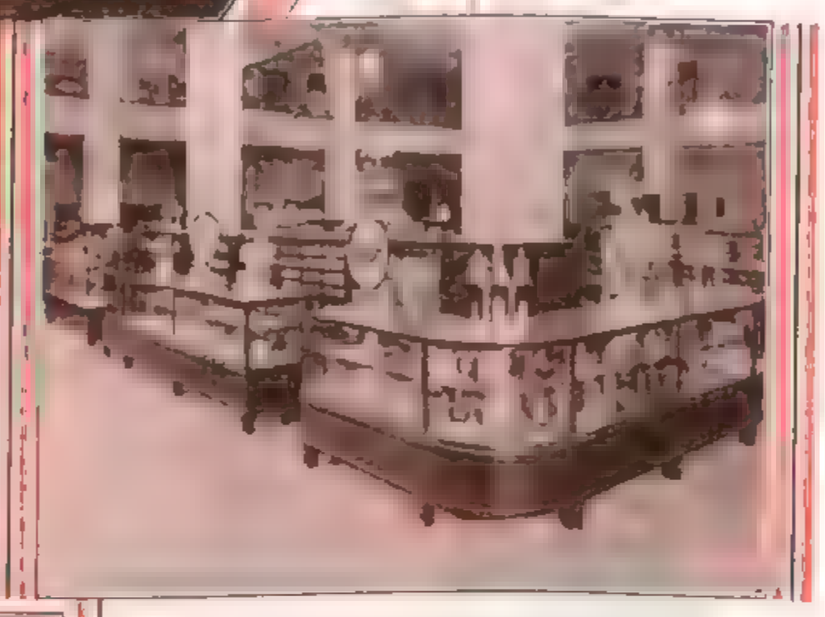

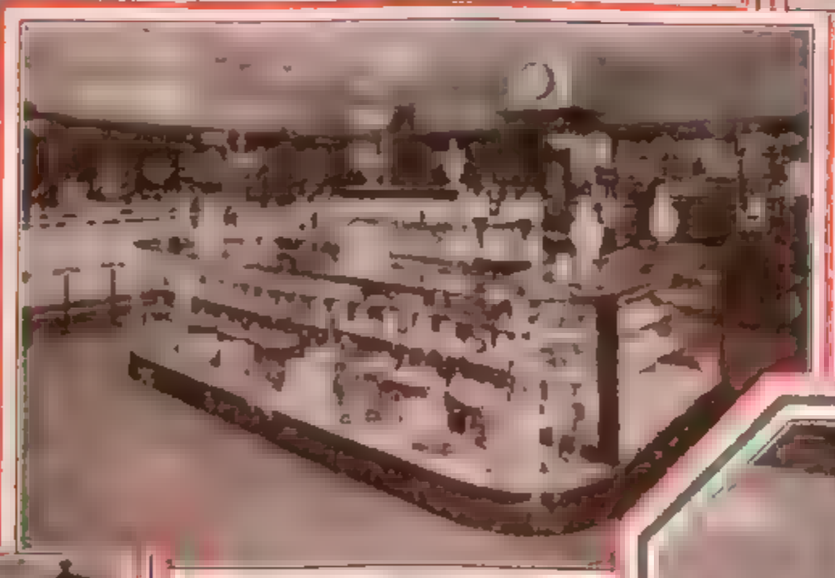

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(Continued from Page 90)

was the Parkinson that married Mrs. Massey's cousin Georgianna that lived in El Mira, New York State, and so the two felt well acquainted right away and got pretty confidential.

"She asked me who'd brought me to the Allstovers' tea," Mrs. Massey told us. "And when I said it was Mrs. Carmichael, she began to look a little prim, and I asked her if Mrs. Carmichael wasn't so nice as she seemed to be. 'Oh, I suppose she's all right,' she said; but she wasn't enthusiastic, and I told her we were newcomers and didn't want to make any mistakes, and she said that she certainly hoped we wouldn't and that she felt perhaps it would be a good thing, since in a way we were distant family connections, if she told me a little about how things *were* at Mary's Neck. So we moved out to a sun-porch together, where there wasn't anybody else; and she certainly told me enough! The first thing she said was that the principal trouble with Mrs. Carmichael wasn't Mr. Carmichael's having had to be carried home from a meeting of the Village Betterment Committee; it was because they belonged to that awful Bullfinch set of people."

"What?" both girls squealed together, and they quit eating dinner right there.

"Those were exactly Mrs. Parkinson's words," their mother told them. "'That awful Bullfinch set of people' was exactly what she said! And, when I showed how surprised I was and told her that we'd understood the Bullfinches practically ran everything at Mary's Neck and were really the great people here, she laughed in the most pitying way and wanted to know where in the world we'd ever heard such nonsense. The Allstovers were the real people here, she said. The Bullfinches were just nobody—the very most unpopular people in the place!"

Well, after both girls had squealed again, there was a whole lot of exclaiming, and, of course, they and their mother went on making a to-do in the way women always seem to have to under such circumstances. Clarissa said she'd suspected the Bullfinches of not being "right," and she told about several things that had made her feel that way, and Enid did the same thing, and so did Mrs. Massey, while I had to wait, the way a man always does, for them to pass through this phase. Then, when I finally got a chance, I mentioned that the outcast Bullfinch family had been polite to us; perhaps they weren't very attractive, and Eddie had certainly broken quite a little furniture and other articles that I'd have to pay the landlord for, but nevertheless, it didn't seem to me entirely respectable to cut off communication. They were all three indignant with me at once; they weren't snobs, they informed me, and didn't intend dropping the Bullfinches or doing anything radical at all.

"We aren't climbers, either," Mrs. Massey went on to explain; and of course she was right about this and entirely sincere. "We aren't considering who are the most important people socially in Mary's Neck. We don't care anything about that, but for my part I certainly do wish to know who are the nicest people here and who would be the best and most congenial associates for my daughters. If we do come in contact with such people, wouldn't you agree that it would be wise to include them in our circle instead of remaining exclusively intimate with the Bullfinches and Carmichaels and Blodgetts?"

Naturally, I said yes to that; and then she went on to tell us that she'd been perfectly charmed with Mrs. Allstover and also with Mrs. Allstover's son, Eugene, who had been present at the tea. Mrs. Allstover had told her that Eugene had spent most of his time at the beach lately watching Enid and Clarissa and trying to invent means to meet them. Eugene felt sorry to see them monopolized by the Bullfinch boys, Mrs. Allstover said, especially as they happened to be the kind of young men whom he couldn't possibly ask to present him to the girls; and then she and Mrs. Massey got so cordial together that they arranged for Eugene to present himself; he was going to call on us that very evening, in fact, and I could see that Mrs. Massey thought this was something of a triumph.

Eddie and George Bullfinch came in before the two girls had begun to quit talking about this last item of their mother's news; the two Bullfinch boys had the habit of just pushing open the front door and shouting to make it known where they were, and if we were at the table they'd come right in and begin to talk, or, if they saw anything that appetized them, they'd eat a little, too; and that's what they did tonight. I was glad to see that the girls were just as cordial as they'd ever been, though I thought that when George reminded Clarissa of a movie engagement they had she looked a little disappointed. But she went with him, like a good girl, and after a while, as I was sitting on the piazza in the twilight, I had the privilege of seeing what she missed.

A limousine drove up; the chauffeur opened the door and a short, thin, sallow-looking young fellow about nineteen got out. He was wearing evening clothes and smoking a cigarette in a long holder, and his expression seemed to me to indicate that he believed himself to be about the right article—as he naturally would, since he was a principal representative of the great Allstover family. He came up the steps and looked over to where I was sitting, but seemed to decide that no conversation with me was necessary to his happiness, though he kept on looking at me casually even after he'd rung the bell. Someone let him in, and pretty soon I heard him and Enid and Eddie Bullfinch talking in the living room. They didn't seem to be getting on very well.

"Listen, Squirt!" I heard Eddie saying. "Listen! When are your puppa and mumma going to let you take lessons how to drive a car?"

"Be a little careful, young Bullfinch," the Allstover boy said in response. "If you talk too much while your voice is changing, some of your sawdust'll spill out through the crack and everybody'll know you're stuffed."

This seemed to stop Eddie for the time being, and Enid evidently tried to fill a pause that was embarrassing; she asked them if they would rather stay in the living-room or go out and sit on the piazza.

"It'd be all right in here," young Allstover told her, "except for the smell of fish."

"Fish?" she said. "Why, we haven't had any fish cooked today."

"No, I didn't mean that," he said. "There was a school of minnows along the coast this morning, and I see one of them's flopped up the rocks and got in here."

Eddie seemed to take this rather hard.

"Is that so?" he said. "You better look out, Squirt, because minnows eat mosquitoes. How'd you get in here, anyway? . . . Listen, Enid. Some o' your family must o' left the screen door open!" He laughed uproariously, and went on: "After you've spent a few more summers here you'll do like the rest of the girls at Mary's Neck do when Squirt Allstover is anywheres around. They keep the screen doors nailed shut all the time! Listen, Squirt; weren't your puppa and mumma afraid to let you come out in the night air?"

"Yes, they were," the Allstover boy came back. "They were afraid maybe our car'd get a puncture running over that sardine can you been driving around here this summer. And by the way, young Bullfinch, I told one of our gardeners to let you come in our place the next time you're up that way; he's got a goat that's fond of old tin and he's trying to fatten it."

Eddie didn't seem to like this at all, and he stood up, as I knew because I heard a chair fall over. "Listen, Enid," he said; "let's don't sit around here any longer. Let's drive on up and find George and Clarissa at the movies."

I could tell that Enid was embarrassed. "Why—why," she said. "If Mr. Allstover would like to ——"

"No," young Allstover told her. "I'd much rather stay here. It's a very pleasant room for two people to sit in."

I imagine that Eddie gave him a pretty hard look at this, because nothing was said for a few moments; then Eddie spoke up loudly: "Listen, Enid! We don't want to sit around here all evening just because you feel you got to be polite to Squirt Allstover on account of not knowing him well enough to tell him where he gets off!"

"Why, Eddie!" she said. "Eddie! You mustn't ——"

"Listen!" Eddie said. "I've told you more things about myself than I ever told any girl, and if you're going to throw me down for a ——"

"Why, Eddie!" she said. "You mustn't talk that way. You mustn't make Mr. Allstover think ——"

"Listen!" Eddie said, and his voice sounded almost as if he was thinking of crying. "After I've spent all this time taking you out in the Dorio-grecco and everything, I just want to know once and for all, abs'lutely, whether we're going to go on up to the movies or stay and sit here? Because listen! I got to know once and for all whether you wouldn't rather go out in the Dorio-grecco than sit around here with this Squirt All——"

But here young Allstover interrupted. "Untangle yourself," he said. "You've got one foot caught in the arm of that chair you knocked over, and in a minute, when you start to go home, crying, you're going to break a leg. Untangle yourself."

Eddie didn't pay any attention to him. "Listen, Enid!" he said. "Once and for all, abs'lutely, are you going to sit here or are you going with me?"

"You mustn't be so foolish," she said. "I couldn't possibly be so rude to Mr. Allstover as to ——"

"That'll be enough!" I heard Eddie say, kind of hoarsely; then there was a crash and a heavy thump on the floor; but he didn't break his leg, and after a minute he came out, limping, and drove away.

He didn't come back, either; and the next day young Allstover turned up in the morning with a chauffeur and an open car, and drove both the girls to the beach, where I saw him introducing them to some young people they hadn't met before. Mrs. Massey and I met some new people, too; Mrs. Parkinson came over to where we were sitting with the older Bullfinches and the Blodgetts and Carmichaels, and, after saying howdy to them in a smiling sort of way that seemed to pain her, she got us to go to another part of the beach and be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Allstover and sit with them and some friends of theirs. They weren't a very lively set of people and didn't have much to say; they were kind of stiff, I thought, and though they were cordial to us, you could see it cost them quite a good deal of effort, like a man with the rheumatism feeling that he's got to make a bow to somebody. But I could see Mrs. Massey was pleased, and afterward she told me the Allstovers were the most charming people she'd ever met, and Enid and Clarissa chimed in with her and had a whole new set of engagements with Eugene Allstover and his young friends; so I decided there wasn't any need for me to put my foot down about the motorboat, and as for the Dorio-grecco, Enid said she'd never go out in that old rattletrap again, even if Eddie did come back and ask her.

Clarissa went out in the boat with George Bullfinch once or twice more, but that was all. We began to sit with the Allstover group at the beach regularly, and before long the Allstovers asked us to dinner and we asked them. I didn't have a very good time on these occasions; Mr. Allstover was a little man with a white mustache, waxed, and in the main his conversation was about how much trouble it was to get servants that wouldn't steal liquor; and Mrs. Allstover's nose was so thin I didn't like to look

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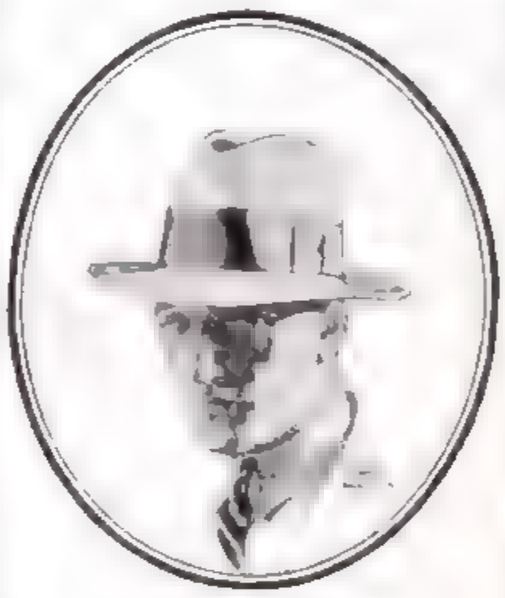

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at it, but couldn't keep from doing it. She had a terrible opinion of everybody at Mary's Neck except Mrs. Parkinson and two or three other intimate friends of hers, and of course in a way you could see she looked down on them too.

Young Eugene Allstover, or one of his friends, would usually be sitting wherever I wanted to sit, now, and they were round the house so much and I usually seemed so much in their way and we spent such a lot of time with the Allstovers generally that I got kind of a peculiar feeling about Eddie Bullfinch—not that I missed him exactly or was homesick for him, as you might say; but still a person can't break all that furniture and bric-a-brac for you to pay for and then just disappear out of your life without leaving kind of a queer vacuum somewhere behind him. It wasn't exactly a vacuum, though, because a good deal of the time you could hear the Dorio-grecco sounding like quarry blasting in the distance, and one night about one o'clock it woke me up with its plumbing shooting off right under my window. Eddie let it go on for a while just to be sure Enid was awake, I suppose; then he shut it off so that everybody could hear him singing. He didn't know the song very well, but he certainly made it loud enough:

"When you were sweet—
When you were sweet sixteen.
I love you as I nev-ur-r loved before!"

Then, to show his bitterness, he yelled: "Nit! Not in a thousand years!" After that, he uttered a long, harsh, gibing laugh, turned on his machinery and drove away.

Mrs. Massey was going to teas, bridge parties and luncheons pretty regularly almost every afternoon by now, and it wasn't long after Eddie's serenade when one day she came home with a funny look she has that always means she's holding something back until she gets good and ready to tell it. The girls were going to the Allstovers' to dinner, but she had a confab with them before they went, and I heard Clarissa shouting "For heaven's sake!" pretty often in her room where the conference went on, and Enid came downstairs squealing back at her mother: "How many more times are we expected to go through this? I'm getting tired of it!" But Mrs. Massey wouldn't tell me anything until about ten o'clock, when I was reading something interesting by the living-room lamp and wanted to go on and had got over any desire to talk at all

The gist of what she had to say was that she'd found out the Allstovers wouldn't do; at these women's parties she'd been going to she'd been getting a great deal more light on the social side of Mary's Neck lately, and that very day one of the ladies she'd been getting confidential with had enlightened her upon the real facts of the case.

"The way it began," Mrs. Massey told me, "she said that although she hadn't known me long she felt she just must speak out, because she couldn't bear any longer to see my daughters making the mistake of being seen everywhere with that terrible Eugene Allstover and his crowd. Those boys didn't have a good name, she said, and were considered very dissipated; they bought from the lowest sort of bootleggers and were considered entirely beyond the pale. But for that matter, everybody at Mary's Neck thought that the Allstovers were the very commonest sort of people; they had no standing whatever in their own home town, and she hoped she knew me well enough to advise me not to let greater intimacy develop between my family and the Allstovers. The people we really ought to know, she said, were the Ruckleboys."

"Who?" I asked Mrs. Massey. "What sort of boys did your lady friend say ——"

"Not boys," Mrs. Massey told me. "It's a name—Ruckleboys. Mrs. Streamer said the Ruckleboys were the most desirable people along all this section of coast. They're terribly exclusive, she said; they don't even go to the beach. They don't accept any invitations; they practically don't go anywhere or meet anybody, and very few people ever have the opportunity of even seeing them."

"How do they get their sustenance?" I asked Mrs. Massey. "Do you suppose if we sneaked up their way after dark we could get the chance to catch one of these Ruckleboys creeping out to feed on night herbs, maybe?"

This didn't bother Mrs. Massey; she just looked dreamy and went on: "Mrs. Streamer told me the Ruckleboys are Bostonians. There are lots of other people from Boston here, Mrs. Streamer said, but the Ruckleboys are the only Bostonians; they have a daughter, and two adopted nephews are spending the summer with them. Mrs. Streamer said she'd never seen more charming, well-brought-up girls than Enid and Clarissa, and she was sure they'd be more congenial with the Ruckleboys' young people than anyone else here. The only difficulty was that the Ruckleboys kept to themselves so exclusively it might be almost impossible to arrange, but she did hope somehow to bring it about."

Well, either Mrs. Streamer was pretty energetic or else the Ruckleboys were in a yielding mood just then, because it was only about two days after that when Mrs. Ruckleboy and her daughter called on Mrs. Massey and Enid, and left Ruckleboy's card for me, and that evening the two adopted Ruckleboy nephews drove up in a car that didn't have much on Eddie Bullfinch's Dorio-grecco for looks, and the only reason it didn't make more noise was that nothing could. Young Allstover and two of his friends were there, and so was George Bullfinch; and from what I could make out, the party of young gentlemen had much the same kind of time among themselves that Eugene and Eddie had on the evening of Eddie's final departure.

Mrs. Massey stayed in the living-room part of the time; and afterward she and Enid and Clarissa were enthusiastic about what superior young men the two Ruckleboys were, and Clarissa and Enid were excited about going on a sailing party with them the next day. So, about a week after that, the Ruckleboys asked us to dinner, and then we asked them. It wasn't very enjoyable, I thought, and the girls were mortified over me when Mr. Ruckleboy said he'd spent the past month on a boat and asked me if I owned a boat, and I got mixed up because I thought he was talking about rowboats, whereas what he meant was yachts. Besides that, the whole Ruckleboy family talked so much like English people that I could only understand about half what they said, and so I made some other mistakes. But the Ruckleboys either overlooked them, or else decided to treat me as the skeleton in the Massey family closet, because they kept coming to the house, and pretty soon invited us to dinner again.

Then one afternoon, when Mrs. Massey and I were sitting on the piazza together, a fashionable-looking old gentleman with white whiskers drove up in a closed car and got out and came in and introduced himself as Mr. William Jaffray. I knew that the Logansville Light and Power Company, of which I'm president, had a few Eastern stockholders, and I recognized the name as the largest of them. He was a friendly-spoken old fellow and said he'd happened to hear the president of the company had taken a cottage at Mary's Neck, and so he'd driven over from Pigeon Cove, ten miles away, where he lived, to pay his respects and ask if he could do anything for our pleasure or comfort. Mrs. Massey and I thanked him, and we chatted awhile; then he asked us how in the world we'd ever happened to decide on spending the summer at Mary's Neck.

"Of course the place itself is pretty enough," he said, "and so's the view, and your cottage is about the best here. What I mean is the people. I used to come here, myself, but after about five years I couldn't stand it. I moved over to Pigeon Cove, though, of course, in the way of summer residents, Pigeon Cove is pretty bad and I haven't found it much of an improvement."

Mrs. Massey gave a laugh, for manners, and said we'd found most of the people at Mary's Neck quite delightful.

"What?" he said. "Then you certainly haven't learned to know 'em yet! In the first place, there's hardly a family here that has a decent word to say for almost anybody, and for my part, I think that's the only thing they're right about. A summer resort is the worst place on earth for people to get along together, and I'm a pretty amiable man; but I certainly couldn't get along with anyone at Mary's Neck—or Pigeon Cove, either, for that matter, for there are no end of inconsiderate people over there, too, always getting up a feud about something—usually one another's children. But as I say, Mary's Neck's worse. Except yourselves, there's nobody here at all that isn't virtually just riffraff and trash."

This upset Mrs. Massey quite a little. "Why, Mr. Jaffray!" she said. "You can't mean that. You couldn't mean to include the whole of Mary's Neck in such a sweeping condemnation. For instance, there's one family we've met lately, the most perfectly delightful people ——"

"They must be new here, then," he told her. "You must be speaking of a family that's come here since my time. Seriously, Mrs. Massey, if I were you, I'd be careful about having much to do with anybody in the place, especially as I understand you have two daughters to look out for. The only way to enjoy a place like this is to have nothing to do with anybody. For instance, there's a family here named Ruckleboy; they were my next-door neighbors and I know 'em like a book! So does everybody else, you'll find, if you make inquiries. They're the pariahs of Mary's Neck ——"

"The pariahs!"

"Whatever you do, for heaven's sake, don't let anybody introduce the Ruckleboys to you! Keep clear of them and, for that matter, of all the people here you can. There's only one family here that really have any standing at all and that you might like to know and could have a little respectable social intercourse with—that's the Bullfinches. The Bullfinches are really pretty fairly nice people; but they're the only ones here that are."

After he'd gone, I told Mrs. Massey we seemed to have gone round the circle and got back to the Bullfinches again, but she didn't say anything, and I could see she was disturbed in her mind. She was more so one day a week later at the beach, and so was I, myself, when we were sitting on the sand together and heard two ladies talking near us. They were strangers to us, and of course they didn't know who we were, but they were looking at Enid and Clarissa, who were playing ball in their bathing suits with pretty nearly all the boys and young men on the beach. The Ruckleboy nephews were in the game, and so were Eugene Allstover and his friends, and even Eddie Bullfinch. I noticed that Enid was making up to Eddie again; she put some sand down his back, and he tried to slap her for it and fell down, and I was glad to see this because I understood it meant I'd have some more broken furniture to pay for soon, which was really a small price for the pleasure of hearing Eddie talk sometimes.

"Do you see that beautiful, slim young thing there?" Mrs. Massey and I heard one of the two strange ladies saying. "She's the sister of that other lovely girl who is throwing the ball. They're the belles of the place, everyone says. They belong to a family that lives in the big cottage on the crest of the rocks, and of course would never deign to notice us mere hotel people—high and mighty cottagers! Their name's Massey and they're the most important family here. The waitress at my table told me this morning that the Masseys are really the only people in Mary's Neck, socially speaking."

Well, I looked at Mrs. Massey, and I could see that she was as pleased as pie. Poor woman, even yet she didn't understand what it meant when people began to talk about you like that!

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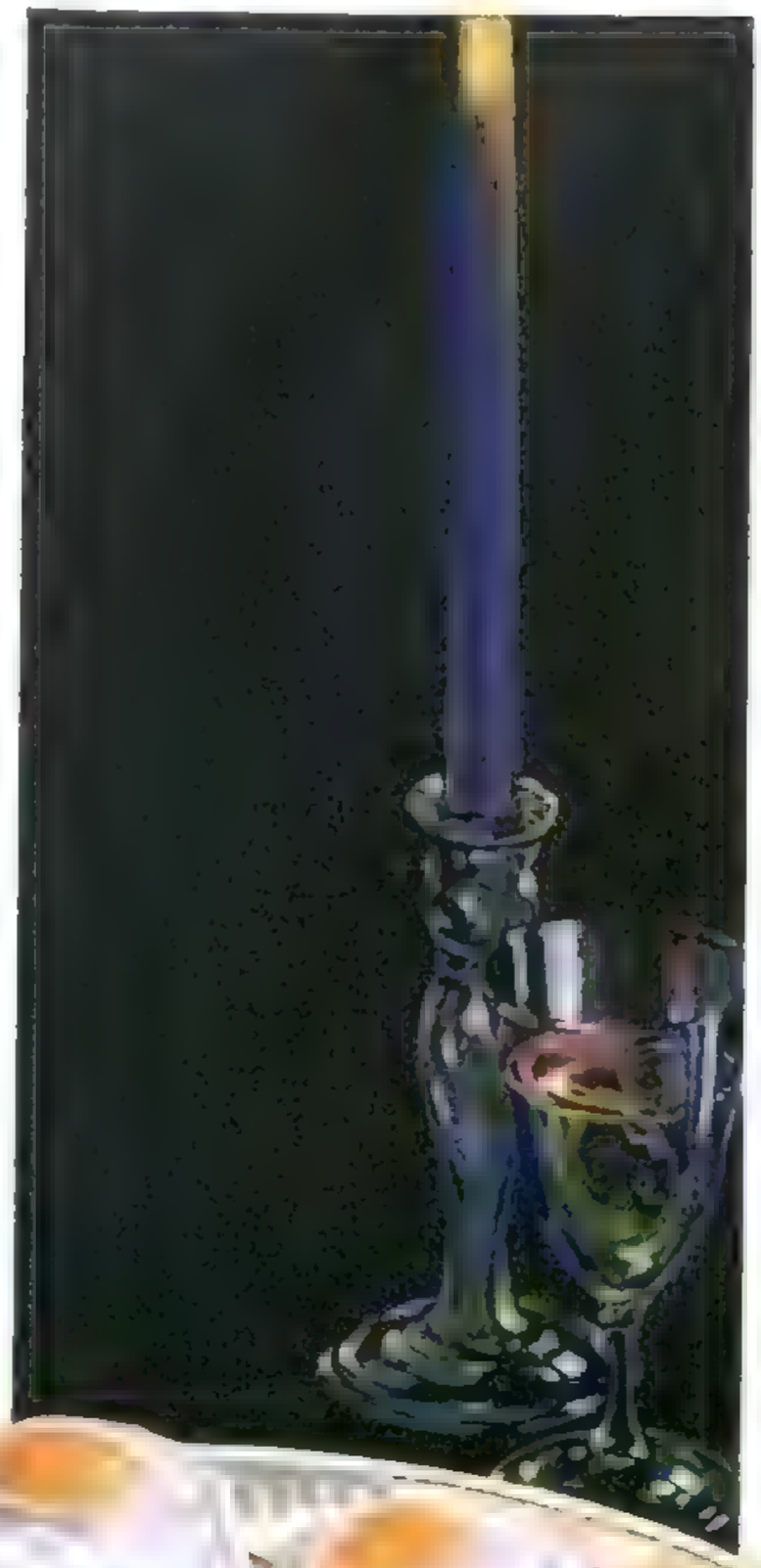

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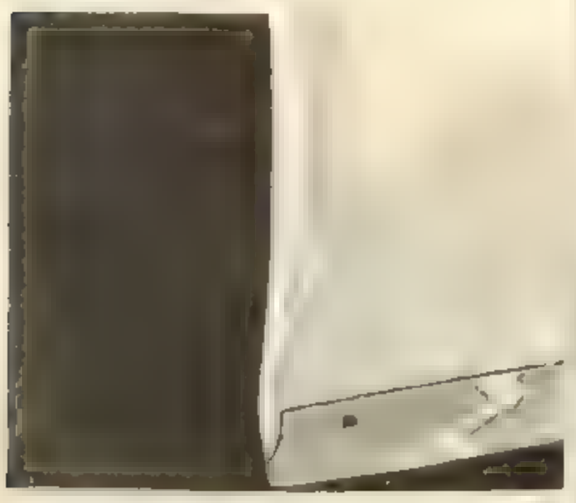

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HE'LL COME HOME

Continued from Page 41

wagons and great purple Scammels clanked up Kingsway like the links of a chain.

"H'm," said Dominic. "They don't mean to be taken by surprise. Rather provocative, though," he added. I could see that he was itching to be doing something. He looked at me piteously. "We ought to be in this, Bob. Our own adventure has died on us—thanks to this young cup o' tea." He threw a smile at Noelle.

Since she had made her choice, I think we all felt that life had gone rather flat. We had passed through days charged with excitement and had drifted into a backwater.

Oscar Kahnet put a hand on my shoulder.

"For the present," he said, "it wouldn't be safe. Later we may devise a way to protect the secret. In learning how the stuff is made, you committed a terrible mistake. Until then a sheet of paper was in jeopardy, now it is your life. Do not let the resolves we made this afternoon be nullified by thoughtlessness."

"But look here," I protested, "if we advertise in the papers that there is no intention of exploiting the stuff—that the formula has been destroyed ——"

"It still exists," said he.

"The formula can be destroyed," I persisted.

Oscar Kahnet shook his head.

"You are the formula," he said, "and we have reason to know that there are plenty of people ready and waiting to exploit you."

I shrugged my shoulders and looked gloomily out of the window.

The wood paving was undergoing repairs, which reduced the roadway to rather less than half its normal width. The tail of the great convoy was just passing out of the narrow section when the steering gear of a lorry, traveling south, went out of control, with the result that it crashed broadside into the last of the Scammels. The force of the collision was so great that the rear of the Scammel was knocked clean through the rails into the shallow trench where the wood blocks had been removed and the concrete bed broken up. The front axle of the lorry was torn from the springs and down she came on her dumb irons like a man praying. Simultaneously the driver of a Leyland, with a cargo of steel girders projecting fifteen feet beyond the chassis, lost his head and, swinging the wheel over, apparently with the intention of avoiding the wreckage ahead, went slap into the side of a Covent Garden Market cart, laden with baskets, which were strewn in every direction. The projecting steel girder, swinging round as he turned, struck an arc-light standard and brought it crashing to the ground to join the general confusion.

In something less than ten seconds there was a double barricade across Kingsway, with a clear space of perhaps twenty-five yards between the two piles of wreckage. In that space was the start of the road that runs into Kingsway, with the London Opera House at one corner and the branch of Cosway's Bank in which I kept my account on the other. Either one of the two collisions would have been enough to draw a crowd, but the two occurring simultaneously drew a multitude. From every quarter people swarmed to the scene of the disaster, while from north and south the whole roadway choked up with accumulated traffic that could move neither forward nor back.

From our window we had a bird's-eye view of the whole affair and until Dominic clutched my arm it never occurred to me that it was anything more than a rather grotesque accident. Dominic was pointing at the narrow roadway opposite, up which a light lorry of the kind employed by the Air Force was slowly backing to the corner.

"Don't you recognize it?" he cried. "The same one that paid us a visit yesterday—at Xavier."

"Yes, but ——" I began.

"That hole in the tailboard through which the pole was stuck! Man, I'd know it anywhere!"

There was certainly a strong resemblance between the two vehicles, but I doubt if I should have connected one with the other but for Dominic's assurance.

"But what are they doing here," I demanded, "unless ——"

As I spoke, the truth dawned on me. It was not us they were after, but my bank—my bank in which they supposed I had deposited the formula. They had reason, too, for that supposition, since the mysterious stranger who had addressed me on the pavement outside the offices of the World-United on the morning of my interview with Oscar Kahnet must have watched me cross the road and enter the bank, where I had remained several minutes before returning to my car.

As we clattered down the stairs I yelled my explanation of the affair at Dominic.

"The formula—the copy of the formula—they think it's in Cosway's Bank!"

"And is it?" he threw back at me.

"No."

"Right round the opera house and come on 'em up the side street," Dominic hooted in my ear.

The pavement was clear and we ran.

"Best figure out what we're going to do!" I gasped.

"Do! We're going to sink that lorry for a start; the rest can look after itself."

It sounded a tallish order, although in the war Dominic had acquired an enviable reputation for dealing with marauding craft. But that was at sea. If the lorry contained, as we had reason to suppose, machine guns fore and aft, our chances of keeping his promise were remote.

At the far side of the opera house a taxi with its engine running stood by the curb. The driver was enjoying a cup of coffee at a stall on the opposite side of the street.

"Sent from heaven!" cried Dominic, leaping into the driving seat and jamming in the gear. "On to the running board, Bob, and shout like hell!"

The advice was sound, for as we swung round the corner and came into the narrow road where the raiders' lorry was parked a number of people were about. The shindy we made sent them scattering for the pavements like chickens. Dominic leaned forward and pushed down the hand throttle to the full. We never got into top gear; he kept the taxi screaming in second. We were going hard rather than fast, you understand. Side-stepping onto the running board beside me, he steered with his left hand only.

"Prepare to abandon ship!" he cried, and slugged the wheel over as we jumped.

I had a brief glimpse—no more—of the face of the man in the driving seat of the lorry, and I may say, it was radiant with surprise. Our commandeered taxi caught the radiator of his vehicle plumb and lifted the engine clean off its lugs. The rest of the taxi seemed to fold up behind like a book. Inside the lorry something stuttered madly. The sound was too continuous to have the character of shots. With what breath was left in his body after the impact, the driver screamed twice; after that he lolled over sideways like a child dropping asleep.

I must by nature be a typical rubberneck, for instead of making myself useful I must needs stand gaping. Dominic's action was more to the point. He was round the back of that lorry almost before the collision took place. A terrified head was thrust out from behind the tarpaulin curtain. Dominic grabbed its owner by the neck and swung him over the tailboard. The sound made by that man's body as it hit the asphalt was as unhealthy as anything I can remember.

If I had had a grain of sense I would have realized that there was another man in the lorry—the man whose machine gun had jarred off and drilled the driver. Dominic was yelling to the crowd to guard the lorry.

"Full of machine guns!" he shouted. That was foolish of him, for it had the result of discouraging for the moment many willing helpers. In that moment of hesitation the third man made good his escape. His standing jump from the interior of the lorry was a credit to him. He landed an inch from where I stood and crossed his right to my belt line with a smack that bent me double. The blow was a scrap too high to wind me and as he plunged into the gaping crowd I had a glimpse of his white hair and pointed ears. That was the only time I ever really admired James Warrinder. He used his wits in an emergency, for if he had hared down the road instead of mixing with the crowd he wouldn't have had a dog's chance of getting away. He was saved by numbers. In two seconds he had ceased to be an individual and had become part of the population.

Heaven knows where the four policemen came from. Dominic must have materialized them with his exhortations to the crowd.

"Never mind us. They are raiding the bank!" he shouted.

How we got round the corner and into the bank, I am not very clear. But we did it. Dominic, the four policemen and myself formed the apex of a wedge of humanity that fairly lifted us through the double doors.

It all happened too quickly for the men who were working the holdup to be aware of what was occurring round the corner. I saw a row of clerks and cashiers lined up behind the counter with their hands in the air. Three other men were covering them with automatics. The scene was in the nature of a tableau which our entrance rudely shattered. Followed a swift reshuffle of positions—the raiders backing before an advance and looking wildly to left and right for a way of escape. An excited cashier seized an ebony ruler and threw it—at Dominic—who ducked

What followed was in the nature of an anticlimax. With the bashful simplicity of a board-school child offering a posy to a royal visitor, the raider handed over his gun. The two others also delivered up their weapons in exchange for a pair of handcuffs apiece. This ceremony satisfactorily performed, the constable addressed the crowd.

"Back to the paveming, the 'ole lot of yew! Wot are you thinkin' of?" said he.

The crowd melted respectfully and a perfect babel of voices broke out from the clerks and cashiers.

The constable waved them to silence.

"Is this a parrot 'ouse or what?" he demanded. "One at a time!"

An elderly cashier, who, more often than I care to remember, had informed me that my account was overdrawn, stammered agitatedly that there were "four more of them in the vaults with Belton the manager."

Rather gratuitously, so I thought, the constable remarked that they had "no business down there," adding that he would "very soon fetch 'em out of it."

This, I am bound to say, he did.

The four malefactors, in company with the distracted Mr. Belton, presently emerged from below. During the absence of the police I had modestly suggested to Dominic that it might be politic to retire, as indeed was true. Alas, he would hear none of that and insisted on seeing the business through.

It was necessary for us to go to Bow Street, of course; and there a long delay ensued. Our patience was wearing a trifle thin when a large car drew up before the station steps and a person whom, through the agency of cartoonists, I recognized at once as the Home Secretary alighted and, crossing the vestibule, came swiftly into the anteroom. He was followed at a slower rate by another man whose features

(Continued on Page 100)

PAPER GAMBLERS

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were vaguely familiar to me. At their approach the Scotland Yard officers sprang to their feet and saluted with a nice mixture of respect and apprehension.

Sir Hubert Frayne, the Home Secretary, was a tall lean man, with broad brows and sharp, eager features; his companion was of a more solid build and looked like a successful business man. Without so much as acknowledging the salute, Sir Hubert peered at me closely.

"Commander Shaftoe? I am seeking Commander Shaftoe," said he.

I rose and bowed.

"Show me to a private room immediately."

We were led to another and smaller apartment and the door was closed behind us.

"This," said Sir Hubert, "is Sir Devon Watts, President of the Board of Trade. Sit down, Shaftoe. I have, as you will appreciate, little time to spare, but in the present circumstances—and I refer to the practical certainty of a general strike at noon tomorrow—your case is one that requires immediate investigation. You have in your possession the secret of a synthetic petroleum, the efficiency of which is not in doubt. Please don't interrupt. The fact is now common knowledge. The evening papers are full of it. Mr. Kahnet has spoken to me on the telephone about it. A Madame Guilia, daughter of the inventor, has applied this afternoon for an injunction to prevent your exploiting the stuff; an application has also been made for your arrest by a Mr. Mischa Groffe, on a charge of stealing the formula from the dead inventor's body. This afternoon's raid in Kingsway, certain peculiar happenings down in Sussex and a sharp fall in the price of oil shares are all attributable to the same cause."

I opened my mouth to reply, but he flapped a hand imperatively.

"I ask you not to waste time admitting or denying facts which are already established. The important thing to decide is what to do with you. With the closing of the mines—now a certainty—and with the stoppage of transport and many public services, the manufacture of this stuff would spell ruin and rebellion. Less than half an hour ago, during a conference between the Cabinet and the Trades-Union Congress, reference was made to it and a suggestion that the mine owners' wage-cutting program was inspired by the knowledge that a cheap fuel substitute was shortly to come upon the market which would practically supersede coal and natural mineral oils."

"Just one minute," said I, but again he waved me to be silent.

"It is the duty of a minister," he said, "to see the reefs ahead, and by heaven, Commander Shaftoe, you have strewn not only home but foreign waters with reefs. As you are probably aware, the general election in the spring will be fought largely on the issue of the present government's expenditure in Irak. That expenditure has been justified almost exclusively by hopes of profitably exploiting Mesopotamian oil fields. Well, sir, if this substitute of yours floods the markets, every shilling the government has spent and every life lost in that territory will have proved sheer waste. A pretty piece of accountancy to ask the electors to swallow. In politics it is useless to argue that one could not foretell. It is our duty to foretell. You will be putting a weapon in the hands of Labor that will blast all hopes of a Conservative majority." He paused and wiped his brow. "You, sir, are a service man, and as such are allowed no political preferences, but I cannot help hoping, independent of that stricture, that you are a sound Tory and are unwilling to let your country go to the dogs."

Despite the gravity of his utterance, I was sorely tempted to smile.

"Since retiring from the navy," said I, "I have acquired political freedom and I venture to say my country is as dear to me as it is to you."

"For mercy's sake, man, drop the oratorical style and admit me to your confidence!" he besought.

"I thought you had already spoken to Oscar Kahnet," said I.

"I have and he gave me an assurance that you have no immediate intention of exploiting the substitute."

"Neither immediate nor future," I amended.

Sir Hubert shook his head.

"So you say, but how can one be sure?"

"You have my word," said I.

"But don't you see," he said, "I can't let you walk the streets at the mercy of speculators and political adventurers at a time like the present? Were I to do so I should never enjoy an instant's peace."

"On the other hand," said I, "I cannot see how you can lock me up for an indefinite period until I have either forgotten or been suborned into guaranteeing that MW—XX.3 shall never be exploited."

At the words "lock me up" the Home Secretary looked at me in a very old-fashioned way.

"Upon my soul," said he, "that's an idea, Shaftoe, and I am by no means sure I shall not profit by it!" At this I felt not a little uneasy, nor was my embarrassment relieved when he went on to say: "For the duration of the strike Brixton Jail would seem to afford an excellent solution to the problem."

"You cannot be sincere!" I cried. "Heaven's alive, on what charge?"

"As to that," said he, "we would choose something that reflects as little as possible upon your honor. Indeed," he added, "if I could prevail upon you to accept the hospitality of Brixton without the encumbrance of a charge, it would be better still."

At the pace things were traveling it looked as if the future would go hard with me. Never before had I so earnestly desired the support of Oscar Kahnet. I could not conceive what kept him from my side for so long. My perplexity was answered in the most abrupt fashion by the appearance of an officer.

"Sir Hubert," the man stammered. "I had to tell you, sir—the news—I ——"

"What news?"

"A lightning strike of the transport workers," the inspector replied.

"What?" cried the Home Secretary, and even the unemotional countenance of Sir Devon Watts assumed an expression of the liveliest amazement.

"The men have left their vehicles where they happened to be," the inspector continued. "Left 'em with engines runnin', just anywhere. You never saw such a sight as the Strand and, accordin' to messages received, Oxford Street is no better. Underground has stopped, too," he added, "and all the railways."

The Home Secretary looked at the President of the Board of Trade and back to the inspector. The extent of his agitation seemed to argue that he was not, perhaps, the best man to deal with an emergency.

"But this is a gross infraction of strike etiquette!" he cried. "Rank revolutionism! The ultimatum did not expire until noon tomorrow!"

"They've stolen a march on us this time with a vengeance," nodded Sir Devon.

For my own part I could not help thinking of those provocative convoys concentrating in Hyde Park, one of which we had seen from the windows of the World-United.

"I must get back to the Home Office at once," Sir Hubert muttered. "This will mean martial law by six o'clock."

In his agitation I had hoped that he would forget all about me, which he might well have done had not the enormous figure of Oscar Kahnet blocked the doorway at the moment he was preparing to leave by it.

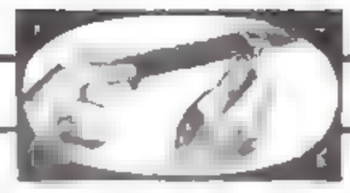
"Out of my way, please! I have not a minute to lose," he exclaimed.

But Oscar Kahnet stood his ground.

"They told me at Whitehall you were here," said he. "I must have a word with you at once."

(Continued on Page 103)

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!



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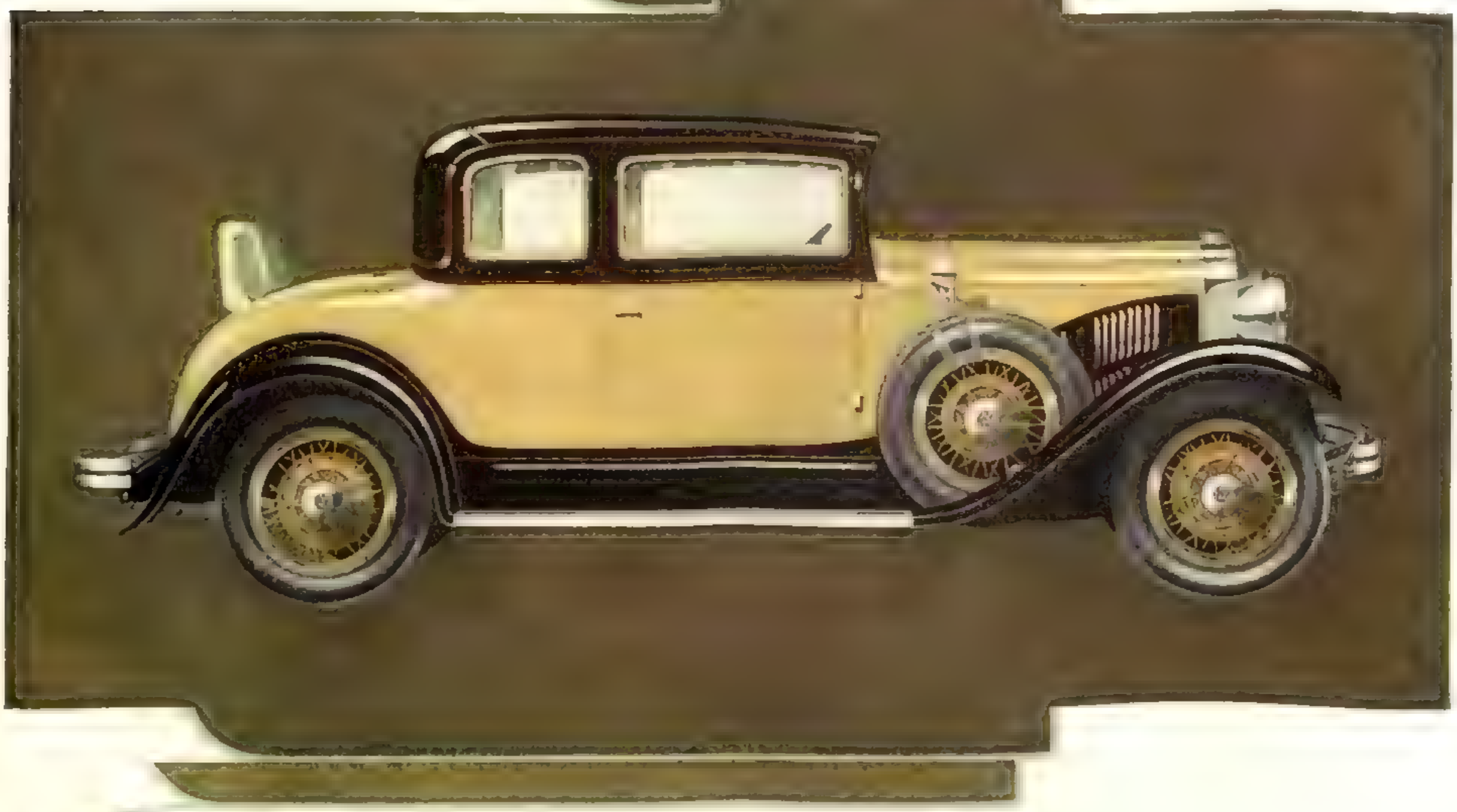

(Continued from Page 100)

In his eagerness to depart, the Home Secretary stepped this way and that, like a dancing master.

"No, no; no time."

"I have reason to fear," said Kahnet, "that attacks may be made on the Petrol Storage and Tank Farms on the Thames and Mersey banks. Information received a few moments ago ——"

"Protection has been allotted," cried the exasperated minister. "Special detachments of the Guards will be dispatched by road first thing tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow may be too late. There is no certainty that the roads will be clear. The city thoroughfares are already blocked with abandoned vehicles. The troops should be sent by the water, and at once."

I have seen before, and no doubt shall see again, the influence of personal pride and jealousy in matters of administration.

"Mr. Kahnet," said Sir Hubert bitingly, "I do not ask for, nor am I likely to adopt, your rulings in matters which pertain to my department. You will oblige me by removing yourself from the doorway."

XXXVII

THE Home Secretary had left no instructions regarding my custody, and I flatter myself that I revealed some presence of mind in saying to the inspector:

"I suppose it is no good asking you to get me a taxi."

"I'm afraid not, sir," he replied gloomily. But the answer was a tacit acceptance of my title to enjoy liberty.

I shrugged my shoulders and turned to Oscar Kahnet.

"Then there is nothing for it but to walk," said I.

He nodded grimly.

"The rest of London will be *à pied* tonight. But I have a car waiting off Drury Lane."

It speaks for the enormous bulk of the man when I say that until she moved toward me I was unaware that Noelle was behind him. With their positions reversed, she looked like a very small lamb on an immense hillside.

"We're going to his house tonight," she said. "He thought it would be safer."

We four were allowed to leave the station without hindrance. The spectacle which greeted us from the pavement was unique. Vehicles of every description, some with engines running, were marooned in the roadway. No attempt had been made to park them by the curb; they stood where their drivers had left them—empty, neglected and palpitating. A handful of police and a few volunteers were endeavoring to clear some kind of avenue up the center of Drury Lane to allow owner-driven cars to go by. Their efforts, however, were not very fruitful of success.

I had Noelle by the arm and Dominic was on the other side of her.

"You're a nice one," I complained. "I thought you were going to leave us to languish in the police station for life."

"So did I at one time," she nodded. "Just after the bank raid a huge crowd gathered outside the World-United offices and the other big oil company at the corner of Kingsway. Hundreds of them there were—transport workers, he said"—nodding at Oscar Kahnet—"men who had left the busses and things in the Strand and Holborn. They crowded round the doors and sang the Red Flag, and then began slinging wood blocks through the windows."

"How did you get away?" I asked.

"We didn't until they had gone, and they didn't go until they'd used up all the ammunition."

"The wood blocks?"

She nodded.

"Yes. The offices are full of them. You never saw such a mess. We were barricaded down below with shutters, but the first floor ——" She left the sentence expressively incomplete. "After that there was a free fight; clerks and men in silk hats and every sort of person were in it."

"Why is it," cried Dominic—"why is it I am always fated to miss the best?"

"You had your share," said Noelle, "both you and Bob." She made a wry face. "It wasn't too jolly looking down and wondering if you'd get through all right."

How base a thing is a lover, how contemptible are the straws he grabs at, how vile the artifices he employs, the opportunities he seizes!

"Would you have cared if anything had happened to me?" I whispered.

Noelle lifted reproachful eyes to me, and Dominic dropped back two paces and joined Oscar Kahnet.

"How can what happens make a difference to my feelings for you?" she asked.

"No," said I. "No, I suppose not," and was crestfallen.

"If you want me to say I love you, ask me and I'll say it willingly. I do love you, Bob, but not for side shows—not because you prance into scraps and don't mind danger and cut rather a heroic figure all round. I love you for yourself."

At these wonderful, amazing, soul-stirring words I stopped so abruptly upon a piece of orange peel that my feet vanished from under me and I was delivered flat upon my back in the gutter. Yet here was a calamity not great enough to be heeded.

"Noelle," I said, scrambling to my feet and grabbing her arm, "to my dying day you will never be forgiven ——"

"Forgiven what?"

"Saying what you said here on this crowded pavement—in all this muddle and chaos. Wretched and adorable girl, don't you love me well enough to have waited until we were alone?"

"What's it matter?" said she, and the laughter in her eyes was like rain in violets. "I love you and I brought you to my feet."

How closely the ridiculous walks upon the heels of the sublime. In that moment of transcendent ecstasy—from the empyrean into which I had ascended, Oscar Kahnet plucked me with the words:

"Here is the car. I'm afraid we shall find it a tight squeeze."

How bitterly I hated that enormous man as, with Noelle beside him, he occupied the back loges of the car, leaving to Dominic and myself two insignificant leather brackets undeserving of the name "seats." Noelle loved me—she had declared it—and all my being was crying out to prove that her love was not given in vain. And yet, with what composure, equanimity and malicious humor did she meet the postponement of my fervent demonstrations. Crushed into practically no space at all beside the overwhelming bulk of Oscar Kahnet, her eyes laughed at and mocked my jealous agonies. Her lips shaped themselves into soundless words, but whether of affection or of derision I do not know. In that small, crowded limousine we were as surely parted from each other or any expression of ourselves as would have been so had an ocean intervened.

Once I, too, spoke soundless words to Noelle, but chance persuaded Oscar Kahnet to turn his eyes on me as I framed them, and to demand sharply:

"What—what was that? Speak up."

Greatly incensed by this, to me, unwarrantable curiosity, in a fit of unguarded indignation I told him roundly, giving the words a bitter emphasis, what it was I had said.

"Darling, dearest," said I, "since you insist on asking."

Apparently he did not think the observation worthy of notice, for he turned his head and continued to glare sullenly at the derelict traffic.

A moment later the car drew up before one of those immense white-painted mansions in Lancaster Gate whose windows overlook the park.

A butler opened the door before we had alighted from the car, and Oscar Kahnet lost no time in bundling us toward the house. His reason for doing so was apparent, for a great concourse of people had gathered outside the park railings to watch the Mechanical Transport Volunteers forming a huge petrol dump under the trees and the soldiery set up camp in preparation for the strike.

Many onlookers, unable to see over the shoulders of earlier arrivals, had crossed the road and were lined up along the terrace upon which the house stood. Even the steps of the house accommodated watchers who, fearing that they would be dispossessed, betrayed unwillingness to let us pass.

My faculties for observation, being centered entirely upon Noelle, were not at their most acute. I had not bothered to take stock of anyone, but no sooner had the door closed behind us than Dominic announced:

"That little wop Mario What's-his-name is out there."

"Best place for him," said I, for I had long passed the expectation of being allowed to go anywhere without a follower.

"What about going and hauling him in?" he suggested.

But Oscar Kahnet discouraged any such idea.

"I wonder when you two young men will realize the seriousness of this undertaking and give up behaving like rowdy schoolboys?" said he. "I have brought you here and I mean to keep you here, so please remember it."

Speaking so, I felt he was carrying the duties of a host a little further than civility demanded. This he may have realized, for he dropped a hand on my shoulder with a gesture almost of affection.

For my own part I had no quarrel with the idea of staying with him, since Noelle was of the company. My only regret, and one shared by the others, was an absence of anything in the way of personal effects. Beyond what we stood up in we did not possess a single article of raiment. We could not muster even a toothbrush.

In fairness to our host and the immense weight of responsibility resting upon him at that time, I must set down that throughout dinner he showed us every courtesy and kindness. I cannot believe our society was in any way welcome, but it stands to his credit that he gave it the complexion of welcome.

During dinner, which was a protracted affair, for he was an exacting if not excessive eater, he was called to the phone no less than half a dozen times. But even these interruptions failed to ruffle his equanimity.

"To ring up a man at his table," said he, "should, of course, be a capital offense, but the circumstances being extraordinary, we must forgive it."

He never once betrayed the substance of these repeated calls, but I guessed from his occasional lapses into a reflective silence that they were of a serious nature. Every time the distant bell summoned him, Mrs. Kahnet, a little gray woman of the middle years, dressed in clothes of Quakerish simplicity and looking for all the world like a dove in a fancy bazaar, said:

"There!" and added "Poor Oscar!" as he went from the room.

With marvelous insight Mrs. Kahnet had divined how it was with Noelle and myself. This divination and the consequent sweetness that she showered upon us from her soft gray eyes shattered my conception of the fallibility of authors. She, at least, was a friend to lovers. I could feel her willing me to take Noelle's hand and fondle it under the white napery that covered the table. I am convinced she thought we were enjoying very affectionate encounters with our feet. As a fact, we were doing no such thing, although I doubt whether I would be brazen enough to confess had we done so.

Poor Dominic also, to judge by the melancholy cast of his features, had already grasped the truth. I imagine that he was metaphorically digging the grave of a bachelor and that the task was uncongenial. Once he caught my eye and shook his head very sorrowfully, as who should say, "There goes another good man down the road."

Out of the blue he remarked:

"I suppose a time like we've had the last few days couldn't be expected to last unless"—he tilted his head on one side and addressed Noelle—"unless you change your mind about that promise at luncheon and defy our gallant host and boil up the pickles a second time."

"I'd do anything to please you," said Noelle.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," he replied. "Nobody cares for me. I just get hauled in when there's a scuffle and pushed out when it's over. Nobody cares for me." He stopped, hit the table an unexpected blow, and exclaimed in the loud voice of a man who has made a great discovery: "Anne! There's a nice girl! An extraordinary nice girl! Did she put up her hands when those beggars pulled the holdup? She did not. Did she call you down when she thought you'd given in without a fight? She certainly did. Anne! I tell you she's a girl in a thousand. I must look into this."

So sudden was this eulogy of my little sister as to rob me of speech.

"But who is Anne?" Mrs. Kahnet inquired.

"One in a thousand," was the hearty rejoinder.

"If that is so," said Mrs. Kahnet without a vestige of humor, "I think you should certainly look into it."

"I promise you I will," said Dominic. "What's more, I'll start now."

Casting his napkin to the floor, he rose, kissed the hand of our hostess and hurried from the room in search of Oscar Kahnet, who was at the telephone.

A moment later he returned, buttoning himself into a borrowed ulster. Oscar Kahnet was at his heels, with an expression of resignation on his face.

"This young man is determined to leave us," he said, "and as, by doing so, he can harm only himself, I shall not try to prevent him."

"I'll be back by noon tomorrow," said Dominic. "After all, the old man'll be glad to have news of us. You don't mind, Bob?"

"My dear old chap, do as you please and good luck to you," said I.

"Well, it can do no one any good, my being asleep in this house, can it? I'll streak down to the Savoy, grab the car and have a night ride. I may pick up some fun on the way."

It seemed not improbable he would. He gripped my hand, twiddled his fingers at Noelle, and a second later the front door banged behind him. Oscar Kahnet retired to his study.

"What an extraordinary man," said Mrs. Kahnet. "Was he sincere about your sister?"

"Probably," I said. "Dominic has his dull periods, but he is susceptible to shafts of illumination."

"Do men fall in love like that—all of a sudden?" Noelle asked.

"Just like that," I nodded. "Only more so."

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Kahnet, "I am very glad you all came to dinner."

I do not think she had the slightest idea why any of us were there. It was not the practice of Oscar Kahnet to admit even his wife to his counsels.

She stood watching us with a sort of benign embarrassment which found expression in the words, "Although I think it is very hard for you not to be alone on a night like this."

"A night like this?" I repeated with conscious innocence.

"I can see, can't I?" she said.

"What do you see—that we're in love with one another?" Noelle asked.

There! She had done it again—twice in three hours she had made that avowal at a moment when I was denied the opportunity of taking action about it.

"Of course," said Mrs. Kahnet, "and if I were you I'd slip out by the back entrance and go for a quiet walk together in the squares."

(Continued on Page 106)

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Sergeant's for the HAIR

(Continued from Page 103)

Never did the voice of the tempter breathe into more willing ears. After all, I was under no parole to remain behind locked doors at the pleasure of any man. Oscar Kahnet was deeply involved at the telephone, the coast was clear. Mrs. Kahnet was slipping a door key into my palm and every pulse in my body and thought in my head and wish in my heart was clamoring to be free.

What harm to play truant for an hour? I looked at Noelle and saw the same light of truancy burning in her eyes as burned in mine.

"Shall we?" I whispered.

"Dare we?" she whispered.

"Oh, you silly children, run," whispered the tempter.

XXXVIII

I SHALL never forget the thrill of tiptoeing down that long passage, the flight of stairs at the end and creeping silently through the back door and into the street. A hundred watchers may have seen us come out, but if so, I was unaware of them. For me, except for Noelle, the world was empty. For the first hundred yards we joined hands and ran into Elysium, or, for those who are not lovers, into that labyrinth of quiet streets and dreamy squares that appear on note-paper headings by the polite name of Hyde Park, W.

Beneath whispering, leafless plane trees we lingered or drifted by railings where the pavements had been troughed by the slow passage of lovers' feet. Into the divine solitudes of mews we wandered, and under the shelter of tall houses whose windows looked down upon us with dumb envy. For who and what could have failed to envy us upon that night of nights? I can find it in my heart to believe that the habitations of men melted like mists at our approach, that together we walked the virgin soil of a naked countryside. I could believe that I picked a spray of orange blossom in the Vale that is called Maida, or that we stooped, like Narcissus, to see the reflection of our happiness in the Water of the Bays.

But if I am told that in fact we walked up Porchester Place into Westbourne Grove and thence, deviously, to Oxford and Cambridge Terrace and so, by stages, through Gloucester Square back to Lancaster Gate, I shall answer "It is a lie." "We were pioneers," I shall say; "explorers of new territory to which we alone held the secret of the passes."

Twinkling lights that were not the stars that burned for us, the tramping of feet other than our own, voices lifted in song that was not the singing in our hearts brought us earthward to reality.

I remember standing, an arm about Noelle's shoulders, watching an endless procession of men and women passing by. I remember the black silhouette of the trees against the sapphire of the night sky. I remember how we had no secret from each other but one, and how, because even one was too many, I stooped and whispered it to her.

"In the garden at Xavier, Noelle, under a millstone. The formula—I hid it there."

I remember the slow nod she gave me, the smile, the understanding that I had given her all I had to give except the rest of my life. The soldiers' camp fires under the trees were reflected in her eyes.

How long we stood there I cannot tell. The world of facts had faded out again. Only Noelle, the lights, the sable trees and the dark sapphire of the sky remained. But as we stood there, came a mysterious change. The sapphire reddened and glowed and far away a golden spire rose heavenward.

As though in answer to an order, the marching thousands stopped and gaped toward the east, and in the hush that followed, a faint rumble like distant thunder echoed in our ears.

"What is it? What's happened? What can it be?" A medley of voices, a gigantic chorus of inquiry.

I heard a man say, "Seen nothing like that since the Cuffley Zep was shot down."

The astonishing radiance lit up the faces of the watchers like the streak of dawn.

Another voice said, "A fire—by the river, I should think."

And yet another: "That's no fire that's hell."

Simultaneously, from somewhere behind me and high up, a dozen shots rang out, sharp and precise. I will not swear to it, for so much was happening, and so rapidly, but I had an impression of a series of luminous streaks plunging downward into the shadow of the trees. And then, with an angry roar, not a hundred yards away, there leaped up a column of flame lighting the whole neighborhood with the brilliance of day.

So sudden and unexpected was this phenomenon that not one in a thousand realized what had happened. A gust of wind sent a tongue of flame licking over the heads of those nearest the railings.

"They are firing the petrol dumps!" I cried, and tightening my arm round Noelle, tried to steer her through the fringes of the crowd into a side street.

But I was too late. A stampede of terror-stricken mortals swept beyond the entrance to the street and forced us against the railings of a house. The pressure of that mass of blinded humanity was awful, and I remember using my fists in an effort to give breathing space to Noelle. I remember the shrieks of women, men cursing and the cataracts of blazing spirit that flowed like a stream of lava from the interior of the petrol dump. Beyond the railings tiny black figures were scattering in all directions.

I remember the sense of being lifted up and up, borne on the crest of that wave and thrown like jetsam into the comparative emptiness of a side street. I remember the feel of Noelle's hand in mine, the "I'm all right" that she gasped, and then a face over her shoulder, an uplifted arm that carried oblivion descending upon me too swiftly to avoid. The rest is a jumble of stunned impressions. A sickening thud, a woman's cry that whirled away into a spinning silence, and vaguely—so vaguely that I could believe I have invented it—a foreign voice sibilating:

"The man has fainted. He is my friend."

A sense of being lifted and then sleeping on and on and on, until at last I opened weary eyes, and looking about me, could not recognize the room in which I lay.

XXXIX

OSCAR KAHNET was standing in the open doorway when Noelle, clinging to the railings for support, came in sight. Picking her up like a child, he carried her into the house and laid her on the sofa in the study. It is characteristic that he asked no questions. It is characteristic that she did not faint or cry or offer excuses.

She waved aside the brandy he offered her and said slowly:

"They got him. A blow on the head. A man pushed me back into the crowd. I could do nothing. He was gone when I got back to the place."

"Yes," said Oscar Kahnet. There was no reproach in his voice. His wife had already heard all he intended to say about our truant escapade. His views had been expressed in two words:

"Madness—fatal."

He was surprised that even Noelle had returned.

"You saw who struck the blow?"

"I can't be sure. I think Mario Gualia."

Oscar Kahnet nodded grimly.

"We shall be helpless for the next few days," he said. "The police will have their hands too full—and with the whole country standing still."

"They won't kill him?" said Noelle, her voice unnaturally steady.

"If you can be sure it was Gualia, no."

Hope burned. "Why—why not?"

"That would be the last thing," he said. "Those others would kill him not Gualia not, at any rate, until he has learned what he wants to know."

"Then Bob is safe," she said. "He'll never speak."

"I hope you are right," he said, looking at her strangely, and added: "But there are ways ——" He thought better of finishing the sentence and sat at his table biting his knuckles thoughtfully.

"It was my fault," said Noelle—"my selfish fault."

"Yes," he replied, but did not seem to be listening. When next he spoke, it was almost to himself:

"Mario Gualia! Working alone he would hardly succeed in kidnaping anyone. Even with luck on his side, the job would be too big for him. *Ergo*, others beside himself were concerned. What others? A man held you back in the crowd, you said. H'm! This was no improvisation." He picked up the telephone and asked for a number.

"Savoy Hotel. Mr. Mischa Groffe, please."

A voice at the other end replied that Mr. Groffe was out.

Oscar Kahnet put his finger on the receiver rest, lifted it again and asked for another number.

"Mr. Fleche," he said; then, after a pause: "I don't care how busy he is. This is Oscar Kahnet." Followed a longer pause, then: "Fleche? You will have the gentlemen whose names I shall give you followed day and night until further notice. Your men will report their movements to me by telephone hour by hour. Take down Mischa Groffe, Alix Ioneth, Hans Biederhoff, Zeni Frambauer and Roberto Tringolore, Kurd Icante. Repeat that. . . . Yes. Make your arrangements at once."

He hung up the receiver, and taking his head in his hands, looked at Noelle through his parted fingers.

"Can you suggest anything else?"

"No, nothing. You think these men were in it?"

"Not in it, but at the back of it. Gualia has not had time to make other friends. Those pirates sustained too heavy a reverse in their bank raid to strike again so soon. But don't fasten too many hopes on what I have done. They are clever, you know—too clever to be pulled down by a few hired sleuths."

With a sudden determination Noelle jumped to her feet.

"Let's go to the Savoy, we two. Let's force them to give Bob up."

"Force them?" he repeated. "With what? With words? Have we another weapon? No, my dear"—and he shook his head—"we cannot go to market with nothing to sell."

"I know," said Noelle wearily. "I know, but we must do something. It's awful, just to sit here." She opened her hands and held them out to him, empty. "I love him."

"Yes," said Kahnet in the same dull voice.

"I'd die for him."

A new interest came into his eyes. "I believe you would."

"I lost my father through this beastly stuff. Am I to lose him too?"

The door opened and Mrs. Kahnet crept into the room. Instinctively she sensed the tragedy that filled it.

"Where—where's Mr. Shaftoe?" she asked.

"I've lost him," said Noelle. "I've lost—out there in the crowd. Isn't it—careless of me?" Very quietly she began to laugh.

The telephone bell rang and a voice at the other end of the wire in a low monotonous tone enumerated a long list of attacks upon the petrol dumps, tank farms and reservoirs in all parts of the country.

XL

WHEN Dominic Vane set forth from the house in Lancaster Gate upon the chivalrous emprise of paying court to Anne Shaftoe, a great gayety of disposition bore him company. He felt, and not without reason, that he had been cooped up overlong. The prospect of a seventy-mile drive over night roads at a speed of his own

(Continued on Page 108)

Here's the perfection of Waterless Cooking

The Best Cooks use Aluminum

The 2-way handle detachable and always cool make it easy to lift pans from any position

There's new health and economy in these MIRRO Triplicate Pans —Perfect for waterless cooking!

Three foods cooking separately over one burner! Cooking *without water*—the healthful way. The meter barely ticking. Not an inch of stove-room wasted.

It's truly surprising what can be accomplished with these new, modern, Mirro Triplicate Pans. For example, cook a *whole dinner* at one time, with a savory lamb stew bubbling in one of the roomy three-quart pans, carrots and peas in another, and stewed apples or pears for dessert in the third.

Made of triple-thick aluminum

You *know* you can do better cooking in these splendid pans the minute you see them. They are so *massive*—actually three times as thick as ordinary good aluminum. And extra-heavy aluminum, you know, holds and spreads the heat and prevents "hot spot" bottoms that burn food.

Look at the triple thick, closely fitted covers—secret of success in waterless cooking. They are massively heavy, holding in the steam—enveloping the food in steady, even heat, permitting it to cook in its own natural moisture; improving it in tenderness and flavor; preventing the loss of valuable vitamins and minerals.

And look at the two-way, patented, handle. See how it fits *vertically* as well as horizontally, making it easy to get at any pan anywhere on the stove. And imagine how handy and cool it is for removing pans from the oven—yes, you can use the individual pans as casseroles or baking dishes. Their *thermoplax* knobs will not burn.

Only $12.50 — sensibly priced like all Vapo-Seal utensils*

The Mirro Triplicate Pans belong to a whole family of new Mirro Vapo-Seal utensils for waterless cooking. *All* of them are generously, extraordinarily fine—unsurpassed in cooking ability, in beauty, and in durability.

Yet they are built to sell at sensible prices, often as little as half what you are asked to pay for other heavy ware. The set of Triplicate Pans, for instance, costs only $12.50 (*a little more in the Far West and South). Your own reliable dealer sells this finest of ware. Ask him to show you—and mail us the coupon below.

FREE WATERLESS COOKING RECIPE BOOK

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Co.
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Gentlemen: Please send "What's New in Cookery," giving latest waterless cooking recipes from the Mirro Test Kitchen.

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THE FINEST ALUMINUM

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly. Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value. . .beautiful hair. . .use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Thus clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not "MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get "MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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choosing filled his heart with cheerful anticipation.

At the Savoy he learned that his car had been garaged in Savoy Street, a narrow slanting thoroughfare in the shadow of Waterloo Bridge, declining from the Strand to the Embankment. Finding his car, Dominic backed it out and departed. He arrived at the Embankment at the moment those mysterious spires of flame rose in the east. In the hush of the trafficless city he heard the roar, and also some little popping sounds, reminiscent of gunfire. He did not at once associate the one with the other, but the combination of the two was enough to excite his curiosity to the extent of postponing his immediate intention of declaring his love for Anne. To justify this neglect he fortified himself with the words of Richard Lovelace:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more

Thus, instead of directing the car sou'-west by south, he appointed himself with a heavy wheel key and steered a course eastward. On Blackfriars Bridge he fell in with a convoy of lorries carrying troops and traveling in the same direction under the ægis of four armored cars

The whole of the eastern sky was by then a caldron of flame, which seemed to spring from a dozen sources.

The convoy was traveling fast—fast enough for Dominic to avail himself of the companionship it afforded. On the south side of the river the attitude of the public was less friendly than on the north. Coal, rubbish and foul epithets were hurled at the convoy as it streaked along the narrow roads. Occasionally they were brought to a standstill and the troops were called upon to turn out and shift some obstacle from the way. At one of these halts a police officer boarded Dominic's car and settled in the seat beside him.

"You on duty with this outfit?" he asked.

"More or less free-lancing," Dominic replied.

"Good. Then I'll commandeer you and the car for this night's work."

Dominic began to remonstrate, but the officer cut him short brusquely.

"Martial law was declared half an hour ago," said he. "You are commandeered under emergency regulations. You have nothing to say."

Despite this rather harsh introduction, the officer turned out to be very pleasant and informative. As they traveled along Dominic asked for news and got plenty.

"Sabotage," said the officer, with the natural pride of a modest man using an expensive word—"sabotage, and the worst kind this country has ever seen. The last general strike was broken by volunteer labor and volunteer transport. They don't mean to let that happen again. There won't be a train running tomorrow, nor a tram, nor a tube, and by the look of that"—he pointed at the glowing sky—"not much else that runs on wheels."

"What's happening over there?"

"Sabotage," the officer repeated. "Don't know as you couldn't almost call it barratry."

"I wouldn't know what you meant if you did," said Dominic.

"We've been caught napping, that's what it means. They've been up and down the Thames and Mersey, too, in fast motorboats, shelling every petrol-tank farm on both banks. There mus' be over twelve million gallons runnin' loose on the water. If the tide was on the flow instead of the ebb, London 'ud be burned out tonight."

At that moment Dominic Vane had a sudden idea—so sudden that he applied the brakes with such violence as nearly to send his passenger through the wind screen.

"Officer, old boy," he explained, "terribly sorry, but I've got to turn you out I'm going back—frightfully important"

"You're doin' nothin' of the kind," was the reply, and over the agreeable, confidential tone which hitherto had distinguished their exchanges there stole a menacing and masterful note.

"I assure you I am I am really," Dominic insisted. "It sounds silly, but I've thought of a way to save this country from a very nasty predicament."

"If you don't follow that convoy double quick I'm going to ask why," was the ominous rejoinder.

"I'm telling you why, you ass," said Dominic hotly. "I've thought of a way to save England."

"You are not going to save it in this car and you are not going to save it now," the officer replied, and with dexterity which would have reflected credit upon Tom Mix he whipped out an automatic and dug it in Dominic's ribs.

The man with the pistol holds also the prevailing argument. The vital importance of Dominic's idea was too great to invite the risk of getting himself shot before he had had the chance of communicating it to the right quarter. It is true that nestling on the seat cushion beside him was a wheel spanner weighing seven pounds, but there was no guaranty that he would be allowed the opportunity of using it sufficiently rapidly to be of service. Dominic's intellectual equipment was of modest kind; he was, nevertheless, a shrewd reader of his fellow men. The officer was no Hercules, but he possessed a pair of indigo eyes—a color which, on more occasions than one, Dominic had learned to regard as dangerous. Men with indigo eyes will shoot unhesitatingly in a good cause, just as most men with very pale blue eyes will as unhesitatingly shoot in an evil cause. In the circumstances Dominic was pretty sure that the officer regarded the present cause of sufficient worth to justify any extreme, and with an angry exclamation he engaged first speed and set off in pursuit of the convoy. He hoped a more favorable opportunity of escaping would arise later, but in this he reckoned without his opponent's professionally suspicious nature. There is always a danger that a man who is driving a car will plunge his elbow into your wind when least expected, and to avoid any such calamity the officer removed himself to the back seat, where he was able to keep Dominic covered without exposure to an unnecessary hazard.

XLI

IS THERE a precedent, I wonder, for a man who sets out to tell his own story and digresses into an account of incidents and circumstances in which he has taken no part? Perhaps not, but while I lay oblivious of all things other than the whirling Catherine wheels of unconsciousness, much that is germane to this narrative was taking place. What I have set down is matter gleaned from various sources, hyphenated with guesswork and put together from my personal knowledge of the folks concerned. At least I can say that the facts, even though secondhand, are stated truly.

When Mario Gualia hit me on the head his action was inspired by the liveliest enthusiasm. Hitherto, in the matter of blows, he had been the target, and his sensations must have been delightful when the opportunity was presented to reverse the order. The weapon he used was a life preserver, although why it should be called that, having regard to its lethal properties, I have never divined. It was of that kind, common in France, which is sheathed in the hollow of an ordinary walking cane. Attached to the handle of the cane is a short coil spring with a rod of heavier metal at the end. As a weapon it is swift to use, handy and effective. But for the felt hat I was wearing, the blow he struck would have cracked my skull like an egg.

I have never discovered who were his confederates and I do not anticipate that they will come forward and enlighten me. I learn, however, that they numbered four. One was occupied in keeping Noelle away, and the rest, with Mario Gualia in charge, picked me up and bore me to a car which must have been waiting at no great distance

Continued on Page 111

You skid when you least expect to

...Let's abolish the 13 out of every hundred accidents which are caused by skidding. Steel WEED Tire Chains will do it

WEED Tire Chains are made for all types and sizes of balloons and solid tires. Buy them from any garage, accessory or tire store—and at many filling stations and hardware stores.

Genuine steel WEED Tire Chains have red connecting hooks, gray galvanized side chains and brass plated steel cross chains with the name "WEED" stamped on every hook.

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Be sure you ask for genuine

WEED CHAINS

for Safety..for Sure Traction

MORE THAN EFFECTIVE— IT'S *DELICIOUS*

. . . more people eat it today than any other bran cereal in the world

It *means* something when you find more people eating Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in all the world.

It means they've found a wholesome, *effective* cereal to safeguard them every day against the menace of a constipated system—a cereal they can safely count upon to keep them regular, fit, and normal—and it means still more. It means that in this effective cereal they have found a daily breakfast that they *like*—a flavor so delicious that it tempts them to eat regularly every day the bran cereal that does them so much good.

For the next two weeks, try giving *yourself* the daily benefit of this wholesome breakfast. A bowl, a spoon, a little milk or cream, and a golden shower of delicious, mellow flakes—crisp from the package—and you, too, will know why Post's Bran Flakes has become the favorite bran cereal of all America!

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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(Continued from Page 108)

from the spot. Scores of people were injured or had fainted during the panic consequent upon the firing of the petrol dump and I do not suppose we excited much attention. But there was at least one interested spectator. Of this I am confident, as it is the only explanation for Mr. James Warrinder's discovery of the house to which my captors bore me. Whether he rode on the back of the car that took me there or followed in a car of his own I have no idea. He had already proved himself a gentleman of resource and sagacity, and it is to his credit that he followed the scent so closely.

As to what happened to me from then until the time when I recovered consciousness I have no exact information. I awoke, as I have said, in a strange room. The windows were shuttered, barred and padlocked. A single electric bulb of small candle power burned dimly in the ceiling.

As my mind cleared and my eyes became used to the light, I saw my clothes, with the linings of the pockets projecting, scattered on the floor. The contents of these pockets—and, heaven knows, they must have been disappointing enough to any searcher—had been lumped together on a chair. A few letters, notes and small change, a bunch of keys, a paper packet of cigarettes, cigarette lighter and a bottle of tablets.

Moving my head was agony, for inside pistons were driving, valves opening and wheels spinning. From the pain the tablets offered some surcease. Laboriously I rolled over, groped for the bottle and unscrewed the metal cap. It was the queer unmistakable smell of the contents that cleared my mind from its daze and informed me that it was not a sedative the bottle contained but that extra half ounce of MW—XX.3 which had been left over from my experiment in the cellar. In my present predicament the stuff was valueless, but in a manner that was almost furtive I hid it beneath my pillow and made an effort to think.

Like shadowy forms emerging from a mist, the events of the evening began to take shape. Again the eruption of fire rose before my eyes, again I felt the suffocating pressure of the stampeding masses, again I felt Noelle's hand in mine, and again I saw the face over her shoulder and the descending arm.

With a stifled cry I sat up in bed and looked at my wrist watch. The hands registered a few minutes after eight. I knew the habits of my watch and knew that thirty-three hours was its longest nonstop run. I had last wound it on the evening before we left Xavier. That the watch was still going argued that I could not have been unconscious for more than about nine hours, and although no apparent benefit arose from the fact, I cannot attempt to explain the satisfaction this knowledge gave me. Rewinding the watch and hugging the bottle of MW—XX.3, I fell into a natural sleep.

I was awakened by a low murmur of voices, and opening my eyes, saw Jura Gualia, accompanied by a tall thin man who wore a white silk handkerchief over the lower half of his face, enter the room. Seeing I was conscious, Jura Gualia gave a cry of relief and ran toward me.

"Hush, dear; don't talk," she said. "I've brought the doctor to see you."

Sick as I was I could not refrain from replying "Thanks, darling."

The doctor, whom I suspect to have been young, inexperienced and exceedingly nervous, ran cool but trembling fingers over my head.

"A temporary concussion," he said; "nothing serious. A slight contusion over the parietal, but that will very soon heal. No fever, pulse remarkably steady. I should keep him quiet, no visitors, light diet. A little fish, perhaps; tapioca pudding."

The banality of this diagnosis, coming, as it did, from behind a mask, struck me as touching the very pinnacles of fun.

"As it isn't catching, why not remove the respirator?" I suggested.

At this he betrayed the liveliest alarm and backed away from the bed.

"I have done all I can," said he. "I will leave a prescription for a draught. The whole affair is most unprofessional."

With that he beat a hurried retreat and entered into conversation with someone on the landing, the sound of their voices dying away as they descended the stairs.

Jura Gualia looked at me with appealing tenderness.

"I insisted on a doctor—insisted," she said. "You will understand how difficult it was in the circumstances."

"What are the circumstances?" I demanded, refreshing myself from a glass of soda water she had put beside me.

"Difficult—so very difficult," said she; "as is too often the case when friendship and business clash."

"The business I understand; the friendship is not so clear," said I.

An expression of surprise came over her face.

"Is it possible," said she, "that you are not aware that Mario rescued you last night—saved your life from men who would certainly have killed you?"

"Madame Gualia," said I, "if you knew the pain I was suffering in my head, you would resist, I am sure, any temptation to make me laugh."

"Why should you laugh?" she replied, with a most plausible pretense of candor. "What I say is true."

"I will not contradict you," said I, "but though realizing that in saving life at sea it is sometimes necessary to stun a drowning person, I have never heard of a similar expedient being resorted to ashore."

Seeing that I was in possession of the facts, Jura abandoned further attempts to deceive me.

"I suppose you saw the little fool?" she said.

"Had I been fated to die," I replied, "his face would have provided my last memory of earth."

It was evident that she was put out at my assailant's failure to conceal his identity, and while she was off her guard I put the question uppermost in my mind.

"I wonder you did not arrange to kidnap Noelle at the same time."

"We hardly expected you would be mad enough to venture out."

The reply told me what I wanted to know. Noelle was safe. I heaved a sigh of relief and shut my eyes.

"After all," she continued, "Noelle could not help us. You were the one we wanted, since by your own confession you carry the secret of my father's invention in your head."

"I imagine," I replied, "the blow your husband struck me was dictated by a desire to jog my memory."

She gave a half smile, but instantly became grave.

"I hope it will serve to do so," Madame Gualia said.

"It is much more likely to make me forget all about it," I replied.

She drew up a chair, sat beside me and took one of my wrists in her hands.

"Listen," she said: "you are in love with Noelle. She is my sister and I want to be your friend. But there are others who do not share that wish. You are in their power, utterly. Consent now. Write the formula of MW—XX.3 on this sheet of paper and you are free to go. In return, I promise that both you and Noelle shall have a fair share of the profits."

"Tell me more," said I.

"I will tell you everything: Last night attacks were made upon petrol dumps all over the British Isles. It was done so cleverly and secretly that it is said, this morning, that five-sixths of the total reserves have been destroyed. With the extra burden cast by the strike on motor transport, there is not enough left to last for more than a few hours. By noon tomorrow the country will be standing still." She stopped dramatically, her eyes dancing with excitement. "Don't you see what this means?"

"Famine," said I.

"Fortune," she replied—"instant fortune for anyone who can put a petroleum substitute on the market at a few hours' notice. We might wait a hundred years and never again have such a chance as this."

Much as I disliked and distrusted Jura Gualia, I could not escape capturing some of her enthusiasm. What she claimed was true, for, independent of any financial consideration, here indeed was the golden opportunity to justify Michael Wilbur's invention. Cleverly, secretly, expeditiously handled, MW—XX.3 might become an instrument for national salvation.

With an effort that hurt most damnably I sat up in bed.

"Very good," I said; "send for a car and have me driven to the Home Office straightway."

"Private cars were forbidden by order an hour ago."

"Then I must make shift to walk."

"But this is a private, not a government matter."

"Since it affects the whole nation," said I, "I don't agree."

Jura's grip tightened on my wrist.

"You are behaving like a fool," she said. "Do you think we went to the trouble of bringing you here to let you walk out as you please?"

"And do you think you stand an earthly chance of profiting by your father's invention unless you let me walk out?" I retorted.

Her eyes narrowed unpleasantly. "There are men in this house who think they can persuade you to change your mind about that."

"Bring 'em up," said I. "The sooner they learn their mistake the better."

It is natural for a man who finds himself in an extremity to resort to heroics, but I am not ashamed to admit that her threat caused me considerable uneasiness. What I had seen of Mario Gualia did not encourage the belief that he was of a kindly disposition, and I could well imagine, with the prospects of a fortune to encourage him, that he would stop at little. But fear was not the only consideration that occupied my mind.

In the present crisis my peculiar knowledge was of vital importance to every decent law-abiding Briton, and I asked myself, even though faced with the humiliation of having it wrung from me under duress, whether I was entitled to withhold that knowledge. If I spoke, there was no doubt several persons for whom I had acquired an intense hatred would profit enormously. But the nation would also profit. The argument of patriotism was in favor of disclosing the secret, and beside that argument personal antipathies and pride made a poor showing. Dominating these wrangling considerations was a consuming desire to know what Noelle would have me do. It must have been the recurrent thought of her that brought back, out of the misty impressions of the preceding evening, a memory of the whispered confidence I had made as we stood together looking south across the park.

So far as I could remember I had said, "Under the millstone in the garden at Xavier."

And she had nodded comprehendingly.

With the knowledge in her possession of where I had hidden her father's original formula and with Dominic Vane acquainted with the key figures of the code, the need for me to speak had vanished. It was up to Noelle, and Noelle alone, to decide whether or not to use MW—XX.3 as a weapon to fight the strike and make the wheels of the country go round.

My responsibility was at an end, and with this realization I stretched out my arms and laughed.

I was still laughing when Mario Gualia and Mischa Groffe, looking like a pair of Spanish inquisitors, came silently into the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

There Are Always "Second Helpings"

When you serve this new and distinctly better breed of corn

DEL MAIZ

The New Sweet Corn

CHILDREN are often the deciding factor in the popularity of a food. The likes and dislikes of a child are carried on through the later years. How many times in your experience, in your household have you found this so?

Children generally like fresh, sweet corn on the cob. But as a rule, the ordinary canned corn does not appeal to them. Insistence only brings storms and tears. It does not change the child's taste.

That is one of the several reasons why we bred an entirely new and distinct corn—DEL MAIZ—different in size, texture and flavor from any variety of corn ever before known. It took us 12 years of patient, intensive seed culture to create this new breed.

There's no corn like it anywhere. It can't be duplicated or imitated. We alone own the seed. Those big-bodied, tender kernels, embedded in the rich corn cream—how they appeal! And that distinct fresh corn flavor that's so unique—how the children love it! One trial will convince you. When you serve DEL MAIZ there'll be calls for "second helpings."

Serve it right from the can, or try it in this delicious recipe.

Scalloped DEL MAIZ

2 cups Del Maiz
1 cup milk
2 eggs
1 cup bread crumbs
[illegible] butter
Pepper
[illegible] tsp. salt

Mix eggs, corn, milk, salt and pepper. Pour into oiled baking dish. Melt fat and add to bread crumbs. Sprinkle over top of corn. Bake in moderate oven—350 degrees F.—until firm and the crumbs are well browned.

Should your grocer not yet have DEL MAIZ, send us 25c to defray shipping charges, and we'll send you prepaid two 11-oz. cans and a dozen delicious DEL MAIZ recipes.

MINNESOTA VALLEY CANNING CO.
Le Sueur, Minnesota

CUT COUPON HERE

Minnesota Valley Canning Co.
Le Sueur, Minnesota
Enclosed find 25c for which send me, prepaid, two 11-oz. cans DEL MAIZ and doz. delicious Del Maiz recipes.

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Grocer's address
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"If a

Here is one of Society Brand's well known two-button styles — a splendid example of "correct cut." See it in the Double-Service Sturdyman worsteds— in the new Mediterranean shades.

$65

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Society

suit of clothes cost you as much as a *motor car*..."

A message from Alfred Decker, president of Alfred Decker & Cohn, makers of Society Brand Clothes

You, sir, are very likely a man of good judgment, a man with a sense of values. In making any really important purchase, you'd be sure to get your money's worth. Before you bought an automobile, for example, you'd have a pretty accurate idea of what you'd be entitled to receive for your expenditure. You'd take the time and trouble to educate yourself on the subject. You'd go about making your decision equipped with the necessary facts.

But what sort of preparation do you make before visiting a clothing store?

Do you know anything more about the suit you buy than what a snap inspection can tell you? Do you even bother to find out the most important thing of all—the one factor which would influence you almost exclusively in selecting a motor car? *I mean the name and reputation of the maker.*

True, clothes *don't* cost as much as automobiles. But once you realize how closely clothes are related to your success in life, you'll take them as seriously as if they *did*. You'll make it your business to know what's what about clothes.

And I honestly believe that you'll choose Society Brand four times out of five! Because, in the course of your investigations, you'll very quickly find out such facts as these:

That Society Brand is the foremost style-house in America. And that the famous Society Brand cut is not only the ideal of other clothes-designers, but has been preferred by smartly dressed men for more than twenty-five years.

That Society Brand suits are tailored with almost endless attention to details. That Society Brand has developed magnificent long-wear fabrics—such as BRIARCLIFF, STAUNCHLEY and STURDYMAN—at prices that mean value.

All this is information about a matter which concerns you intimately. I tell it to you for that reason.

I wouldn't for a moment pretend that you can't find any of these excellent qualities in other clothes. But here's the point: You may always be confident of finding *all* of them in Society Brand—whether you pay $50 or $100.

These are the facts. Think them over!

Alfred Decker

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SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD · MONTREAL

Brand CLOTHES

A MAN TO AVOID

(Continued from Page 27)

sort, whom she had never seen before and would never see again. Then the steward brought her the message from Raikes. Clever, Millie was, but it never crossed her mind that the message had anything to do with MacPherson. It seemed to her merely that the long-expected moment had come; the moment when Raikes admitted that he knew of her existence. It was an exciting prospect. She rose slowly and stood very straight and smiled down at Jimmy.

"Am I not learning?" she said. "To anyone else I would answer that if he wanted to speak to me he could come and find me, but I go. I know my master's voice." And thus leaving Jimmy more dissatisfied with Raikes than he had ever been in his life, she went gayly up to the upper deck.

The weather had become hot and she was dressed in the simplest white—white that made her eyes as blue as a patch of sky on a cloudy day. Looking at her secretly, under the rim of his hat, Raikes had an instant's sympathy with MacPherson, not with her.

There was no chair near but his own, and Raikes did not offer it to her. He did, however, get up and lean on the back of it as he observed:

"The captain tells me he spoke to you about the chief engineer."

Millie opened her eyes. "Yes, he did," she answered. Her manner was perfect. She merely admitted a peculiar fact. If only she would have let it go at that, but she couldn't. She added: "Wasn't it strange?"

"Very," said Raikes; "very strange that a simple seaman should have put his finger on a not too obvious psychological situation."

"I wonder," said Millie very sweetly, "whether I understand you?"

"I don't know," said Raikes, "but I guarantee that you will before I've finished." He looked at her sternly. "I wish you to stop fascinating the chief engineer of this ship," he announced.

"I?" said Millie. She laid her hand on her bosom and looked rapidly from side to side, as if seeking on the surface of the blue Caribbean some explanation of Raikes' words. "I have hardly spoken to the man." She was enjoying herself enormously.

"Great heavens!" said Raikes. "I think pretty women are the greatest cheats in the world. Murderers and forgers and confidence men have to learn their dirty trade and take chances, but pretty women have this utterly irresponsible power handed to them, and nobody can ever go into a court of law and swear it was unjustly used."

Millie drew herself up and said with a good deal of dignity: "Professor Raikes, I really can't let you speak to me like that."

"Why not?"

She found the question a difficult one to answer but replied: "Because, as you must know, you're talking like a madman. I have hardly spoken to this unfortunate man. I have sat next to him at three or four meals."

Raikes brushed all that aside. "You are perfectly aware of what you are doing to MacPherson," he said.

"And will you tell me what it is?"

"Yes and no," he answered. "I can't tell you what gravitation is, but I know some of its laws. I can't explain electricity, but I can describe some of its manifestations. You come in always a little late, knowing that your looks and your proximity and that confounded perfume you use shake the poor fellow, and you sit down and begin to let this great braggart of a purser absorb all your attention, while MacPherson sits there rolling bread crumbs and trying to think of some simple sentence that will make you turn your head so that at least he can see you. Then all of a sudden he sees you are going to speak to him of yourself what joy!—that your head is turning, slowly turning toward him, that in a minute those blue eyes of yours are going to be looking at him, and then you say to him in a special voice you have, with a catch in the middle: 'Did we make a good run today?' No, I don't know how it is done, but without moving an inch you suddenly put yourself into his hands, as if you trusted him beyond anyone in the world, and it makes him faint with adoration. I don't know how it's done, but I know it is done."

Millie was surprised to find herself trembling very slightly. Of course it is exciting to be the subject of serious, even if hostile, conversation; it is flattering to be told that you are fascinating, but the most flattering element of all was the fact that she had been so closely observed. It was a perfect description of her method—one of her methods—but she was too excited to admit this.

Aloud she said: "But it's fantastic—what you are saying. Why in the world should I want to charm this young man, who—well, I don't want to say anything disagreeable about him, but he really isn't ——" her voice died away.

"Well, I think I know that too."

"Why?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?"

"Indeed I do."

"I think you do it to show off before me."

Show off! This is one of the great fighting words, and Millie at once lost her temper. "How dare you say such a thing to me?" she exclaimed, her eyes blazing at him.

Show off, indeed! She had not had such a thing said to her since she was out of the nursery. She wanted to hurt him just as much as she possibly could.

So she said almost sweetly, like a person really seeking information: "And do you think yourself so attractive that everyone wishes to—what is it?—show off for your benefit?" She laughed gayly at the joke which she had all to herself. "Tell me, Professor Raikes; honestly, do you think yourself attractive?"

Raikes did not appear to be angry. He was leaning his elbows on the back of the chair, and he rocked slowly to and fro as he answered reflectively: "Attractive? Well, that's a woman's word—a schoolgirl's word, rather. Men don't think like that; don't ask themselves whether they are attractive or not. They ask themselves whether, if they wanted a woman, they could go out and get her."

Millie was annoyed afterward to remember that she had glanced at him to ask if she were that woman, and that his face had been as impersonal as a stone god's.

"I gather," she said, "that you feel no harassing doubt that you could."

"And to go back to what we were saying about the chief engineer," said Raikes, exactly as if she had not spoken at all; "really, he must stop drinking."

"It is much to be hoped for, as the captain was saying."

He went on in the same tone, "I leave it to you to arrange."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will not dictate your method. I merely insist on the result. We often find it the best way with intelligent students."

"I think one of us is crazy," said Millie. "What have I to do with the man's drinking?"

"We went into that a moment ago."

"How can I stop him?"

"I don't have to tell you that," he answered. "Only this: That if he does not stop, if he is not back on duty tomorrow morning you will go back to New York by the first steamer out."

Millie's heart stopped a second in fear and then leaped forward a beat in anger. This was most unjust, most insanely unjust. Was she to be sent home because a man, almost a total stranger to her—— Raikes drew himself up, patiently folded his arms, once even shut his eyes, as the torrent of her protest swept over him. She went on and on. To hold her responsible for something over which she had no control. He might as well threaten to send her home if the sea were not calm. What could she do about it, except perhaps pray?

"Well," he said, "that has been favorably considered as a method."

"How could you justify such an arbitrary and tyrannical action?" she demanded. He smiled at her long words.

"I don't have to justify myself. But I might in private explain to Doctor Norwich that you had already shown yourself to be a trouble maker."

"I a trouble maker! What trouble have I made?"

"Oh, dear me," said Raikes. "Let me think. In two days you have changed a harmless and inefficient young purser into an offensive braggart; you have started this unfortunate engineer drinking again—and that will make us a day late when every day is priceless to me; you have made Mrs. Thorley feel so inferior that I can't get an opinion from her on any of the practical matters that she really knows about; and as for Jimmy Salisbury, whose only claim was that he was docile and devoted, you have made him so critical and mutinous that he hardly consents to do what I tell him to do. Well, you may say that I should have known just what sort of a person you were when I consented to take you. I did, but I thought you had enough intelligence to adapt yourself." He struck one fist into his open hand. "By heaven," he said, "I still think you have intelligence! That is why I am giving you this one chance!"

But Millie could not let it end there, for something was happening that had never happened before—she was being coerced by an individual. She had experienced a little impersonal coercion at school; she hadn't minded it much. The discipline exerted by an organization is bearable, but, to Millie at least, the discipline attempted by an individual was insulting, unbearable—a challenge.

"You are a little inaccurate in something you just said, Professor Raikes," she observed. "You spoke of sending me home. You can, of course, prevent my being a member of your expedition, but you really cannot send me home."

"I doubt," he replied, "whether you would enjoy knocking about Gatacosta with nothing to do."

She moved her shoulders. "I don't know that," she answered. "I might find something to do. I might even find some archæological work of my own."

He looked at her reflectively for an instant and then said: "I feel inclined to do something I don't often do—and that is, to offer you a piece of advice."

She gave him a slightly insolent smile, as if to say she was curious rather than interested in what he might have to say.

"It's this," Raikes went on: "Try behaving as if you were a very plain woman who wanted to make herself useful."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Think it over," he answered, and then he added: "Oh, and to save myself from the accusation of making threats which I cannot carry out, I must explain that I could have you sent home if I wanted to; at least I believe I could. The country that we are going to is somewhat different from our native land. The president of Gatacosta has the right to order anyone deported who he has reason to believe threatens the welfare of the state."

Millie laughed. "It would be difficult to persuade him, I think, that I was a danger to the state."

"Well," said Raikes, "it is true that the law was designed against revolutionists from across the borders, but he is a good friend of mine—old Munoz is—and deeply interested in the archæology of his country. If I told him that a girl had forced herself into my party, was of no use and was destroying the morale ——"

"It wouldn't be true—I mean, you haven't tried me yet."

Raikes sat down in the only chair, thus ending the interview, as he replied, "Well, you have tried me—a lot."

Millie went away without answering. They were to be enemies, then. Well, she did not hate him; she rather admired his methods; only, when he did succumb, she would be obliged to make him suffer a little. And he would succumb. Of that she felt no doubt, and on that point she had rarely been mistaken. It was not just general vanity and belief in her own charms that made her think it. She knew when she exercised power over a man—knew it, often, long before he did. Sometimes, of course, the creatures freed themselves by flight or by some accident, such as the opportune arrival of a woman to whom they owed an earlier allegiance, or of a man in whom she was more interested. But there was no such chance for Raikes. Six weeks alone—well, practically alone—with her in the jungle. Yes, she would make him suffer for some of the things he had said.

In the meantime she would remember his advice: To behave like a plain woman who wanted to make herself useful. It was a good idea.

That night at dinner her place was empty, and the chief engineer, for the first time in three nights, left his whisky untasted.

Millie would have been avenged if she had known the keenness of Raikes' curiosity to know how she had done it. He felt pleased with his own judgment. Everything, from his point of view, improved with Millie absent. The captain told not one anecdote of his children, the purser ceased to boast, Jimmy became again dutiful and humble minded, even Mrs. Thorley hazarded an opinion about the number of tins of baked beans they would need. Yet it was a little like being at home again after an exciting play; he missed the spectacle. He contented himself by arguing with Don Manuel about the legendary treasure in the so-called temple of the sun; though, as Raikes pointed out, it was more likely a moon temple. Don Manuel thought he made a mistake to waste his time digging in the Casas Viejas, when it was well known that only a few miles farther in a great treasure awaited discovery under the temple of the sun. Raikes could not tell him that he knew positively that Jenkinson had smuggled the whole thing out of the country in 1903 and that it was now in a certain museum, wrongly marked so that it could not be claimed by the government. Clever fellow, Jenkinson—dishonest, but clever. He had put the earth and stones back so that no one could guess it had been disturbed, and the jungle had grown over it in a year as if no one had ever touched it.

He did not see Millie again until the next day, their fourth at sea, when she came down to luncheon a little late. This time it was the chief engineer who wasn't there. It was understood that he was pressing the engines in order to get in early the next morning. Raikes wondered if Millie were going to sulk, but she gave him a brilliant, friendly smile.

He thought to himself: "I wonder what she has up her sleeve now. Something, I'll be bound. She has spirit and is not altogether a fool."

He settled back in his chair with a pleased feeling that the curtain was about to go up again. Then almost at once he began to be annoyed. Millie had hardly taken her seat before the captain began once more to hand out snapshots of his little family, the purser to boast, and Jimmy to explain Raikes' remarks in an apologetic tone. "What the boss means, Millie ——"

The second time he did it Raikes turned on him. "Why must I be interpreted to

(Continued on Page 119)

Are you cleaning your house *BLINDFOLDED ?*

You can't see *through* a rug, any more than you could through a blindfold.

Watching your old electric cleaner pick up surface dirt and litter, you naturally think: "How beautifully it cleans." But surface cleanliness gives you absolutely no proof that your cleaner has removed the grimy, germ-laden dirt that is trodden into the nap of floor coverings or buried in upholstery.

The Eureka Man has a simple test—the famous "High-Vacuum" Dirt Test—which will show you in a moment whether rugs you *think* are clean are *really* clean, and whether your old cleaner has lost effectiveness, as many cleaners do through constant use.

Remember, almost any brushing or sweeping device will take up the dirt you can *see*. But a worn or inferior cleaner, lacking in suction power, leaves the dangerous embedded dirt—a perfect breeding place for moths and disease germs.

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Welcome the Eureka Man—home sanitation expert

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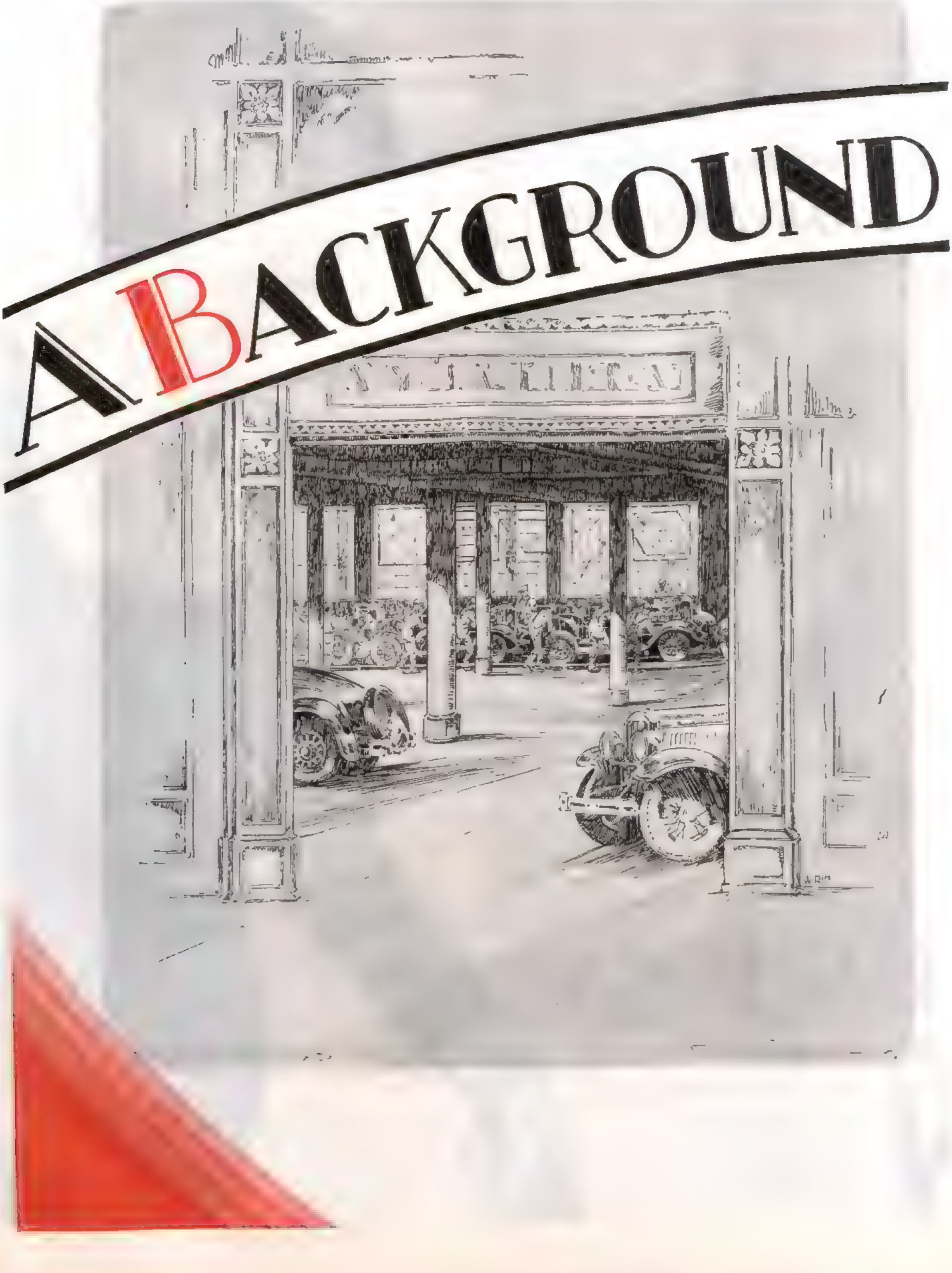
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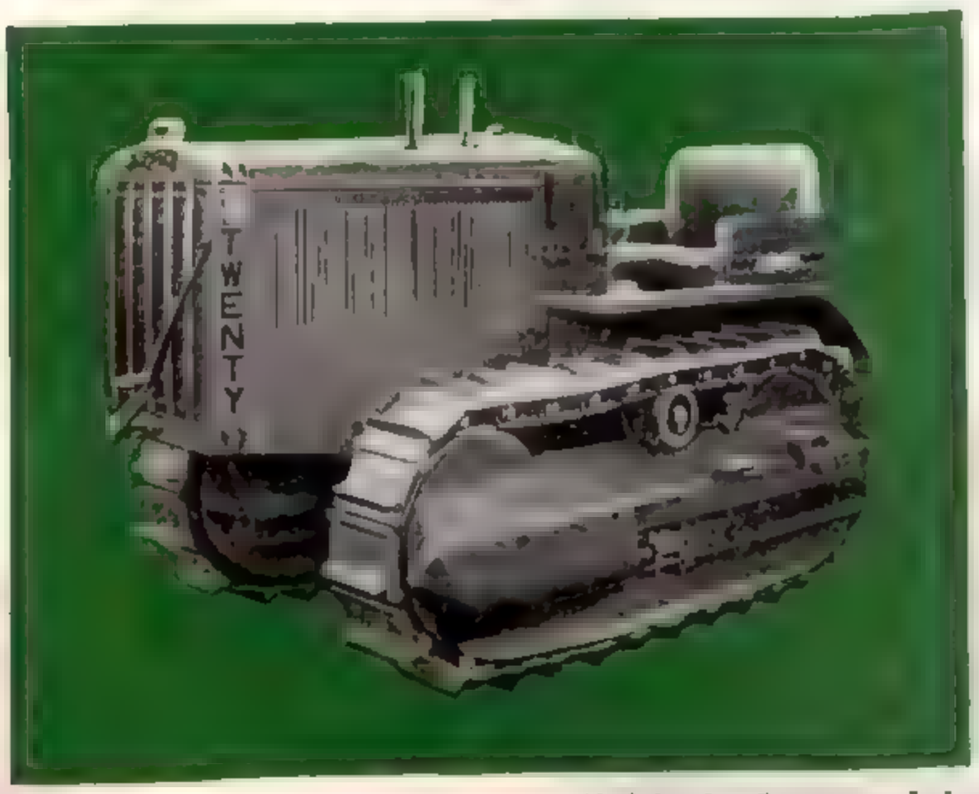
There's a thrill in having mighty power under positive control . . . a thrill in driving the broad tracks through mud and dust and sand . . . a joy in the comfort of a well-cushioned seat and the uninterrupted rhythm of a willing engine.

Together with the youth of the world "Caterpillar" track-type tractors march toward a brighter farm future . . . where *extra* power and *extra* traction produce *extra* profits.

Ask for the new booklets about "Caterpillar" Tractors which are gladly sent on request: *Grain, Row Crops, Fruit, Corn.*



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"Caterpillar" Tractors

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TRACTOR

(Continued from Page 114)

Miss Chester, Jimmy?" he asked mildly. "Am I so unintelligible or is she unintelligent?"

Jimmy sank into a crimson sulk and did not speak again.

Mrs. Thorley, vaguely feeling something was wrong, turned to the captain and inquired how old his little girl was—a harmless question.

Raikes threw his napkin on the table and left the saloon.

Early the next morning they steamed into the little harbor between the islands and the coral reefs. Fortunately there was no wind, and landing in wide rowboats was not dangerous. Millie had heard dreadful stories of high surf on the bar.

The party was to take the morning train for the interior, not to delay in the port, but there was a good deal of business with the customs and in the process of unloading the steamer and getting the stuff on the train; those long periods of waiting that seem to extend themselves especially under tropical skies. No one seemed to be really active except Jimmy Salisbury and a small, clever, brown-faced policeman from the hill country.

Once, as Millie sat swinging her feet on the edge of an empty freight car, Raikes came up to her with his hands in his pockets and his hat tipped well over his sharp nose.

"Like to see some sharks?" he asked, as if he were offering a great and deserved treat. What would a plain woman wanting to be useful reply?

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," said Millie, slipping off her car and looking up at him with a sort of brilliant docility. Would he guess she was making fun of him?

He led her to the sea wall and looked over, where the water, not turquoise colored, as it was farther out, but dark green, was swinging up and down on great stones, and just beyond these he pointed out dark fins weaving to and fro.

He stared at them. "Sinister creatures," he said.

Somebody called her to come and identify her trunk, and she left him staring at the water.

At one time it seemed as if they would be obliged to miss the train, though it was obligingly delaying its departure for their sakes, and then everything changed. A slim smart figure in dark blue and gold appeared, asking for the *el jefe*. It was the president's aide, come to facilitate their arrival. He was a pale handsome young man, with jet-black eyes and mustaches, and arched eyebrows that rose higher at the sight of Millie. His glittering eyes kept flashing across her again and again, and then coming to rest upon her. With his arrival things began to move; motion-picture cameras were snatched from the blundering hands of curious custom officials, tins of plaster of Paris were allowed to remain unopened, a file of soldiers in dark blue duck began to pile everything they could lay their hands on—even luggage belonging to the planter and the two officials who had been on the steamer—into the best seats in the train. The conductor, in a dark brown suit and an official cap, came very courteously to ask if Raikes would like the regular train to start now; Raikes gave his assent, and after a due interval they were all in their places and the train started, the president's aide standing at attention on the platform.

The car was of the American type, and Jimmy managed to save himself a place beside Millie. She noticed at once that there was a cloud on his brow, and they had hardly left the town and plunged into the palm jungle which fringed it before he explained to her that the gold-braided fellow had stared at her very boldly and had asked whether she were Raikes' wife. No. His fiancée perhaps? No. Ah, well, they were very fortunate in having so beautiful a companion in the jungle. Jimmy thought Raikes had been angered, too, for he had offered such a fantastic explanation of her presence. He had agreed very gravely that they were fortunate; she was a witch, he said, who had the power of finding treasure; she understood, in fact, the use of the divining rod.

"I don't suppose that sophisticated young man in gold braid believed him," said Millie, but for some undefined reason she was pleased at Raikes' having said it.

"I don't suppose so," said Jimmy, "and yet the chief looked at him so sternly when he said it that he did not dare show disbelief."

The train began to puff slowly up the steep incline of the first hills. The Bentham expedition would alight in the next valley. Sometimes the train simply split itself in two and the engine hauled first one half and then the other, but this day it managed to make the grade as a unit. Presently it was jingling riotously down on the other side.

"Valverde," said the conductor. It was their station. Everything began to be taken out again—the cameras, the plaster of Paris, the canned food, the insect powder. It was now loaded on mules and small ponies. The noonday sun was incredibly hot. A dilapidated-looking motor car was waiting for the members of the party. It held four, including the driver; they were five. They wedged themselves into it, Thorley and the two women at the back, Raikes and Jimmy in front with the driver, an Indian boy. Driving half an hour over a very bad road to a wooden shed on stilts. Luncheon. Everyone got out. The train of mules was far away behind them. Luncheon consisted of oranges, fried eggs, bread and Danish butter out of a tin, frijoles, and coffee with condensed milk. Then on again, up the narrowing valley over a worse and worse road, driven with a great deal of dash by the native boy, and suddenly in the forest a village—a flat-faced pink church and a square of one-storied white adobe houses—San Roberto. Their first stop, their permanent headquarters.

Here the expedition owned or rented a house, and it was still full of the equipment left from Raikes' short visit of the previous year. Millie was surprised to find it possible to spend a comfortable night, in spite of mud floors and the absence of running water. The bathroom was a room with a cement floor with a hole in it, where it was possible to stand and throw pails of water over yourself. She slept on a canvas cot and woke in the morning to find, to her surprise, that at dawn Thorley and Jimmy had been sent forward, while Raikes stayed over a day, unpacking, collecting and making final arrangements.

All that day Millie and Mrs. Thorley worked hard, getting the house in order, selecting and to a great degree cooking the food, giving out the wash, to see it later being pounded on stones in the river and hung on barbed wire to dry.

Then Millie volunteered to arrange the storeroom—to unpack all the equipment and range it on shelves, scattering about a kind of white powder, which cockroaches—the foe, in those latitudes, to household cleanliness, as flies are in ours—refrained from crossing. Mrs. Thorley said they ate the bindings of cloth books, particularly brown books. Millie repressed a shudder.

She had never worked so hard in all her life. It was great fun. Strange how much easier it was to play a part than merely to do your duty. She tried to think of herself as a very plain girl. It was as if a fairy princess had laid aside her fairy ring or wand or rose, and had stepped down to find out what it was like to be a mere mortal. Yes, she got the idea perfectly—you thought what Mrs. Thorley would like, and if she were too tired, and where it would be most convenient for Professor Raikes to find the extra films. Of course, one would not want to do it all one's life, but for a day or so it was amusing.

Late in the afternoon she heard Mrs. Thorley say to Raikes, "Do get Millie to stop working. She'll wear herself out."

Presently, when she looked up, he was standing in the doorway watching her. She did not know quite how long he had been there. She felt a little resentful, as everyone does at being watched, especially as she had been doing something rather ridiculous—lining up the cans of soup with a ruler, so that they looked very neat, like soldiers on parade. She saw he was smiling at her, but not in ridicule—not that slight one-sided smile that she hated—but the way people who like children smile when they watch them. But he went away again without a word, even of praise.

She had worked hard and felt herself to be approved, yet still she was not sure he meant to take her with him when, the next morning, he was to start for the site of the digging. But now luck was with her. An Indian who came in from camp mentioned casually that Thorley had cut his hand with his machete. Badly? *Bastante!* Mrs. Thorley took fright and announced her intention of going to see about it. Raikes obviously thought her solicitude exaggerated, but could not forbid her to go; and as she was going, there was no reason for leaving Millie behind all by herself.

At three o'clock the following afternoon they were on their way. First Raikes in old khaki riding breeches, a panama hat and high-laced boots. Then Millie, riding, like him, astride, in white crash breeches and coat, with a large rough straw hat, like a native woman, tied under her chin. Then Mrs. Thorley, on a Spanish sidesaddle like an armchair; then the Indian in blue overalls and nothing else.

They rode three hours through narrow paths in the forest which looked now old and worn, now as if they were merely the tracks of animals, and now as if they had been cut the day before. It was very hot. At intervals, without warning, a sheet of rain would fall perpendicularly upon them, and a moment afterward the sun would be shining so brightly that Millie would watch with interest the steam rising from Raikes' soaked khaki shirt. He had already warned her not to touch any of the branches of trees or giant leaves of plants that projected over the path. Why not? Oh, you never knew what you were disturbing. She had determined to put the idea of snakes out of her head, not to think about them unless she actually saw one. Still she could not help looking in likely places. She saw none.

Just before the short twilight of the tropics they saw a spire of gray smoke by the river they were following, and came into camp. Never were two women more warmly welcomed. Thorley, who had been a little too heroic over his accident when it first happened, had begun to worry about his wound and did not quite like to say so. Jimmy, after twenty-four hours of absence from Millie, felt that he had endured all a man could endure for the love of science. A new can of beans was opened, more oranges brought out, more coffee. The tents were rearranged.

Except on the river side, the tropical forest was like a wall about them—a terraced wall. First the line of undergrowth, then the impenetrable line of the vines, then the line of trees, and shooting through these, here and there, the giant trees, whose tops were among the stars. There was something terrifying about the density of the forest. Millie felt an impulse she had never known before—the impulse to cling, to Jimmy, to Raikes, to Thorley, even to Mrs. Thorley. It occurred to her that of them all, Raikes was the only one who seemed entirely at home in his surroundings; from that point of view, the best person to cling to.

She said this to Jimmy, not meaning it wholly as a compliment to Raikes. "There is something wild about him," she said—"wild in the sense of eerie and untrained."

But Jimmy wasn't amused. He shook his head gravely. "Do you know what I've been tormenting myself about these last two days—that you'd fall in love with Raikes?" and he gave her the quick, appealing glance of a person who wants to be contradicted.

"Why, Jimmy," she said, laughing, "how rude of you. I thought you were going to say because he would fall in love with me."

She expected to hear him answer that that was a matter of course, and then she

Continued on Page 121

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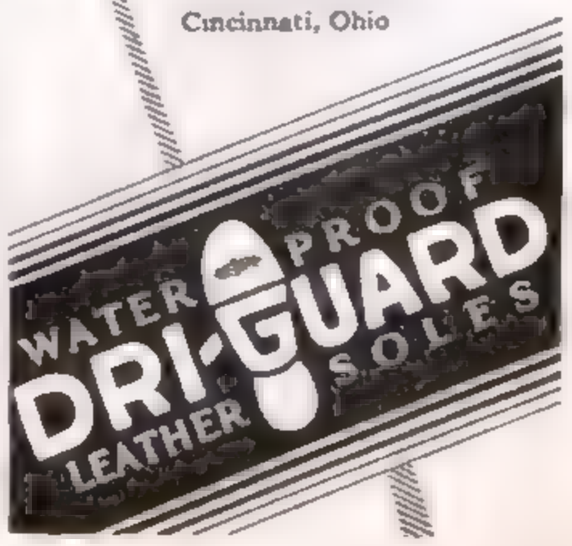
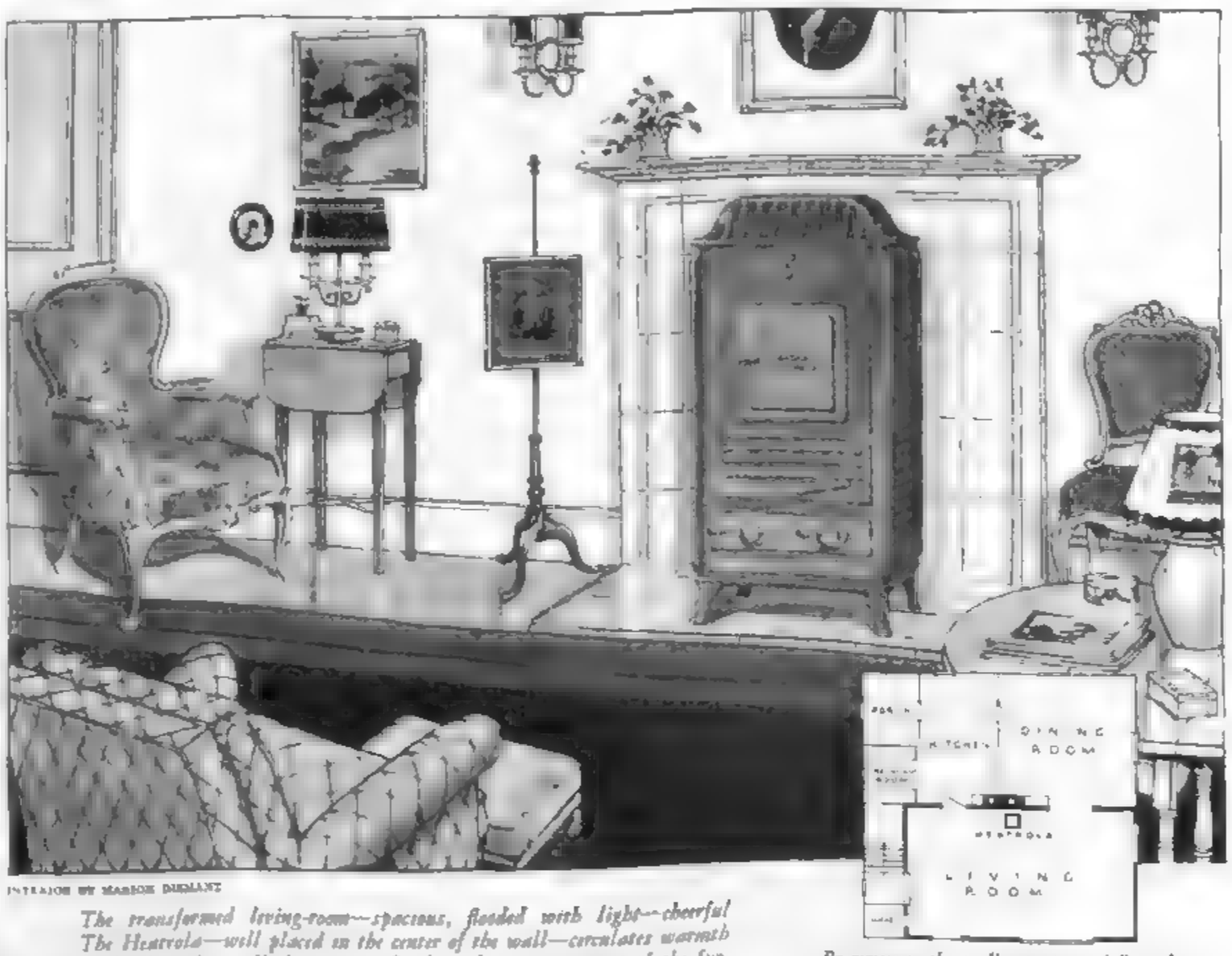


In this room the wall at the left forces the stove into an awkward corner. The whole effect is cramped and unlovely

Small, "cubby-hole" rooms were necessary back in the days when we depended on stoves and fire-places for warmth.

A Little Planning—

a wall down here . . . a graceful archway there *—what a marvelous difference it can make in* YOUR *home*



The transformed living-room—spacious, flooded with light—cheerful The Heatrola—well placed in the center of the wall—circulates warmth freely throughout all the rooms See how the rearrangement of the furniture, and the addition of lamp, screen, and wall lighting fixtures change the tone and feeling of the entire room

By removing the needless partition (A) and cutting an archway at (B), this symmetrical, well proportioned room results.

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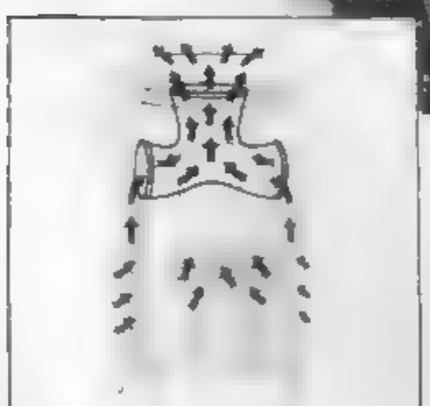
You see it going on everywhere, today. Badly proportioned, "cubby-hole" rooms being thrown together to form large, modern living-rooms . . . a graceful arch here . . . a built-in book-shelf there . . . harmonious decorative schemes to add cheer and color. It's really remarkable how a little thought, a little material, a little planning can modernize a home.

Take the room illustrated, for instance. What an improvement has been achieved here—yet you can see how *little* needed to be done. Beauty to replace the ordinary!

Every room in the house—upstairs and down—cozy, comfortable



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(Continued from Page 119)

was ready to explain how, really, it wasn't. But much to her surprise, when she looked at Jimmy she found he was shaking his head.

"Oh, no," he said; "I never thought he would fall in love with you. He doesn't like clever women, or—or ——" Jimmy did not like to say "ladies."

"He doesn't like equals," said Millie. "Oh, how I dislike people who get all their sense of superiority from selecting their associates from inferiors." She looked at Jimmy and suddenly thought that he ought to be freed from his bondage to Raikes. "You know, Jimmy," she said, "he rules everyone by making us feel that we are all perfect fools."

Jimmy laughed nervously. He never enjoyed talking about Raikes with Millie, and yet somehow they never talked of anything else.

"Well, you know," he said gently, "he is ever so much ahead of Thorley and me—even of you, Millie," he added loyally.

"That isn't the point," the girl answered. "The point is that he deliberately makes you feel inferior; he tries to paralyze you, when a real leader, a great man, would give you a sense of your own power."

Jimmy writhed. It was perfectly true. It had always been Raikes' fault as a leader, but the boy did not want to hear it put into words.

"I somehow wish you wouldn't abuse him, Millie," he said. "I'd think he's a great man in spite of his irritability and scorn."

"I'm not abusing him," she answered promptly. "But I must confess, Jimmy, I find it painful to see you so much on your knees to him. It isn't dignified; it isn't good for you."

Jimmy answered gently that he did not think it a bad thing for a young man to admire, even slavishly, the ability of an older one. Nevertheless, he was aware that Millie would approve a more rebellious attitude on his part. Was she right? Ought he to be more rebellious? It was the sort of problem that he usually took direct to Raikes for solution. He sighed.

The next morning Mrs. Thorley announced herself dissatisfied with the appearance of Thorley's wound. There were traces of inflammation about the edges, she decided. In any case, she thought it should have some stitches taken, and she took him off to see the railroad doctor who would be coming through the village of San Roberto the next day. Thorley's departure would leave the expedition short-handed. It was assumed without a word that Millie should stay.

She was amused to see that Raikes disapproved of Thorley's going, although he refrained from opposing it.

"These wives," he said to Jimmy. "They love to make men behave like babies." Jimmy was wise enough not to answer.

The ruin of their city, which still, to an untrained eye, appeared like natural hills in the forest, began here and there to show its true character. There was lots of work; Millie was praised for the celerity with which she cut down a small tree while the ax was lying idle.

"But for goodness' sake don't cut off your foot or hand. We don't want to send any more patients back to the railroad's doctor," said Raikes crossly.

Their routine was this: To get up long before it was light, to breakfast in camp, and then begin work at the first light and take advantage of the coolness of early morning. By half-past ten they were back in camp for luncheon—"*almuerzo*," as the Indians called it—and slept and rested and wrote notes and prepared cameras. Then, as the sun began again to decline, they went back to work for another three hours before dark.

It was real work—physical work. Raikes not only directed the Indians in their digging and hewing down of trees but he worked with them. So did Jimmy. So, to a less extent, did Millie.

She did a great deal in scraping long, flat plaques of decoration free from vines and small verdure, showing beautiful festoons of overlapping circles and serpents and tapirs' heads. Her Spanish, less correct than Raikes', was infinitely more flowing and understandable. She and the headman had endless talks. He told that over the shoulder of the hill was the great temple, very rich, a buried treasure with a curse on it.

It was an idea to fire the imagination—the silver and gold cups of feasts long over, and the gold and turquoise ornaments of women long dead. Millie thought of it a great deal and almost every day she and the head Indian had a few words about it. Why hadn't he dug for it himself? Oh, he had—he and his father before him. His father had found a god—a little god in gold. He would bring it to show the *señorita* some day. But they had found nothing else; they were not like the *señorita*—they had no magic. Millie disclaimed magic, too, but not finally. Who knows? One might be a sorceress without knowing it.

They had been ten days in the jungle, and though the work was interesting—oh, very interesting—Millie had begun to ask herself whether it was going to be nothing but this—getting up before dawn, working like slaves and going to bed just after sunset. They did not—though the statement would have seemed almost incredible to her—see a great deal of one another, and hardly talked at all, except her and Jimmy for a few minutes between supper and bedtime; only Jimmy was always so tired he could hardly keep his eyes open even for her. Nothing much had happened. Jimmy had been badly stung by nothing more exotic than a wasp, a lintel had almost fallen on three of the Indians, and Raikes had shot a beautiful little jaguar that had prowled round the camp at night. He had manifested none of those symptoms of hopeless passion which Millie had expected to see within a week. Now and then she found him staring at her, but more as if he were appraising than worshiping.

At first he, too, had sat with Millie and Jimmy after supper, but lately he had removed himself to a rock in the river, where he sat, smoking to keep the mosquitoes away. Millie asked Jimmy what the chief was always thinking so much about. But Jimmy explained that he didn't think he was thinking.

"He's just trying to smooth himself out so as to go through another day," he said.

"And does he need any more smoothing out than the rest of us?" she asked.

"Mercy, yes," answered Jimmy. Millie was irritated at this new habit. She wanted to talk to him about the treasure, to suggest digging there instead of here. She finally decided one evening to send Jimmy to the rock with a message. He was to say that he had been talking with the Indians and had reason to believe ——

Jimmy was not gone long. He returned with the report that the boss said there was nothing in it.

Millie's straight golden-brown eyebrows drew slightly together.

"How does he know that, Jimmy?" Jimmy did not know. "You didn't ask his reasons?"

"No."

"But it doesn't make sense," answered Millie. "Go back and find out." Then, as the boy obviously hesitated, she added: "Are you afraid?"

"You might call it that. I know it would annoy him, and after all, it isn't my business. I'm here to work under him, you know, not to run the expedition."

"You are here because you have ability, which you ought to put at his disposal. There is every reason, it seems to me, Jimmy, to believe that these Indians and Don Manuel—everybody who knows the country—are right. Why should Raikes ignore it? It isn't a difficult thing to do—to investigate. And think what a help from the point of view of publicity, if he dug up a great treasure. He would never have any more trouble raising money for his expeditions."

Jimmy was obliged to admit that every word she said was true. But he still refused to urge the plan on Raikes.

"Then I will," said Millie.

Anything rather than that. He preferred to be crushed between his two beloved millstones rather than see them grinding each other to pieces.

The next evening at supper he said, with the false ease of the timid: "You never gave me your reasons, boss, why you are so opposed to digging in the sun temple. It can't be more than ten or twelve miles away."

Raikes was surprisingly pleasant. "Didn't I, Jimmy?" he answered. "I meant to. I am not doing it because there is nothing of interest in the temple and the treasure isn't there."

"You know that?"

"Yes."

Jimmy forced himself another step: "How do you know, sir?"

Raikes was lighting a cigarette, and answered with it between his lips: "That's neither here nor there."

Jimmy was silent. Not so Millie.

"How do you mean, it's neither here nor there?" she said, speaking a little faster than she wanted to. "Jimmy and I are not fools. We have very good reasons for believing it is there. You are the leader, you have a right to decide—even if you are wrong—but we have a right to know your reasons."

Raikes had lit his cigarette, the smoke of which was curling up into his left eye; he regarded Millie malignly out of the other.

"I disagree with you," he said, and got up and left the circle.

Millie was in a fury; he was an arbitrary, tyrannical man, a second-rate nature that enjoyed the exercise of power for its own sake. No wonder he was an unknown professor in a third-rate college. "I'm sorry, Jimmy, but you know Bentham is third-rate." She believed it was their duty to make a gesture of freedom, to take the two horses and go themselves and investigate. What fun it would be if they found the treasure. He'd probably steal all the glory and persuade himself it had been his plan. Would Jimmy go with her?

No, Jimmy would not.

So she quarreled with Jimmy, too, and went to bed. She did not sleep for a long time. If she could only get Raikes out of the way for a day, she knew she could persuade Jimmy to go; if Raikes would cut his hand like Thorley —— She lay on her canvas cot, tense with excitement, half arranging the details, half imagining the triumph.

Early in the next day's work, Raikes and Jimmy broke into a small, brightly painted room. The colors shown by flash lights were as clear as the day they had been put on—terra cotta and Nile green and lapis-lazuli blue. Now, indeed, Thorley, the official photographer, was missed. Suppose something went wrong; suppose they faded or the rain got at them. Millie suggested she could paint a copy of them.

It was a great success. She did it beautifully. Raikes was delighted; he hung over her paper, praising her. It seemed to Millie as if she had never been praised in all her life before. This was a new sensation, flattering beyond anything that had ever been. She tried to laugh about it to Jimmy, but even from him she could not hide her beaming joy.

"This is better than any photograph!" Raikes had cried.

It was like a crown of laurel on her brow.

Perhaps after all he wasn't such a bad leader, for undoubtedly she valued his praise much more than she would have done if it had been a commoner commodity. He began to talk with her, to listen to her, to admit her to the fellowship of trained workers. She saw, with the most naïve surprise, that hard work and ability had done something with a man that beauty and charm had not been able to do. It was a turning point in her life. Contrary to her training, to her previous experience, to her reading of fiction, she found there was another aspect of her personality more valuable than her beauty. That was what he had meant by saying that pretty women were cheats. It was true—she had been cheating all her

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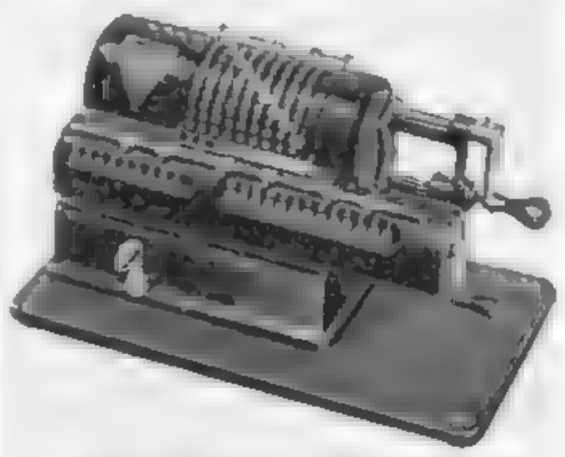

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life. She had gloried in getting what she wanted by use of her money and her beauty. She called it knowing her way about. She could park her car in the Chesters' summer place, where no one else was allowed to, because she was so sweet and had known the policeman since her childhood; she knew how to manage so that she'd get a compartment on a crowded train that someone else had engaged weeks before. So it was when she wanted to go to the theater at the last moment—yes, she cheated. And when she needed a partner at a dance or found herself in a tiresome house party, she looked about and took someone else's property with a smile. She cheated. But the point was not so much that she did it as that she was pleased with herself for doing it. She had cheated in coming on this expedition—her father, the president. Well, here she was. Now, for the first time in her life, she found that, with one person at least, it would be necessary to make good. With Jimmy she could go on cheating; he would think everything she did wonderful and her mere presence a benediction. But Raikes would accept nothing but the best. That was stimulating. She was extraordinarily happy; happier than she had ever been in all her life. Happy because she was using every faculty—her physical powers in the daily work, her mental abilities, for no one could be with Raikes and not use his mind—and now this other great faculty, the will, the strangest and most exciting of all.

For this she had Raikes to thank, and she was grateful to him. Not slavishly grateful like Jimmy; at least she hoped not. But how different life was. All her discontent gone. Instead of asking herself, as she unclosed her eyes, what she could do with the empty hours of the day, or why she was living at all, she sprang up in the pale dawn, with the sky overhead the color of dark silver and the stars like diamond points, knowing that there was a hard, interesting and—most important—appreciated work to be done.

They were excavating a long series of rock-built rooms, with a façade consisting of a heavily decorated band above the lintels, and wonderfully complex pillars between the openings. Jimmy had taken the Indians round to mount to the top and cut down a huge tree which was growing on the roof, for the roots curled about the stones made clearing the stones difficult.

Millie, at some distance outside, was cleaning a stone that must have fallen from the lintels, turning it over gingerly to give the scorpions time to get away. Millie did not like scorpions and centipedes, and even little harmless lizards that moved too quick for her eye to follow them. She had just cleared the stone enough to see with interest the very gap in the decoration from which it had fallen, when she heard Raikes call from inside the first cavelike opening:

"Come here, Jimmy. This is interesting."

"He's not come back yet," she answered. "What is it?"

"This room has been painted too."

She went to him. "Mayn't I see?" she said.

She could see he was less interested in showing it to her than he would have been in showing it to an expert, but he was civil. He was standing three or four feet below her, with his flash light in one hand, and he held out the other to help her to step down over the débris of excavation to the floor of the room on which he was standing. She had just given him her hand and was stooping to step down, when something of a gray-brown color moved beside her, very quickly, and yet like a procession taking an appreciable time to pass a given point; a great snake, larger round than Millie's arm, glided out of the inner depths of the cave and hid itself in the jungle.

Strange to say, it was the first Millie had seen. She felt as if her whole body was made of a shaking, icy substance, like water just before it freezes. She gave a series of shrill little cries and hid her face in Raikes' shoulder and clung to him with all her strength, and that was a great deal. In the extremity of her terror she would have clung to Mrs. Thorley or the head Indian with the same convulsive clutch.

"Don't be frightened," said Raikes. "It's a perfectly harmless snake, and it's gone anyhow."

She answered with a little animal moan, not at all like Millie.

With the arm that he had put round her he gave her a little shake. "Don't be a fool," he said crossly. She did not raise her head. "Don't be a fool," he repeated, this time less crossly, and Millie became aware that it was Raikes she was holding so tightly. "Don't be a fool," he said a third time, quite gently, and lifting her head, he kissed her mouth.

He had certainly succeeded in distracting her mind from her terrors. There had never been anything like it. But he gave her no time to speak; he set her on her feet outside the cave just as Jimmy came running up.

"Did you call?" he said. "I thought I heard a scream."

"You did," said Raikes. "Our lady assistant has seen a snake." He spoke in his flattest voice—the voice of a man who has never had an emotion in his life—and picking up his tools, went off to the farther side of the hill.

Jimmy was in that unfortunate stage of unrequited love when he felt personally responsible for everything disagreeable that happened to the object of his affections. He behaved now as if he had created all the snakes of the tropics.

"Oh, Millie," he said, "I'm so sorry. Oh, dear, I wish I had been here. The chief has no understanding or sympathy for that sort of fear."

"He was not unsympathetic," said Millie.

She wished passionately that Jimmy would go away and leave her in possession of this great secret, this precious and exciting possession. Raikes loved her. She was no baby; when a man kissed you like that he was yours to do with as you liked. He might not know it, but it was true. What did she like? It was for her to say. This was her triumph, and she felt triumphant as if she could have shouted and danced and flung her arms in the air, only there was Jimmy repeating that really there were not many snakes, and ten to one she would not see another, but that he would stay there until she quieted down.

"Quieted down?" she said. "I'm perfectly quiet. Do go back to your work, Jimmy, and let me finish this drawing before the light fades."

He went obediently, not knowing that her hands were shaking so that she could hardly hold the brush with which she was pretending to paint.

When he had disappeared round the corner she gave up the pretense of work and sat waiting for Raikes' return. She had no doubt of his coming. But she was glad he was giving her time to conquer this wild, surging excitement, like ultimate chaos, which was going on inside of her. She had many insults to avenge; she recalled them one by one—this was the man who had not wanted her to come, who had threatened to have her deported, who had told her to behave like a plain woman who wanted to be useful. Well, she had, and see what had come of it. She listened. She could not hear the sound of his spade. No, he would not be working; he was thinking or already softly making his way back to her. She wondered what he would say. She would look at him steadily, calmly. He would not be able to tell if it were anger, reproach or injured pride. Perhaps he would apologize abjectly—an undefended girl, and under his care. Her lips curved cruelly. And yet she almost hoped he wouldn't be abject. If, on the other hand, he came to her and took her in his arms again —— Ah, that would be more difficult. In that case

The light was failing fast. Why didn't he come? At any minute now the others would be coming back, would get there before him. His only chance. Was he a fool?

Evidently he was, for now it was too late. Jimmy was coming home too. She could hear him singing far off. He must have sung in his school choir, for he was familiar with many hymn tunes, and he was singing one now.

"Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky."

He wandered away into the second in a good bass.

The other one was coming too. She could see him now. He had his spade over his shoulder and had hung his hat on it. She saw that he would have time for a word, nothing more than that, before Jimmy was within earshot. She sat up straight, waiting, wondering what that word would be. He stopped. Her eyes met his expectantly.

"Well," he said, "aren't we going to have any supper tonight?" He spoke in a tone of courteous irritation; one of the most trying of all his tones.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Brazos River From Inspiration Point, Mineral Wells, Texas

Careful Home Buyers Insist on Insulation

HOW much better it is to think of insulation *before* you build or buy than to be reminded of it *later* by wasteful heat-leakage, dampness, chill and draughts!

And how quickly you realize that uninsulated houses are out-of-date when you visit homes that *resist* the passage of heat . . . that help keep furnace warmth *inside* during winter and scorching sun heat *outside* in summer!

Celotex, more than any other material, brings these advantages of insulation to American homes. It saves 25% or more on fuel bills; protects health and increases comfort all the year.

As a heat-stopper, Celotex is three times as effective as wood, eight times plasterboard, twelve times brick and twenty-five times concrete. Its effectiveness is proven by the fact that it is used in thousands of refrigerator cars and household refrigerators, as well as in more than 250,000 homes.

Celotex is the only insulation made from the long, tough fibres of cane. It comes in big, strong boards, 4 feet wide, 7 to 12 feet long and 7/16 inch thick. These boards withstand all kinds of weather and add structural strength to buildings when used as sheathing.

Celotex is also used for insulating roofs; for lining basements, attics and garages; for making comfortable extra rooms out of waste spaces.

As interior finish, Celotex adds new beauty to homes through its natural tan color and delicate fibre texture.

And for plasterbase there is Celotex Lath 18 inches by 48 inches, and 7/16 inch thick. It is especially designed to reinforce against plaster cracks and eliminate lath marks . . . to give finer, smoother plastered walls plus insulation.

Ask your contractor, builder or architect for further information on Celotex—and send in the coupon below for our free booklet.

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. Sales distributors throughout the world. All reliable dealers can supply Celotex Building Board and Celotex Lath.

CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

When you buy a house, look for the Celotex sign. It is your assurance of greater home comfort.

The word CELOTEX Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. is the trade-mark of and manufacture by The Celotex Company Chicago, Illinois

THE CELOTEX COMPANY
645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago Ill.
Please send me free your illustrated booklet, "Year Round Comfort and Fuel Saving for Every Home."

Name

Address

City ..... State .....

Norman Rockwell tells Jim Henry

"I can put more *chuckles* in my pictures when I've had this COOL shave"

The scene is Mr. Rockwell's studio in New Rochelle, N. Y. Present are Norman Rockwell, the famous painter, whose work so often appears on the front cover of The Saturday Evening Post—and Jim Henry, Mennen sale man . . . On Mr. Rockwell's easel is the painting which appears on the front cover of this issue.

JIM HENRY—*famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. His reports will appear frequently in this publication.*

NORMAN ROCKWELL: "Sure, Jim, I'll give you the dope on the 'artistic' shave. . . I like to paint hoboes, but I certainly don't like to look like one. . . That's why I shave carefully—every day. . . Being a particular cuss, I've experimented with shaving creams almost as much as I've experimented with colors.

I guess I was one of the first to try that Menthol-iced of yours. . . I don't know what's in the cream, but I do know that it gives my face a keen, cool tingle that I've never had from any other shaving cream. . . There's a real kick to it! . . . Some day maybe, I'll do a painting of a happy shaver with his tube of Mennen. You know, Jim—that would be a self-portrait!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE!

There is a dash and a cool invigoration in Mennen Menthol-iced that is typically young—modern! The lather has a "get-up-and-go" feeling to it that fits in with young ideas. Menthol, blended into the cream by a secret process, gives your shave a mountain air COOLNESS such as you never felt before.

Every day young men are writing to Jim Henry about Mennen Menthol-iced. Here are some typical comments:

A salesman: "Cool shaves, that's a swell idea. After a night in a Pullman, Menthol-iced refreshes me and sets me up for the day's work."

An expert accountant: "I'm a late sleeper. I don't really wake up until I feel the cool tingle of Menthol-iced lather on my face. . . And what a smooth shave Mennen gives me!"

A well-known skin specialist: "The astringent and antiseptic qualities in menthol are valuable in protecting the skin after shaving. I recommend Menthol-iced highly."

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream, the largest selling 50c cream on the market! Both creams have Dermutation.

DERMUTATION—*A three way shaving improvement:*

1—***Softens the beard.*** Mennen dermutized lather gets down to the base of each hair. It makes each whisker soft and yielding to the blade. No yanking! No pulling! But comfort from the very first stroke of the razor. . .

2—***Lubricates the blade.*** The tiny, strong and creamy bubbles cling to the hair and enable the blade to glide smoothly over your skin and cut the hair clean and close.

3—***Invigorates the skin.*** Mennen Shaving Cream contains five fine emollients which relax taut face nerves, protect the skin, and give your face a smoothly finished, perfectly groomed appearance.

A UNIQUE TEST—
See for yourself how strong *Mennen lather is*

MAKE a pile of Mennen lather on your hand. Then put the cap of the tube on the lather. The top *won't sink in!* Here's proof of how strong and thick Mennen dermutized lather is! Lather that is strong enough to hold up a heavy metal cap can hold the *toughest* hair to the blade, —so that the blade can cut clean and close . . . . Only Mennen can give such lather! Make this interesting test with your tube of Mennen—or send for the free trial tube!

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

After the shave:

Mennen Skin Balm *protects the skin and removes "face shine" . . . Healing . . . Soothing . . . Not greasy*

Mennen Talcum for Men—*the man's powder that does not show. . . Great after bathing, too!*

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. S-2, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Norman Rockwell say it is, send me a FREE trial tube . . . And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too

Name ...

Address ...

WHAT AM I—FISH?

(Continued from Page 17)

A voice hailed him from an open top-floor window: "Goin' to the prom, Stu?"

"Yes," said Stuart. "I guess I'll give it a rumble."

We sing now of a night in May—of soft, warm breezes kissing the tops of cheerful old elms, of a moon in a cottony sky above, of a thousand paper lanterns dancing like gayly dressed children above a vast expanse of shadow-washed campus. We sing of shirt bands, size 15, of collars, size 14, and the heartbreaking battles that ensued; of tailors' boys who delivered the inner clothing of Jones '30, six-feet-two in his stocking feet, to Jones '31, five-feet-five in his shoes. We sing of cars that broke tires on the way to Berlin to meet the 4:40, of curses, wails and gnashing of teeth, and of girls who finally arrived on the 6:50 with plausible excuses. We sing of freshmen eating in pantries to release seven soup spoons and seven salad forks that the silver under the pink-shaded table lights might all match. We sing of a girl, a theory and of Mr. Stuart Faulkner.

Of the girl—a gossamer mist of joyful life, softly golden and pink—as Mr. Faulkner knew she would be—a twinkling flame to consume young hearts—a flame of rose leaves and myrrh and frankincense swirling upward from her tiny tapping slippers to the fresh young fragrance that was her hair. Mr. Faulkner had seen her only once—five months before—and now, at eleven o'clock Friday evening, as he sat in solitude on a back window sill of North College, dangling his feet and feeling nervously for his tie points, listening to the gentle beat of music from Fayerweather, he pondered.

The theory was sound, no doubt. On her card for the prom were the captains of football, basketball, tennis, golf and swimming, the president of the college body, representative members of both junior and both senior societies and the junior class president. In addition, tomorrow would see her at the Amherst game on the arm of Speed Gibbons, the most powerful lobbyist in college—this while Mr. Faulkner was engaged in his duties of scutting the assistant managership of next year's team. Further, the baseball captain, who was in training this night and consequently not dancing, would take her to the varsity show after the morrow's game, while Mr. Faulkner performed voluntary duty behind the ticket wicket in place of the assistant show manager, stricken with tonsillitis. Furthermore—the show over—she would proceed to the round-robin tea dance on the arm of the captain of track, who was not dancing either this night, but who would break training the following day after the Brown meet. To be sure, Mr. Faulkner could take her to the meet himself, but unfortunately, he had no cuts left in math, hence he had arranged to share her favor again with the captain of football. As for the house dances Saturday night, they ended at twelve, and Mr. Faulkner knew full well how many dances he would get from the flood of requests that had already poured in upon him, once the girl had been fairly sighted.

"Well," he sighed in the dark solitude of his window sill, "I have stopped the prom—but what am I—fish? One hundred and nine smackers is a lot of money to pay for the elections, and suppose I don't get it? If I don't, I don't get a society and if I don't get a junior society I won't get a senior. The magazine board alone won't help me, and suppose I don't get that either? Those were good boots, and—oh, well." He sighed again. "But believe me, Stuart, she is a beautiful baby—oh, she is, she is!" He wiggled uncomfortably in the darkness; then, in the light of a match, he scanned his dance card. He had only two more dances with her—one promised to Scrub Harper if he got back from Hartford with tomorrow's issue of the magazine in time to claim it. One hundred and nine dollars for a theory. "Well, I might as well dance with somebody." He slid off the sill and started around the car park to the gym entrance. Part of Mr. Faulkner's system was that whereas he gave dances with grandiloquent gestures, he was very careful to give them to stags where he could, for he wanted to take no chances of getting somebody's sister in the exchange.

He inched into the stag line and surveyed the floor. Dave Slocum struggled past him with two hundred pounds of healthy giggle in his arms and a wilted look of steadfast determination on his face. Mr. Faulkner caught his eye and stuck a tongue in his cheek. Mr. Slocum's face assumed the grimness of a machine gun for a second; then his eyes melted into a pathetic plea for succor. Mr. Faulkner shook his head firmly. Mr. Slocum raised his hand from the plump back of his partner and extended his five fingers, spread-eagled. Mr. Faulkner started; then quickly he pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket and held it across his stomach with a question in his eye. Mr. Slocum nodded a grateful affirmative and Mr. Faulkner slid forward for the cut. Mr. Faulkner danced three times round the gym before the music stopped; then he thanked the girl most charmingly for her favor, returned her to Dave Slocum's fraternity inclosure and excused himself.

"Thanks, old man," said Dave when Stuart joined him on the other side of the gym.

Mr. Faulkner took Mr. Slocum's five-dollar bill. "That's all right, Dave."

Fifteen minutes later, Roy Howells came up, mopping his brow. "Look, Stu, Dave says—I mean, I'm stuck with Push Jacobs' sister's roommate. Do a fellow a favor, will you, and take a couple of dances?"

"What am I—fish? I've got a girl of my own, Roy."

"I know, but hang it, I can't dance with my wretch all night, can I?"

"You brought her, boy."

"Look here, I'll give you a dollar a dance."

"A dollar!"

"She's not too bad"—hopefully.

"No, sir! Anything up to buck teeth and cross-eyes, all weights, comes to five smackers a dance. Clubfeet or crutches, five smackers extra."

"Cheap at the price," said Mr. Howells. He pressed twenty dollars into Mr. Faulkner's hand. "Six, seven, eight and nine, and may God bless you, my son!"

Mr. Faulkner marked in the dances and pocketed the money doubtfully. He had another dance to get his wind for the ordeal. He wandered across the hallway to the balcony of the pool and stared gloomily into the limpid green waters. Presently he girded his loins and went forth to the fray manfully.

It is little short of miraculous how news travels on campuses. For instance, Mr. Faulkner, drowsing in a welter of cosecants the next morning at ten, received a clandestine prod in the left elbow and a crumpled paper was thrust into his hand. Inclosed in the paper was a five-dollar bill. On the paper was an enigma, to wit:

240 lbs.
corn hair
apple teeth
Quotes Rupert Brooke
— House, 5:00 P.M.
One full cut-in dance—one sit out—JOE.

And again, during a pause in the ticket-taking at the show, a frantic, wild-eyed face poked through a crack in the door of the booth. "Stu, Roy Howells says—up at the house—for Pete's sake help a fellow out, will ya?"

To be sure, Mr. Faulkner had stood beside the fair Luella, sharing her wit with the captain of football while the finals of the high jump and the hammer throw were run off that morning. Again, he had lunched in subdued ecstasy with her at the house; only to give her over to the track captain when he himself departed for the gym to rub liniment into eighteen or twenty pairs of arms and legs in preparation for the fray. At the show he had not seen her, and chasing her the gamut of twelve fraternity houses afterward—pausing ever and anon to perform his deeds of mercy for harassed friends for gold—he had caught her finally at the foot of his own house stairs, just as she was going above to dress for dinner.

"Oh, it's wonderful, Stuart!"

He went over to North College, to a room ten feet by eight, to dress for dinner. He had slept on a desk in that room the night before. He would sleep there again tonight if he got there before all the beds, window seats, desks, morris chairs and floor space were occupied. Five men were dressing in it now, in the name of youth and the pursuit of happiness. Mr. Faulkner dressed also, reflecting sadly that the pack was now in full cry.

And it was. The house was giving a dinner dance, but before the coffee was served, various and sundry gentlemen from other houses who claimed friendship with these particular brothers in the bond had wended their way from all directions to claim the favor of the woman who had stopped the prom.

Mr. Faulkner had the first dance, Speed Gibbons had the second, Push Jacobs the third, Dave Slocum the fourth, and thereafter Mr. Faulkner lost count. Ever and anon he cut and cut back, but to no avail. The damage was done—her fame had spread—and the situation was of his own machinating, so he went out to the veranda railing and smoked in solitude—a privilege, he reflected, for which he had paid one hundred and nine precious dollars. Oh, well.

They came in greater numbers. The captains of football, baseball, track, tennis, golf and swimming, the president of the college body, the lobbyists, the society men. It was as it should be—but one hundred and nine dollars —— "What am I," Mr. Faulkner asked himself—"fish?"

It was Sunday. There was one more golden hour before the dream of youth came to an end. She sat in the car beside him as it made the last slow circuit of the countryside before returning to the house for her trunk and taking them on the last ride together for the train at Berlin.

"Oh, Stuart, it has been wonderful."

He spread his hands in deprecation. "I tried to make it so for you. I wanted you to ——"

"Oh, I did—I enjoyed every minute of it. I love your college. I love the men here."

"I was too busy to show it to you properly, I'm afraid, Luella."

"I know—I know all about it. I hate men who don't do things on campus, though—who don't do something besides study—I mean something to be remembered by—something for the college itself."

He shrugged. "My part is small."

"Small!" Her blue eyes widened. "Why, Stuart! Shall I tell you a secret? You mustn't say a word about it, but Larry Milton says you will absolutely be elected assistant manager of baseball, and Speed Gibbons says—or was it Chuck Baker—no, I guess it was Johnnie Boyd "

The car came up to the house terrace.

"—— and you were such a dear, dancing with the girls that didn't have many partners. It was so sweet." She patted his arm affectionately as he helped her out and told two frosh to load her trunk on the rack.

She patted his arm again on the way to Berlin, and presently he slipped his around her young waist and drew her close to him.

"Luella ——" he said.

"Stuart ——" she said.

The hired chauffeur said: "The trunk's off, bud, and the train's comin' in."

The following day Mr. Faulkner pushed open the door of Twelve North.

"Chick," he said, "I think you've learned your lesson." And he laid five ten-dollar bills on the desk.

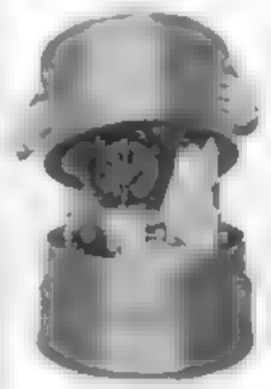
(Continued on Page 129)

For only $70 you can stop this drudgery!

Don't let your family undergo "pump-and-carry" drudgery—when it can be stopped by an investment of only $70. Don't ask them to go without the convenience and comforts of Running Water under pressure, when it takes so little to install a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water System.

The attractive blue lacquered enclosure of the unit shown below contains pump, electric motor, tank and automatic control—ready without further cost to deliver running water—and can be obtained for a sum far less than most families spend for less necessary comforts.

Just use the coupon to secure full information or descriptive literature.



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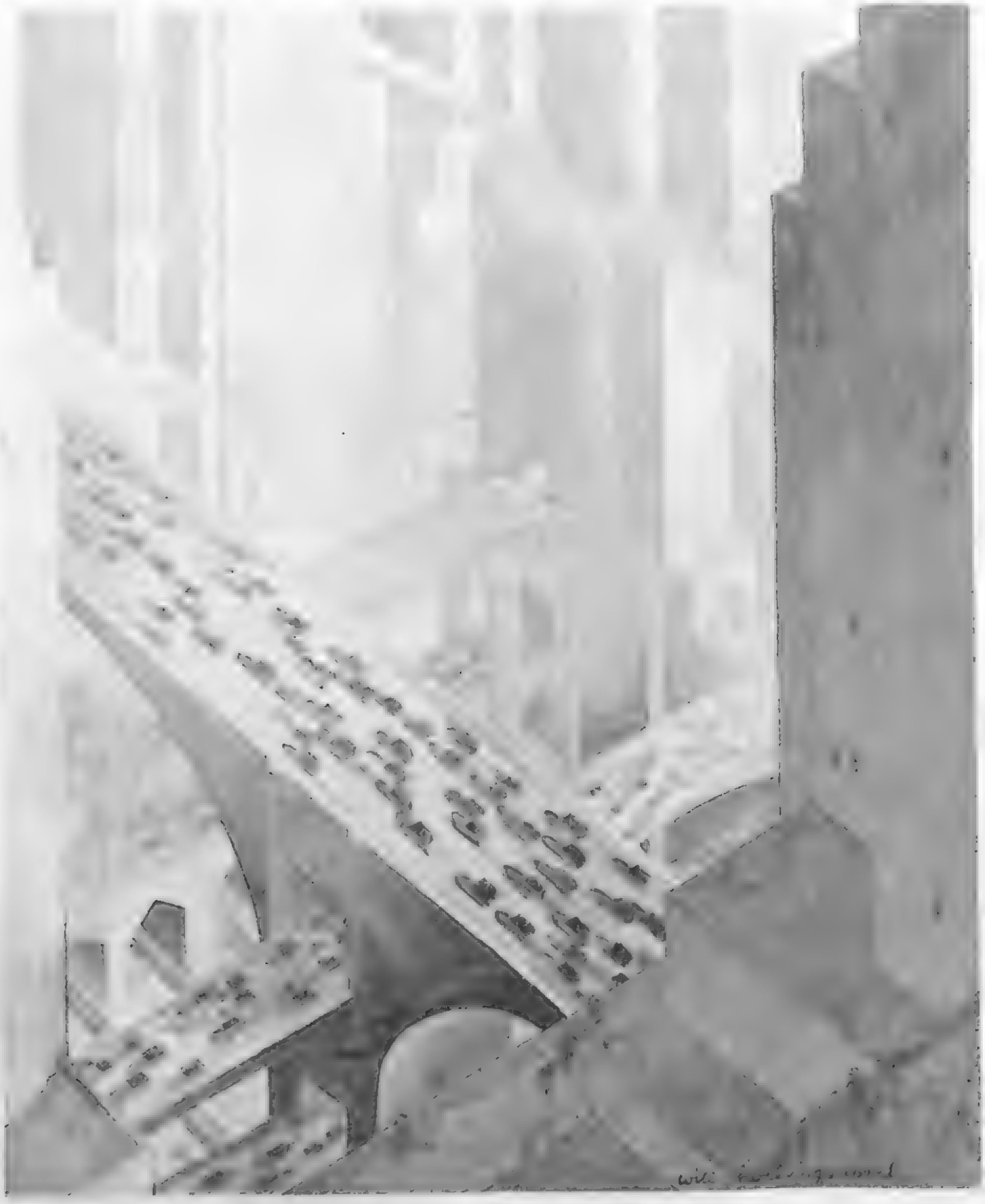
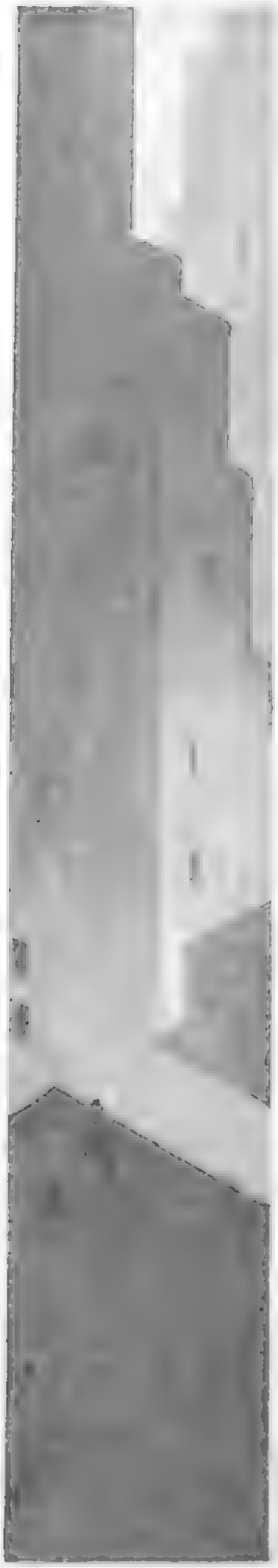
My source of water supply is:
☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream
☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern
Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

FOR CITIES LOOKING



100 YEARS AHEAD



CAST IRON PIPE

Cities looking a century ahead are planning *now* to cope with a traffic problem undreamed of a scant score years ago. The astounding volume and tonnage of today's traffic point to street construction ever stronger, more complex, and *costly*.

The flow of street transportation will move faster; speed will become more and more important economically. And traffic delays will become almost prohibitively expensive. Cities looking a century ahead are taking steps *now* to avoid future traffic interruptions by building streets that will last. And by laying gas and water mains under them which will not need to be replaced or repaired for centuries. Today too many traffic delays are due to torn-up paving caused by the necessity of digging up short-lived gas or water pipe.

City officials and engineers who plan wisely for the future are specifying *cast iron pipe*—for it is the longest-lived pipe known. In fact, its full span of life has never been measured. Mains that have been in active use a century, two centuries, and *more*, are still in service. No wonder cast iron pipe is the choice of far-sighted engineers and city planners. Cast iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed below. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of Cast Iron Pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: American Cast Iron Pipe Co., Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Co., Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Cast Iron Pipe & Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York City.

CAST Q IRON
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Now—Two electric cleaners for the price of one!

.... A cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.

No Attachments Needed!
Why take out the big electric cleaner for the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments

Now... the Spic-Span!
A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments . . . and does it faster and better. Works independently—with its own sturdy little motor

Speed!... this new Premier idea saves *hours* in electric cleaning

Again human ingenuity has triumphed over a baffling problem. At last . . . a way has been found to clean drapes, mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, nooks and corners everywhere .... *without the use of a single attachment!*

For now, in place of attachments, Premier gives you the Spic-Span .... a handy, compact, 4-pound cleaner that can be whisked about from task to task .... without wasting time or steps or strength!

The Spic-Span retains all the famous Premier features .... super-suction... ball-bearings .... no oiling! It gets its nose close to the dust and dirt .... cleans faster, better, easier. Just plug it into any electric socket and use it like an electric iron!

Thus, Premier offers you two electric cleaners for the price of one . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets, and the Spic-Span for the smaller cleaning tasks. A wonderful combination for shortening those cleaning hours!

FREE Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
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Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by The Premier Service Company, with branches in all leading cities. Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Georgetown, Ontario. Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York

Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00

Pacific Coast and Canadian prices slightly higher

(Continued from Page 125)

Holloway '32 looked up. "You don't want the typewriter back! I wrote my father about it and he sent me the money. He said it was a bargain."

"Well, if you still want it, I guess you can keep it. It certainly brought your marks up lately."

"Yea, and I've almost finished that last book. I'll be over tomorrow."

"Good." Mr. Faulkner went over to his house. Grub Davidson sat disconsolately on the veranda.

"How's for a loan of five, Stu?"

"Broke?"

"Broker'n hell."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Faulkner, "I had to sell my phonograph to Benny Cohen to take in the prom—sold it for five smackers, with the records, and the louse charged me ten when I bought it back from him. You still going to use those boots? I can't swing the black ones—haven't got the money."

Mr. Davidson's face brightened. "Will you buy them back?"

"I'll do the best I can for a brother, Grub, but I guess that isn't any too much. I can go ten for them, with the spurs."

"They're yours!" shouted Mr. Davidson, and bolted up the stairs to get them.

It was three weeks later and the academic year was in its final death throes. There had been a day in the interval when the college body had balloted and a night in the interval when mysterious figures had called upon lucky men.

Mr. Stuart Faulkner, assistant manager of baseball, member of the humorous-magazine board, honorary member of Paint and Powder and—holy of holies—a new arrival in the sanctity of the junior society he had picked for himself months before, sat at his desk before four exhibits. The first three—three very thick and faintly fragrant letters on heavy white lawn. The fourth a notebook, the left-hand page of which read:

CASH ON HAND

Unaccounted for	$ 50.00
Services rendered, Junior Prom	50.00
	$100.00

and the right-hand page:

DISBURSEMENTS

Somehow spent	$10.00
Buying back boots	10.00
" " phonograph	10.00
Total	$ 30.00
Senior Ball	15.00
House tea dance	15.00
Car hire	15.00
House board 3 days	8.00
Flowers	2.00
Miscellaneous	20.00
	$100.00

His door opened and Bill Corey came in.

"Hi, Stu; going to the Senior Ball?"

"Yes, I guess I'll stay over for it, Bill."

"Want to swap over a couple of dances?"

"Well, I tell you, Bill, I will if I have any, but I'm sort of pretty well filled up already. I'll remember, though, and if there are any I'll fix it for you."

"Thanks."

Alone once more, Mr. Faulkner sank into a gentle reverie a memory of gold and pink; a twinkling flame to consume young hearts—a flame of rose leaves and myrrh and frankincense. She was at Dartmouth last week, New Haven the week before, Williamstown before that. A gorgeous little girl; a gossamer mist of joyful life—divine, glorious.

He took a sheet of his very best note paper and wrote an answer to hers. He sealed the envelope carefully, stamped it and wandered down toward the store, where he dropped it in the box. Forgoing his usual lead shot, he wandered on in the lazy air, hands in pockets; caring not, listing not for tomorrow, for all the years ahead that would settle upon him some day. He was young—young!

At the Knowles house he turned in and, mounting the veranda casually, sat down beside Judith in the porch swing.

"So," she said, "the great man condescends to call?"

"All of that," agreed Stuart. "Aye, all of that." He reached for a bonbon and bit it in half. "Not so good," he announced, and put the other half between her parted teeth.

"Say," he said. "How about the Senior Ball? I'm staying over for it on purpose to take you, and I won't take no for an answer. Good—that's settled." And he took another bonbon. Its contents evidently pleased him, for he ate that one himself.

THE SOUND INVESTMENT

(Continued from Page 19)

turntable. Both were started together, and there you were! It was all quite interesting to the movie people, but what of it? The theaters were not equipped to show this stuff.

The company at the same time was experimenting with sound on film. In this process the picture is reduced on one side by a narrow sound track which runs continuously between the picture and the sprocket holes. Pictures which have the sound on the film may be distinguished from those played with records by the fact that the former picture, when thrown on the screen, is almost square. Other companies and individuals also were doing things with the same sort of plan in mind.

In the film process the sound is turned into light, which registers, through a very tiny slit, on the film. The light varies in volume with the sound, and a strip of sound film, closely examined, will show tiny cross streaks of varying density. When this is run through a properly equipped projection machine the sound track on the positive print lets through the same amount of light that was recorded on the negative. This is turned back into sound and the show is under way. One process varies this by registering on the sound track tiny black mountain ranges lying horizontally against a white sky. The effect is the same. Instead of regulating the amount of light by different shades of gray, this method increases the light by recording a little peak against the sky and lowers it by introducing Mt. McKinley to shut off the sun.

Buying From Competitors

The latter process is Photophone, used by the Radio Corporation of America. The gray sound track is used by Electrical Research Products, which is part of the Western Electric Company, and this is known as Movietone. The record process is Vitaphone, which is a trade mark. The Vitaphone method, without the label, is used by many different companies.

The Warner Brothers, a little more than two years ago, decided to bet their last dime on the disk method. William Fox, who had made a great deal of money with a Western star whose pictures seldom played the de luxe theaters, began experimenting with the film method, with a talking news reel in mind. Means were devised for carrying the latter form of recording apparatus on a motortruck. Disk recorders are yet not portable.

It was these two companies—at no time in their previous histories rated among the Big Three—that were to see their small wagers pyramid into millions and their prestige grow until they became a Big Two. They were to attain such power in motion pictures that they were to see great theater chains, owned by rival producers, forced by public demand to present talking pictures produced by these two companies, while silent pictures made by the owners of these theaters were relegated to less important houses.

They were to see, however, no great loss in gross revenue by theater-owning producers of silent pictures. These theaters were to make so much money in showing talking pictures from rival studios that they would absorb the losses on their own productions. Such was the curious chain of events in an industry gone berserk.

At the Motion Picture Club, on Broadway, which is the clearing house for news and gossip about the business, it is generally agreed that Al Jolson's picture, The Jazz Singer, was the turning point for sound pictures.

If this one had failed, Warner Brothers probably would have given up and sound would have been heard no longer. And The Jazz Singer narrowly missed being unheard.

Another actor was to play the lead, but there was a disagreement and the Warner Brothers found themselves with a good story, but with no one who could sing who fitted the part. It had been a play that was said to have been based upon Jolson's life and was his favorite drama, but nobody thought of asking him to do it, since he had tried motion pictures once and did not like them.

A meeting on a golf course brought Jolson and the Warners together. To their amazement, he said he thought he would like to try it. They admitted that they didn't have enough money to pay him what they thought he would demand, but the story was his story and he said, "I'll go out to Hollywood and see what comes of it."

There are tales to the effect that during the making of the picture the Warners were so low in funds that Jolson did not draw all of his salary until weeks later. Some say that he even loaned them money to pay the other actors. So interested was he in the production that he was determined that it should be finished if he had to pay for it himself.

Guiding the destinies of the firm of four brothers in Hollywood, the optimist of the quartet, the one who always saw success just around the corner, was Sam Warner. With his brother Jack and with the enthusiastic Jolson, they fought their way through, borrowing, skimping, economizing until the finished print was shipped with the records to New York.

"It's Sam's picture," they said on the lot in Hollywood.

When Talkies Were Made

The Jazz Singer opened in New York, and at eleven o'clock that night the leaders of the motion-picture industry, who stood cheering in the theater, knew that their business had been turned upside down. All the leaders were there. But the brothers, who were destined within a few months to be hailed as the great geniuses of the industry, were absent. The day before, Sam Warner, who had done most to bring about this revolution, had died.

At that time only a few score of theaters, scattered through the country, were wired—as they say in the picture business. Already, however, the talking news reel had met with sufficient success to cause theater owners to begin to wonder whether they hadn't better get in on this new thing. After The Jazz Singer they wondered no longer.

The only company that manufactured sound equipment found itself totally unprepared for the rush of customers. It lacked machinery for quantity production, it lacked trained men to make and install the apparatus. It was in no position to fill orders from producers who wanted to make sound pictures, or from theaters that wanted to exhibit them. Slowly, gradually gathering momentum, it groaned out the machines while the motion-picture industry, except for two companies, fussed and

New beauty

MONOGRAM RADIATOR CAPS

modern low clinging designs with these FOUR PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES

—all the beauty and simplicity demanded by modern motor car design, plus the practical advantages that have built Monogram success in the past—*self-locking, easy-filling, watertight, always in alignment.*

Protect Your Engine • Simply flip open the hinged lid of the Monogram Cap—no unscrewing necessary. This ease of operation encourages frequent inspection of the water level—makes filling quick and easy—protects your engine and radiator.

Self-locking, prevents theft • • Like all previous Monogram Caps, these new caps automatically lock in place, preventing theft and loss.

Watertight, leak-proof construction • The Monogram is leak-proof, due to its hinge-lid and latch design and special construction.

Always on straight • Monogram Caps are always on straight. Nothing to unscrew when filling the radiator, therefore nothing to get out of order.

Monogram Caps may be used on new or old cars, with or without temperature indicators or ornaments. Your dealer can supply you, and he will gladly show you the caps designed for your car.

THE KINGSLEY-MILLER COMPANY, 625 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

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A MONOGRAM cap for every car

Sleepless Nights

How to End Them Without Drugs

—ALL DAY ENERGY TOMORROW

Over 20,000 doctors endorse this natural way to healthful sleep—Because Ovaltine is not a drug but a unique food-drink; that brings instant all night sleep and builds up tremendous energy for the next day.

Accept 3-Day Test—Not a Medicine; A Swiss Discovery Millions are Using

Here is instant sleep, when you go to bed . . . *sleep without drugs.* A way, at last, of inducing sleep that any doctor you ask will approve.

A way that makes a new person of you tomorrow. For it does far more than merely bring you sleep. It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.

It's as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink; as non-habit forming as warm milk. Thus it makes the use of drugs or soporifics a grave folly (unless under medical direction). People are flocking to its use.

Not A Medicine

It is called Ovaltine. A delicious food-drink. The discovery of a world-noted Swiss scientist. You take it at bedtime. And soon you fall asleep.

Next morning you wake up feeling like a new person. For the peculiar dietetic property of Ovaltine re-supplies your system during the night with the energy lost the previous, active day. Builds you up and rejuvenates you.

Over 20,000 doctors are advising it. Its use has spread over some 50 different nations. New to America, it has been used over 30 years in Europe.

Acts This Way

Ovaltine acts on entirely different principles from sleep producing drugs. Remember, it's not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It's a food.

Thus, you can take it night after night and not only avoid a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Instead of drugging your nerves to sleep, it acts to soothe you to sleep. For it corrects the digestive unrest to which most sleeplessness now is traced.

Ovaltine marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time. And must not be confused with "Malt" or "Chocolate" preparations which may claim the same effects or taste like it. It is widely different in formula and result.

Doctors advise it not only for sleeplessness, but for nerve-strain, malnutrition, general run down conditions, for nervous children, for nursing mothers, and the aged. Thousands take it to relieve fatigue during the day.

Accept 3-Day Test

Please accept the 3-day test below. Note how quickly sleep comes. Mark how great your next day's energy. Mark the difference in your whole appearance.

Mail the coupon. Or obtain in regular size package at drug or grocery store. Also served at soda fountains.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c, for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. P-22
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.
(*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

(One package to a person)

fumed, watching the pot and waiting for the water to boil.

A sound stage, equipped, cost $500,000, but you couldn't get immediate delivery at any price. Reproducing apparatus, installed in a theater, cost from $10,000 to $20,000, depending upon the size of the theater and the amount of amplification necessary. Theater owners would gladly have paid twice the amount, since the cost was even less than a cooling system. Experience showed that increased business and reduction in music expense made the first cost immaterial.

A minor executive in one of the great theater chains found himself the sole executive in the company who believed firmly in the future of sound. So enthusiastic and so sure of himself was he that upon his own responsibility, when his superior was away, he put in an order for seventy-five installations at a total cost of $1,200,000.

When the boss returned he found the agreement, signed, sealed and delivered, on his desk.

This was a chain of theaters owned by a producing company that had no sound pictures. To use the $1,200,000 worth of equipment, the organization would have to throw out some of its own pictures and play those of rival concerns. There was still a chance for the company to get out of it, but fortunately for the stockholders, it didn't.

"All right," said the boss; "but, kid, if this thing doesn't work out I'll take it out of your hide if I have to chase you to China."

It did work out. The company got its order in early, and instead of being chased to China, the rash executive now has a corner office with a Chinese rug on the floor, and his salary has been increased $10,000 a year—which is about one-tenth of what the sound equipment brings in extra business to the chain every day.

Mr. O'Hara From Stockholm

Sound equipment of any kind had a market, and a company produced a nonsynchronous instrument which played phonograph records and which worked very well in theaters that could not afford large orchestras. This device was like two phonographs built into one. There were two turntables and a lever that shut off the sound on one record as it turned on the other. The machine was connected to amplifiers behind the screen. A stock of several hundred records was furnished and pictures were cued for the records. An operator sat at the machine and, say, put on one turntable a jazz number, which was the proper music for the opening. On the other he placed Hearts and Flowers. As the wild party in the cabaret ended and the deserted wife was shown starving with her child in a hovel, the operator threw over the lever and the jazz record was silenced and the other music began. If the next cue called for martial music, he took off the jazz and put Over There in its place, and at the proper time turned it on.

This machine, and a dozen or more imitations, are proving quite satisfactory in the smaller theaters, which in this manner give really fine musical accompaniments to silent pictures. Many wired theaters that have abandoned their orchestras use it with such silent pictures as they may play.

A theater owner in the Bronx section of New York City solved his talking-picture problem by installing amplifiers back of the screen and by running his wires to a microphone. His was a combination house—vaudeville and pictures—and his contracts with vaudeville actors provided that they also must work in talking pictures. He would hold one rehearsal of the picture and leave it to the ingenuity of the performers to make up lines for the motion-picture actors to speak. It took some care in booking, but he worked it out, and whenever he had a picture that called for German dialect he would book a German vaudeville act. Once he had a picture that required Irish dialect, and he booked a pair of acrobats called O'Hooligan and O'Hara and thought everything would work out all right, but they turned out to be Scandinavians. They did their best, however, and the audience seemed to be satisfied.

The small towns read about talking pictures and wanted to hear them. One man managed to supply the demand. He picked out an hour's program of the best commercial singing and talking phonograph records and had them delivered, with a talking machine, to a small motion-picture studio. He ran the records over and over until he knew all the words by heart, put on his dress suit and started to make his talking pictures.

He stood in front of the motion-picture camera. At the word "Go!" an assistant started the phonograph record and the cameraman began shooting. As the song began, our hero repeated the words just as they were being sung on the phonograph.

Unraveling Legal Tangles

By marking a starting spot on the record and a starting frame on the film, he had a picture of a man singing that synchronized with the record, provided the machines didn't get out of step. A dozen or more records were made in this manner, including a black-face dialogue act in which he was assisted by an electrician who blacked up and did his half of the job for ten dollars.

The show went out into the backwoods and played on percentage in the smaller theaters and was a great success. He received many enthusiastic compliments on his singing, which at various times was likened to John McCormack's and Gene Austin's. He operated the talking machine backstage and became quite expert at keeping the sound in synchronization with the picture, and to this day the folks in those towns think they heard real talking pictures.

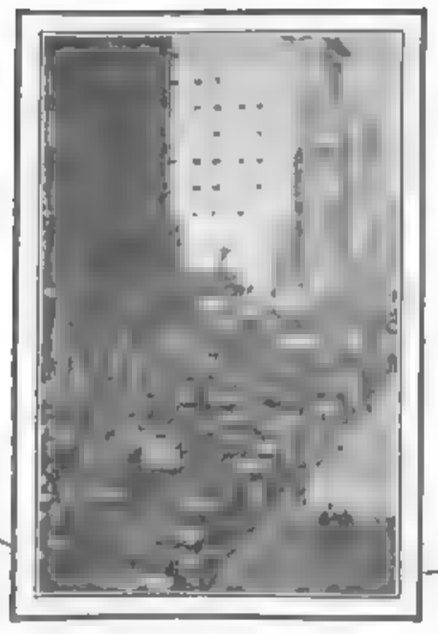
In the early autumn of last year the water began to boil and the picture business became less tense. More than 1000 theaters had been equipped with sound devices, every producer had his sound studios in operation, and the company that was leading in the manufacture of apparatus had a competitor. A score of small firms rushed into the market with sound machines. Now everybody is turning out talking pictures.

Throughout every motion-picture organization sound changed the manner of operation. In the sales departments there was the question as to how much should be charged for the right to use the sound and for the records themselves, when this form of reproduction was used. The average theater wears out three or four sets of records a week, but they cost no more than ordinary phonograph disks and there is some salvage on the old ones, so this expense is immaterial. In most cases the theaters pay from $100 to $500 a week extra as a sound fee and play the pictures on percentage. The theater that does an average business of $20,000 will perhaps pay $4000 and split on various percentages the gross over $20,000. No figures on film rental can be accurate, since there is no set price for motion pictures. It is a game of barter, and the theater pays as little as possible and the distributor gets as much as he can.

In the legal departments there was terrific confusion. Contracts for plays already bought gave the producer the right to make a motion picture from the plays, but nowhere did they give him the right to use the dialogue. Contracts for musical-comedy stories provided that the music could be played in the theater, but did not give the producer the right to record it. Authors quickly grasped the situation and signed releases of dialogue rights only upon the payment of more money.

The music situation was tangled up. American rights were rather clear, but it was found at times that, in order to clear three or four bars of music for the world, it

(Continued on Page 132)



Ross Steering Is a step ahead—just like 4-wheel brakes

Starting . . . *Steering* . . . Stopping . . . the three S's of motoring! And once your car is running, the things that count are *steering* and *braking.* You've already attended to the important matter of *brakes* . . . Attend, now, to the equally important problem of *steering!* See that your new car has Ross Cam and Lever Steering as standard equipment.

Easier wheel-turn, instant response, greater stability, relief from road shock . . . all combined in Ross through the exclusive cam-and-lever principle. Expect these advantages if your new car is Ross-equipped. You deserve them. Not one—but *all!* Why wait *longer?*

There is only one CAM & LEVER *Steering Gear*

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL COMPANY, LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best.* Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 69 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 11 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Gardner	Nash Standard 6
Chandler	Graham-Paige	Peerless
Chrysler 80	Hupmobile	Reo Flying Cloud
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You Can Put Ross in These Cars

Check and Mail This Coupon

☐OVERLAND 4 ☐DODGE ☐BUICK ☐OAKLAND
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*Body Style*_____ *Year*_____

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.

Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

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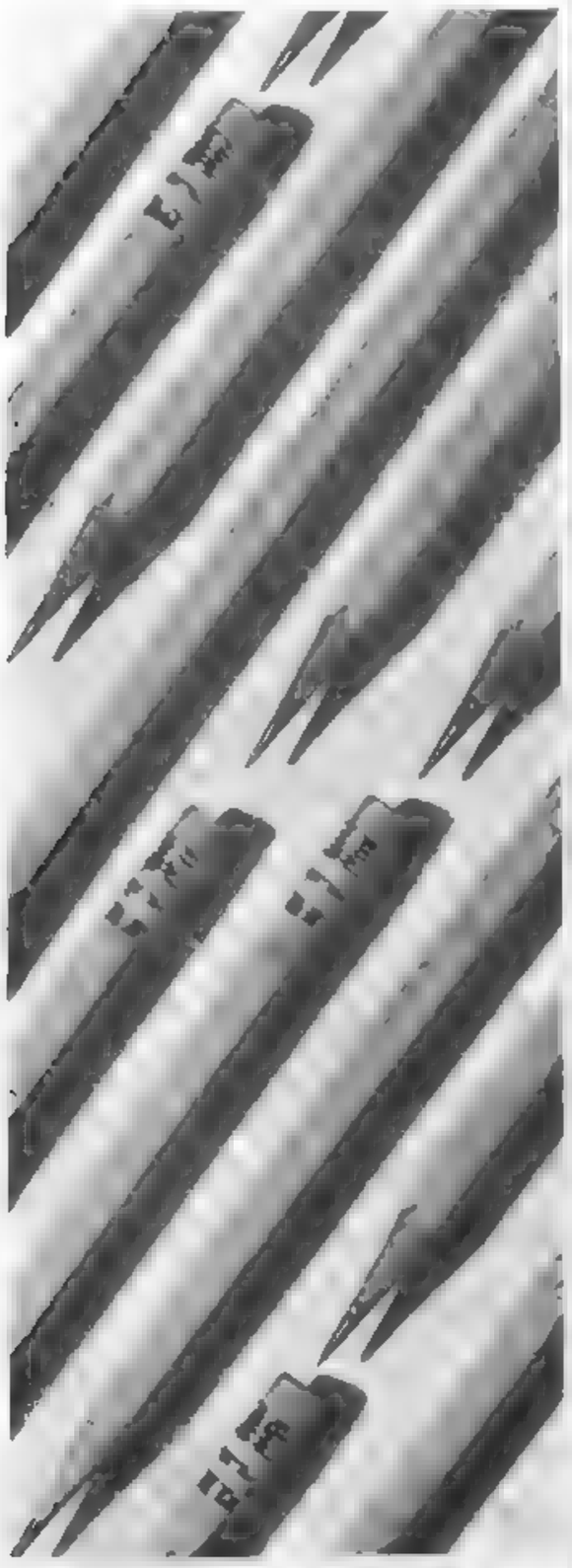

The biggest little thing in easing business routine is a really good pencil.

That's why, of the 64 office, American business is adopting Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" as standard equipment —

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.

(Continued from Page 130)

would be necessary to make contracts with a dozen different organizations scattered throughout two hemispheres. This situation is not yet serious, since only a few foreign theaters are wired. The musical conductor of one company used in a score a tune that happened not to be clear for the United States, and after the records were made and the picture was released the owner of the copyright demanded and received $10,000 for a clearance.

Most theaters have had trouble in adjusting the quantity of their sound. The largest ones amplify their amplifiers with horns —such as are used to carry the voices of speakers in large banquet halls—which are placed above the proscenium arch to carry the sound to the back rows in the top balcony.

Until they learned by experience, at times they had the sound too loud, at times too soft. One theater manager received many complaints from his patrons that the sound was too loud; although to him it seemed perfect. It finally turned out that he was slightly deaf and was unaware of the fact, so now he lets his head usher push the buzzer that tells the operator whether to raise or lower the volume.

Every sound studio these days is crowded with experts who still are not sure what it is all about. Just as an orchestra was in the midst of recording a score for a picture, a cricket started chirping in the organ. All work was stopped and a force earning $5000 a day was held up while means were devised to get the cricket out of the organ. The organ expert decided that the whole thing would have to be taken apart and the cricket chased down and destroyed, since there seemed to be no way to lure him out. The dismantling was under way when a kid entered the studio and said, "Why don't you shoot it full of bug powder?" and to the surprise of the experts the amateur's idea worked.

A Job for Good Mixers

Pictures are made now in tight, soundproof rooms. In the early days they were made out on a lot, and if extraneous sounds crept in, there was nothing to do but make the sequence over again. Much excitement was created in Los Angeles one afternoon, when policemen made automobiles detour off a boulevard so as to keep their honking horns out of a picture that was being recorded on an open stage. In those days airplane scouts were part of the pay roll. Many airplanes pass over Hollywood, and the airplane scout's duty was to watch for them and to signal the director to go ahead with a sound sequence only after the sky was checked up and found to be silent.

One of the most important experts is the man at the mixer panel. With dials—something like a volume regulator on a radio—he regulates the amount of sound that shall be recorded. Before the recording starts, microphones are hung above the spots where the actors are to stop to deliver their lines, or hidden behind furniture or flowers. The mixer controls a regulator for each of these microphones. In the disk method he must be particularly careful not to let in too much of sudden explosions. A terrific bang will cause the needle to jump out of its groove on a record while it is being played in a theater, which will cause the audience to hear inappropriate noises until the operator shuts off the sound. Under such circumstances the remainder of that reel is played silent.

Certain noises record with intense enthusiasm. A slap on the back, a knock on a door, swishing of silk, clapping of hands—all must be reduced on the mixer panel. Voices must be tested and the mixer man must know which voices shall be allowed to slip freely into the wax and which must be held down.

Hollywood's voice problem is not a serious one. It seems to be possible for an actor, by careful training, to develop an adequate speaking voice. One woman star had an irritatingly squeaky tone in her first talking picture, but in her later pictures her voice is as pleasant as anybody could wish.

The foreign actor in Hollywood who does not speak good English just won't be allowed to talk, although one producer is trying an experiment which may work out. He has cast his foreign actress in a part of a foreigner just arrived in the United States and who speaks very little English. Perhaps it will come out all right.

Better Than the Real Thing

With the intense demand for realism in motion pictures now, the producers find themselves in other difficulties. On the stage, for instance, a play may be laid in a foreign land, but the actors speak to one another in English and nobody complains. But one motion-picture critic has complained of lack of realism in a scene which was taken from a play and which, as such, was never questioned. The unrealistic scene is one in which a French peasant speaks to a German. In the picture, as in the play, both talk in perfect English. What can be done in situations like that?

The problem of distribution of American talking pictures in non-English-speaking countries is one that has not been met. No producer has started worrying yet, since few theaters are equipped abroad, and anyway, he's making enough money out of exclusively domestic distribution. One company has gone so far as to make a two-reel comedy in German, but it is risking nothing, since the picture is being released in the United States and is funny enough, whether the audience understands German or not.

One piece of luck has come to the effect men. Provided the volume is right, they find that exact imitation of noises is not necessary. The eye registers a revolver shot, for instance, and almost any sort of noise, from a bang to a plop, will make the spectator believe he has heard a shot. In recording music and effects for an airplane picture a company took great care to produce the exact and widely different sounds of a British plane, a German pursuit plane and a German bomber. One hummed, one was tenor and one was barytone. In an effort to learn whether it was worth while to be accurate, persons were questioned after they had seen the picture. Out of more than 100 who were questioned, only eleven had noticed any difference in the sounds, and six of those were aviators.

These aviators had high praise for the reproduction of the sounds of machine-gun fire which had been made by means of a whirling cogwheel and a barrel stave, after it was found that actual machine-gun fire was so rapid that it did not give the proper staccato effect.

What's going to come out of all this anyway? Sound has put new life into an amusement industry that was beginning to go a bit stale. Until talking pictures came along the gross receipts of motion-picture companies were falling off and there was uneasiness and a feeling that there were too many large and expensive theaters. In an effort to stimulate business the big houses were staging elaborate vaudeville and musical-comedy performances, and in many cases the picture was a minor feature of the program. Sound changed all this.

Within a year the theaters and the producers have put a total of $30,000,000 into sound equipment, experiments and preparation, all paid for out of increased box-office revenue. One manufacturing company sold more than $20,000,000 worth of sound apparatus to theaters and producers in the year just ended, and expects to double its output in 1929.

Producers of consequence are sounding the feature pictures on their schedules for the year, and few will be the comedies and other short subjects that have not at least a musical accompaniment. By the end of this year, if present plans are carried out, there will be 3500 wired theaters in the United States and Canada, and at least 600 abroad.

The silent theater has been almost forgotten in the rush. About 14,000 theaters in the United States cannot play sound pictures, but for them the producer makes a silent version. There was a time when the small theaters gave the producer the greater percentage of his gross, but now bookings in 500 wired theaters may turn in $1,000,000 in revenue. In the old days pictures that brought $1,000,000 from the whole world were rare.

But a discordant note is entering. A great many persons do not like talking pictures. At first they rushed pell-mell to see what it was all about. Now the theater owners are beginning to feel a reaction, and some of the smaller theaters, which had no equipment and which saw bankruptcy on the way, are cheerfully advertising Without Sound.

Looking for a Change of Heart

The talkers, however, still continue to play to big business, and the only answer seems to be that the people who do like sound pictures now go more often than formerly.

Most of the complaint seems to be directed toward the dialogue pictures, long and short. It is significant that the most successful sound pictures have been those which had singing as their most important feature, and there is no feeling in any part of the motion-picture audience against those that contain only music and effects.

The president of one important company has predicted from the beginning that the talking picture was only a skyrocket, and to date his company has released no productions that contained actual talking. Yet one of his leading stars is now taking voice training; farsighted, in case her boss happens to be wrong.

Variety, the supreme court of the show business, believes that public opinion for and against looks like 50-50, and feels that there is going to be plenty of profit in silent theaters, and that the sound pictures will not continue to draw their tremendous grosses.

The quality of the shows, in the end, will solve the problem. Improvements in sound pictures are rapidly being made. Probably a new dramatic technic will be developed. Even now the producers realize that a show cannot be a success merely because it contains talking, and are beginning to suspect that there are some pictures that might be even better if the dialogue were omitted.

One of the pioneer sound producers has a picture that cost nearly $2,000,000 that was first made as a silent picture. Experiments for introducing dialogue into the production were made, and finally—with the present attitude of the public in mind—dialogue was abandoned and the picture will be released with elaborate musical-score and sound effects only.

NORVAL A. HAWKINS

Former General Sales Manager
Ford Motor Company
Former Director of Advertising
Sales and Service
General Motors Corporation

Has this to say about Miller De Luxe Balloons:

"Your new Miller De Luxe Balloon is, in my opinion, one of the most outstanding contributions ever made in the interests of safe, carefree motoring. I am using a set on my personal car—and have never traveled in an automobile with so complete a sense of security."

"Miller *Deluxe* Balloons

give me a new sense of riding and driving security" Norval A. Hawkins

TO millions of people who drive and ride in automobiles, this tribute to the new Miller De Luxe Balloon from a man of great authority in the automobile industry must bear a deep significance.

Here is a man who knows tires—and has known tires from the time when the first "one-lunger" chugged down Main Street.

He has known the need for a super-tire, built to stand the grinding wear that new-day driving conditions impose. A tire that brings to motorists a new sense of confidence—a new feeling of security in driving.

This is exactly what *he* has found and what *you* will find when you equip *your* car with Miller De Luxe Balloons.

Users are receiving from these tires *40% to 75% more than the mileage of ordinary balloons* Due to a 50% heavier tread you are not likely ever to puncture them from ordinary causes.

Miller De Luxe Balloons should last as long as most people keep their cars And, regardless of the speed you drive or the road conditions you encounter, they will live up to their promise of great mileage, extreme durability, greater freedom from puncture, and slow tread wear. That is why the *men who know* have termed the Miller De Luxe Balloon "the tire sensation of a decade."

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

MILLER

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

HONEYSUCKLE

(Continued from Page 21)

despite a decided amount of dark and not ungallant beauty. Carlos was dangerous, but not in the way he imagined. He could not realize how comforting to feminine American eyes he was, even if consciously those eyes affected to scorn things American.

The girl was saying: "You like it as much as I do, don't you? Do you come here often? You're an American, aren't you?"

Carlos experienced a sudden sinking of the heart. Suppose this girl wasn't so pretty after all. Not without difficulty, he turned from his rigid contemplation of the choir screen and looked at her directly, and felt a warm glow of reassurance. She was prettier even than he had hoped. Her profile had, if anything, understated the case. And her blue eyes were so frank and unselfconscious, so smiling, that Carlos immediately granted her liberty to speak to anyone she wanted to speak to, at any time she felt like it.

He smiled back and nodded. "Exactly. Yes, I come whenever I get a chance. But I don't live in Paris."

"Have you seen the crypt? I've never seen it in all the times I've been here. Wouldn't you like to go and see it?"

How charming and candid. Just the way life ought to be.

"All right. Let's walk about the cathedral for a while and then go."

They had luncheon together. She wouldn't let Carlos pay for hers. They spent the afternoon walking through the old town down by the Eure. When the time came to catch the train back to Paris they decided they would let it go without them and, instead, have dinner at some open-air café and go back later. A big moon came up over the plains of Beauce to the southeast. It flooded the street beyond the shaded table where they sat. By this time they knew a great deal about each other. Carlos had heard of the two years in New York before this Paris venture. Now, for the past three years she had been in Paris and was happy. She was happy for the first time in her life. Carlos told her, too, something of the quiet country house he came from—the slow Southern river, the traditions of his people. But they were traditions different from hers. He reflected that perhaps there hadn't been enough opposition in his life. He needed something to work for. They were a gentle breed, his South Carolinians, except when they lost their tempers. Everybody did just about what he or she wanted. There had always been someone in the family writing for newspapers or something like that.

"You're lucky," Carlos said, "to have an income of your own."

"Oh, I make some money too," she announced proudly.

"Good. That's fine."

She was by no means as ingenuous as he had at first thought her. She was a fairly hard little body, well able to take care of herself. Already Carlos was beginning to notice traces of something intractable and brittle. She wasn't old enough or experienced enough to be forgiving. She was still too intolerant of intolerance, still too sure that she alone had discovered tolerance. But she was a person. And pretty? Gracious but she was pretty!

A malevolent Nature had ordained that at her hardest and most intellectual moment, if she smiled, the softest and most beguiling dimple appeared in her right cheek. The dimple made it difficult not to tease her. But one had to be careful. She did not take teasing especially well. Especially the slightest hint that she was a woman seemed to annoy her. Men, except as isolated intellects, were another thing she had got over. Biologic urge? Oh, yes, one had to accept that as a scientific although uncomfortable fact. But there was no reason for any unnecessary romance about it.

Not that she stated these opinions didactically—well, yes, she did at times. Very didactically. But for the most part Carlos gathered them from stray hints here and there.

He also heard a great deal about Miss Allen. Miss Allen was a marvelous and extraordinarily wise person. In painting circles it was conceded that she had discovered certain lights in carrots, a certain carrotishness, the essence of that vegetable, that had never been found before.

"I hate them," said Carlos, "even when they're cooked in white wine. Why haven't I heard of Miss Allen?"

Esther shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't know. One never does hear of anyone in America, does one, until they have been advertised, or made a fortune, or something?"

"It's where they make their fortunes," objected Carlos mildly—"most European artists. Miss Allen's carrots ought to be decorating every Park Avenue apartment." He felt it wasn't worth while telling this girl how much he knew of Paris and the painters there. She wouldn't believe him—that is, his discrimination in such matters. She was obsessed with that curious conviction of the transplanted American that no other American is trustworthy in decisions spiritual and artistic—no other American, that is, except Miss Allen. An inhuman race, that's what Americans were, buying from real artists merely to patronize them.

"As all rich people have done," murmured Carlos, "from the time of Mæcenas. I'm not defending the attitude; I just don't think it's our exclusive national property. And the artist can always thumb his nose at them in his next production."

A three-piece orchestra played waltz tunes adequately. The moon grew whiter in the street. The shadows accentuated the recurrent dimple in Esther's cheek. The late train back to Paris ran through wheat fields heavy with silver magic. Paris at midnight was magic, too; warm, and full of trees and the sliding whir of rubber tires. Carlos left Esther at the door of her little studio in the Rue de Babylone—you went through a garden to some buildings in the back. Then he went to his own apartment in the Rue Jacob. If a man were rich, if he weren't a newspaperman, if he were the marrying kind, he'd have to look out for this girl. Even as it was, there was need to be rational. There were three more weeks to this Parisian holiday.

Rationality took the form of tea next day at the studio of Miss Allen, dinner the following night at that most excellent restaurant at the corner of the Rue Jacob and the Rue des Saints-Pères, dinner and the theater on Saturday. The following week was even more rational, marked by two day-long excursions, one to Versailles and the other to St. Denis, and a most intimate dinner under the trees of the Parc de Montsouris. And in the meantime, of course, there was always the garden of the Luxembourg to walk in and sit in and spend the evenings in. And there were, as well, the confusion of Esther's studio and the moonlit quiet of her garden for hour-long talks late at night. In the latter a single plane tree watched above them, rustling with small-town reservations. It was lucky that both Carlos and Esther had such decided ideas on marriage; the former because of his restless and uncertain profession, Esther because of her aversion to marriage in general. But they argued about it.

Carlos, with his long, gentle Southern tradition back of him, was intuitively wise.

"But it's the only solution," he persisted, "if people can't get on without each other. If there had been anything better it would have been found long ago. Everything else has been tried and proved even less satisfactory. The point, it seems to me, is not to abolish marriage but to try to make it better."

"All that is because people are weak and heady, sacrificing everything to their present emotions. If you keep the end in sight you can do anything, be anything, and still come through."

"Yes, but if you're as strong as all that you can risk even marriage."

"Then it will have to be something different from marriage with the men I know at home."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Everything."

"Even the released men you met in New York and places like that?"

"Even the released men. American men grant women every freedom except the freedom of their own ideas."

"Over here they let them keep their ideas because they don't think them important enough to contradict." Carlos laughed. "Oh, well, I don't care anyway. Those things settle themselves." He leaned forward in his chair. "Only I wish, in return, that American women would be a little kinder—theoretically, I mean; they're kind enough practically—to men. What's the matter with them?" And then quite suddenly, and like a rush of soft air, he knew that he wanted to lean still farther forward and lay his hand on this girl's bare arm. Why not, if that was what she thought about life? She was old enough to have her own opinions. He hesitated, forgot what he was saying. She, too, must have felt the rush of soft air, for she was silent, staring. Then she laughed and jumped to her feet.

"It's late," she said. "Women are always too kind to men, no matter what they do."

In the darkness of the open door of her studio they stood close together while she was fumbling for the electric switch. Carlos could smell the perfume of her hair and feel her soft warmth.

For a moment he paused and then backed away abruptly. "Well, good night," he said hurriedly. "Good night. I'll see you tomorrow." He stepped out into the courtyard, turned and came back. She had switched on the light, but he switched it off again.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked in a small voice.

"If ——" Carlos began uncertainly, and fell silent.

In the silence she laughed softly.

"I didn't think you'd make that mistake," she said. "But it's my fault, I suppose, the way I talk. Everything I say is based on the supposition that people love each other."

"And you don't love me?"

"Love is a big word." She gave him a gentle push toward the door. "Good night. I'll see you at noon. You're sweet."

Carlos walked through the garden to the massive street door, where he rung the bell of the concierge. The clicking of the latch rewarded him. He wondered, as he always did, how concierges survived their nights of broken rest. He was also wondering just why he was "sweet." The more you saw of women the queerer you found them to be. Sweet! Lucky he was leaving Paris in a week. Lucky that both he and this girl were fundamentally so hardheaded.

Tea at Miss Allen's became even more of a confirmed habit; a habit that at times seemed to Carlos a weak and vicious one. Why, with so many interesting people scattered around the town—people even during a holiday it was more or less his business to see—why waste time having tea with people you didn't like? And he didn't like Esther very much, either, during, and after, tea at Miss Allen's. He always thought he was going to, but he didn't. She was at her worst. It seemed that it was impossible for him to express an opinion without her asking Miss Allen to correct it, or, on the way back to Esther's studio, to make an observation without the grenadierlike shadow of Miss Allen hovering in the background. And, once more, these friends of Miss Allen's! These artists who painted so little, and couldn't be understood when they did, these writers too good to produce, these musicians who despised everything that didn't hurt your ears!

Carlos kept repeating to himself that he was no chauvinist—that is, he didn't believe in any especial national virtues. National virtues and vices were pretty much the same everywhere. Also he was exceedingly anxious to learn. But he couldn't understand these people, even when they tried to explain, simply, gently and fully—which was seldom—what they were up to. And in all other circles of life his brain had seemed fairly good. Why couldn't he understand? He suspected that there wasn't anything to understand. Or, if there were, that it was so twisted, so little formulated, that it wasn't worth bothering about except as a historical symptom. The movement might mean something, the particular work of art nothing at all. It was like the individual opinions these people held of the country in which they had been born. As individuals it didn't make the slightest difference that they so cordially hated America; it counted only because there were so many of them and as a group the country needed them and they needed the country. It was energy going to waste. Besides, among them there might be some really good artists spoiled. Why, for instance, weren't American carrots as interesting to an American as French carrots? Perhaps they weren't quite so pretty, and certainly no American knew how to cook them, but none the less to an American they should be vitally interesting. Carlos knew that all great artists had their feet firmly planted in their own soil, no matter where they lived, even if that soil in many respects did not please them. They were inextricably national.

Esther seemed to lose her embryonic sense of humor when he tried to discuss these questions with her.

There was one little fat man, kinder than the rest, no doubt because he was older, who had tried to tell Carlos something.

"Look here," he had said, working a pudgy, paint-stained thumb against the air as if he were smearing canvas. "It's all very simple. You take a big, fat girl—red-haired, preferably and put her in an open window of some factory town—Lille, for instance. Back of her is a leafless tree and a winter hill with dirty snow. There you have it."

"I haven't got it at all," objected Carlos. "I don't see what that has to do with it. I don't see why Miss Allen makes carrots look like jugs and jugs look like carrots. I don't see why a person's arm has to be double the length of his body. I understand a lot of modern music fairly well, and most modern writing—I know the restlessness and lack of cohesion they're after. But I don't understand most modern painting, and no artist has ever been able to explain it to me or any other layman."

He related this incident afterward to Esther.

"Do you know what he was talking about?" he asked.

"Certainly," she said, simply, frankly and without hesitation.

Internationally he was even more handicapped. There were final arguments he could not use. He could not, for instance, say to Miss Allen: "Now, look here, my friend; you're talking about something you know nothing about. Either that, or something you don't want to know anything about. Obviously you're a plain woman, born of plain people. That's all right. Plain people are fine. I like them, and all the more credit to you, out of such a stark environment, for becoming an artist. But don't go around telling people there aren't any other kind of Americans, for there are—thousands of them. If nothing else,

(Continued on Page 136)

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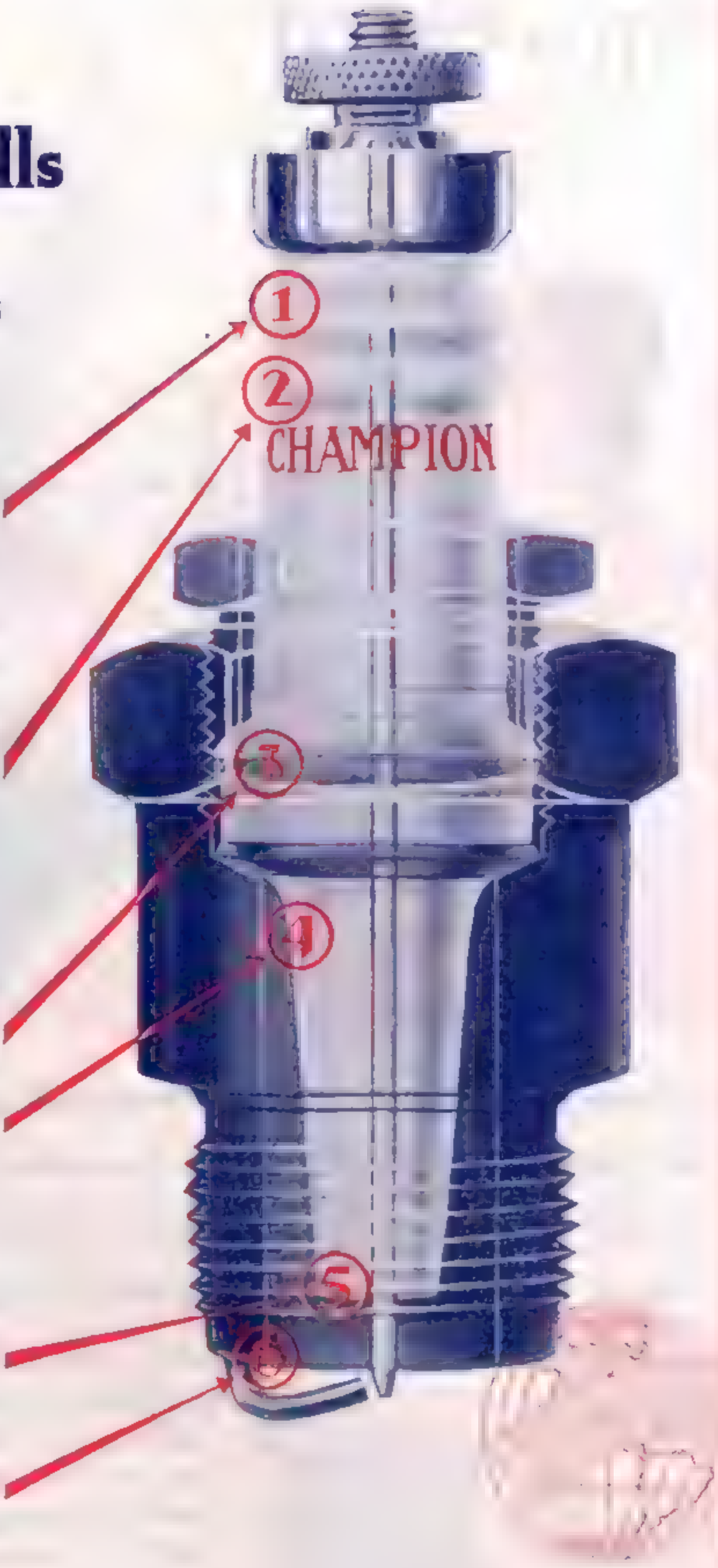

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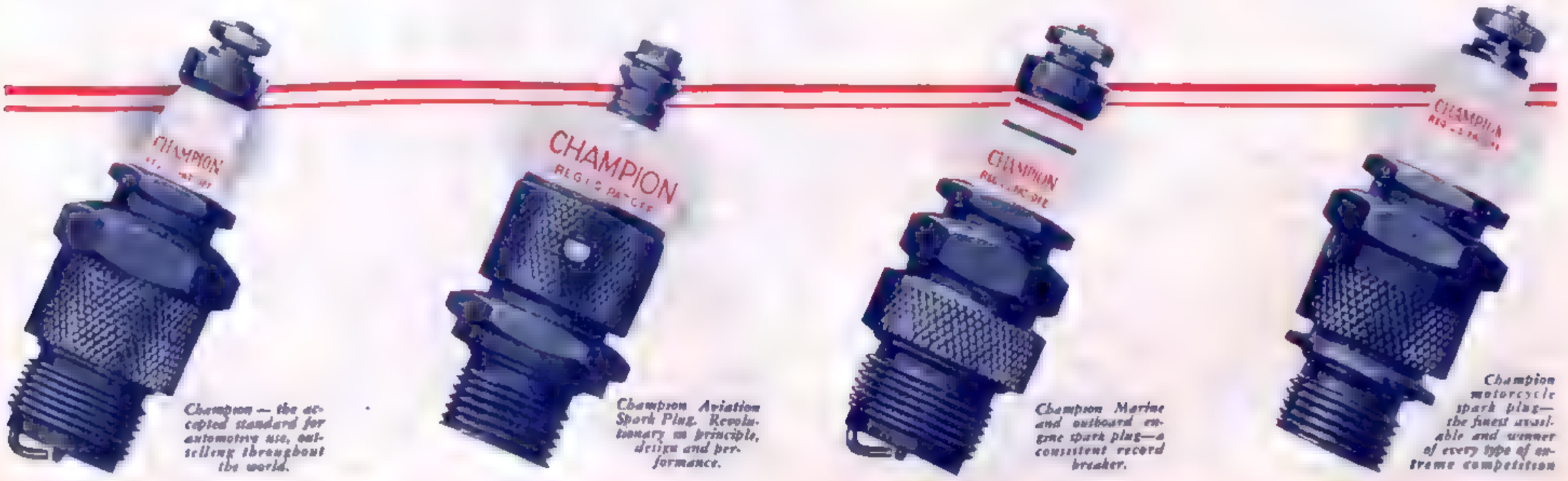

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you confuse international discussion. Don't you realize that the subtle traits and mannerisms by which I can tell all about you are imperceptible to foreign eyes? My people aren't especially plain. I have generations of tradition back of me—perhaps too much. But if I admit you, why won't you admit me?"

Carlos couldn't say anything like that, but there were, however, a few frequenters of Miss Allen's studio whom he found he was able to bully mildly in return for the less mild bullying he was receiving. As a result, he got rather to like them. One especially, Robert Hallet, a young musician. Robert was quite a fellow—he had written a symphony, Symphonie Cuisinière, in which every instrument, except for a few violins, had been taken out of the kitchen—pots, pans and kettles. Even a meat grinder. Rich American women, whether from excess of artistic emotion or because it took so many of them back to their early married life, had been known to faint when they heard it. Carlos suspected Robert of having a sizable tongue in his cheek.

"You've changed since you've come over here, Robert, haven't you?" he asked. He had seen a photograph of Robert taken four years previously, when Robert had been a singularly pleasant, ingenuous-looking young man. Now Robert had a curious, chalklike complexion, a weary manner, hair too long, waving hands.

"If you mean my hair," retorted Robert, with no expression in his eyes, "I cut it off every summer when I go to Brittany, but I'm growing it now for an American tour." He looked thoughtfully at Miss Allen's latest carrots, displayed, across the room, on an easel. "I am also now making up my list of the cities in which I was born or resided."

"What do you mean?"

"I find it excellent publicity to have been born or to have lived for a while in most of the American cities where I give concerts. I make a pilgrimage to the house."

Esther, Mizpah Allen and Robert often took Carlos in the warm August nights to the Dome and the Rotonde. Dull, dirty, crowded places, and by no means any longer unself-conscious. Their patrons knew that they had become sights for tourists to look at—epitomes of La Vie de Bohéme, just as Buffalo Bill became an epitome of frontier life, and Paul Verlaine of dripping gardens and absinth. Carlos' neatness, sunburn and reticence marked him for a stranger, and it delighted him to perceive how the habitués enacted for him scenes of artistic abandon. On his part, he dragged the three and a fat Austrian painter, Hoffman, to the Restaurant Lavenue, which had not been fashionable with the rebels for many years, but which Carlos loved. Here they dined in the courtyard, in the shadows, with music being played and, on one side, the lighted windows of a gaunt, tenementlike house looking down at them. Occasionally parties of Americans in evening clothes came over from the other side of the Seine and, for the most part, were too noisy.

"Extraordinary vitality," mused Hoffman.

"Idle, whirring brains," amended Miss Allen.

"Don't you ever," Carlos asked Esther, "get homesick? Never? Even for loud fools like that? There's something rather touching about them—they're so obviously trying to have a good time and don't know how to go about it."

She smiled and shook her head.

Miss Allen took the words out of her mouth. "Why should she?" she demanded with bitter sarcasm.

Carlos had noticed this before. It was alarming and pathetic. The sudden sharpness, almost terror, in the older woman's voice when he tried to stir Esther's dormant, or perhaps dead, *amor patriæ*. Not unlike the tones certain mothers used when you spoke to them about the young men who wanted to marry their daughters. He wondered if Miss Allen's distaste for her own country had not perhaps been accentuated by this fear of rivalry. After all, her most persistent and dangerous rival in Esther's affections might very well be the United States. It had been necessary to extirpate such a rival, root and branch.

"Well, it's odd," he smiled, "isn't it? Here we are, four Americans and one Austrian, spending all our time together, when we might be learning wonderful things from Frenchmen—or Frenchwomen. If it hadn't been for my meeting Esther here I would be doing the former, anyhow. Usually I see no one but French newspapermen and writers."

He said the last with soft malice. It always annoyed Miss Allen to have her attention called to the fact that Carlos knew Paris intimately and in a way she never would. She preferred to regard him as a sentimental, provincial young man. But she wasn't listening to him; she was staring at her large, capable hands, locked on the table before her.

"There is only one thing," she said slowly, and for the first time, unpatronizingly, "I ever miss about America, and that is something connected with my girlhood. There was a back porch to the house I lived in, covered with honeysuckle. It was very hot and sweet on summer nights. Funny, I can smell it yet. Unimportant things are always the most important."

"Smells are terribly important," suggested Carlos. "There's a cool, wet smell of swamp magnolias we have down South that can twist me around its fingers in a moment."

"All I can remember," said Esther, "is the smell of asphalt and too many motor cars."

"You're unfortunate," commented Carlos dryly.

He would have to do something about Esther. He would surely have to do something about her. He was going away in four days now—to Vienna, where he had a story to write. Either he would have to ask Esther to wait for him, or else he would have to assume for these last four days a marked casualness and indifference. Otherwise they would write to each other, and previous experience had taught him that the quickest way to enter into a perpetual romance with a lonely woman is to depart tenderly and then correspond with her. Pen and ink seemed to concentrate the feminine mind in a way bodily presence frequently failed to accomplish.

He decided he would adopt an attitude of casualness and indifference. Much better. Much better in every way. Five minutes later he was asking Esther to marry him. He couldn't help it. The orchestra was playing Debussy—the Prélude à L'Après-midi d'un Faune—and he had turned his head and smiled at her and caught her eye, and she had smiled back. They liked the same music, anyhow, and that was something. And then he knew he couldn't help it. Just to go away? To take the chances that another man might marry her? No.

"Hush," she said. He was whispering. "Not here. Wait."

"You'll let me take you home?"

"Yes."

She sat looking into the shadows absentmindedly. Miss Allen's pale brown eyes regarded Esther uneasily, turned to Carlos, then back again to Esther.

"It's about time to go, isn't it?" asked Robert.

They paid their bill and said good night to one another at the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard and the Boulevard du Montparnasse.

"Won't you come back to my studio and have a drink, or something?" Miss Allen asked lingeringly.

Carlos looked at Esther.

"No," she said, "thank you. I'm tired. Carlos will see me home."

Carlos had an impression that Miss Allen, tall and gaunt, delayed for a moment on the corner with Hoffman and Hallet, watching them.

"Are you really tired?" he asked.

Esther chuckled. "No. But you have to have some excuse when a man has just asked you to marry him."

"And ——"

She touched his arm as he swung along beside her.

"Let me think. There's so much to be thought about. But ——" Her voice faltered and she looked up at him. "You've made me think. You're the first man who's done that for a long time."

It was a quiet street; there was no one in sight. Carlos stopped, caught her to him and kissed her, bending back her head.

"You do love me," he said. "I know it. I'm not a fool."

She pushed him away. "Let me go. There's so much to think about. Let me go."

He released her slowly. "What is there to think about?"

"Oh, lots of things. . . . What's the sense of people like you and me falling in love? It makes me angry."

They came to the outer door of the apartment house and walked through the little garden to the door of the studio.

"You'll tell me now?" Carlos said.

"Wait. Come in. Let me turn on the lights."

The dingy, cluttered room appeared, with its dusty divan, its easel, its brushes and paints, its cobwebbed north light and Esther's latest productions. They were terrible—at least, so Carlos thought, but just at present he felt very tender toward them, as one would to the earnest endeavors of an adored child.

"Sit down here beside me. Sit on the floor; I'll sit on this chair."

She stroked his hair and he stared at the wall.

"You want to marry me, really?"

"Yes, or I wouldn't have asked you."

"Oh, yes, you would. . . . Music, wine, shadows—lots of things."

"Very well, there're no music, wine or shadows here. I want to marry you."

For a moment she was thoughtful; then she jumped to her feet and walked to the other end of the studio and faced about. She slowly shook her head.

"No, it can't be done. No, I would be a fool. So would you. I might learn to hate you."

Carlos, still on the floor, slid around and smiled up at her.

"All right. That's a chance everyone takes. Why not?"

"But you don't understand. I've fought so hard for everything I have—years of fighting. I was so content until you came. I've fought so hard. I've no doubt it was easy for you. No one opposed you. But me. . . . You don't know what it is to win your freedom after so much fighting. And I want so to paint—to be a great artist."

Carlos' heart turned over in pity. "A great artist!"

"Well, what's to prevent you from painting in America?" he asked. "We may be poor, but we won't lead a dull life. Besides, I'm no tyrant; I'm very modern. If you can't stand Washington day in and day out, you can come back here for as long visits as you want."

She looked over his head as if she were seeing the future.

"You don't understand. It's different with women. Even with the kindest of men, women have to give up their lives."

Carlos got to his feet and walked over to her, smiling.

"I know all that," he said. "But if people spent all their time going over the disadvantages of marriage, no one would get married. Meanwhile, lots of people have—got married, you know. Men give up quite a lot too."

"The trouble is I think."

Carlos wanted to add "darn badly at times," but forbore.

"And"—she raised her eyes to his, her mouth trembling—"the trouble is, I also think I love you."

Carlos stretched out his arms again, but she eluded them and crossed over to the divan.

"Sit down beside me," she said, "and talk sensibly." She put her hand on one of his. "How can we marry? We have no money—or not enough to escape worry and drudgery. I'm so happy where I am and at what I am doing. How can we marry?"

"We always have the future," Carlos suggested doggedly. "Besides, I'll show you an America you'll like."

She stared away from him and shook her head again.

"No, it won't do. You can dress it up any way you want," she said, "but it's the same old masculine thing—possession."

"Certainly," said Carlos calmly. "I possess you, you possess me, and between us, if we have any gumption, we'll worry so much about possessing each other that pretty soon we'll possess the world."

She smiled faintly. "I thought you said you were such a dangerous man."

"I am dangerous," said Carlos somberly, "but you don't know the way I mean." He could not tell her that the way he meant at the moment was to gratify his longing, first to spank her, then to kiss her. He continued to stare at her somberly. Suddenly something in the gentle Talbot blood surged up. "Look here," he said between his teeth, and crossed over and seized her by her arms.

"Let go. You hurt."

"No, I won't let go. You listen to me. I've taken a lot of punishment from you, and now I'm going to tell you something. Since you're not going to marry me, I'll play I'm your husband for a few minutes. It'll help you if you ever do get married. The greatest artists in the world have married, had children and bothered about their grocery bills. Otherwise why aren't there more artists among princes and millionaires and idle fools like your friends? How many real artists do you know who haven't married, or else missed it by the merest chance? If men or women aren't big enough to risk marriage they aren't big enough to be artists. Artists don't run away from life. It's the stuff their art's made of. And I don't care whether it's painting, writing or just living. Art! You make me sick. I've been keeping this to myself for a long time."

She drew back and looked up at him wonderingly. "What?"

"Why, about you and your art."

"You mean?" She whispered, as if dreading what he was going to say.

"I mean, there's just one thing that will ever make you an artist, and that's to get out and learn something. Did you ever hear about losing your soul to find it? How do you suppose Conrad learned how to write? Anatole France? Rembrandt to paint? Cézanne? Sitting around putting their ego on canvas along the lines of least resistance, and then making up fables to prove what they have done? Look at that—that—and that. They're a school-girl's diary." He stabbed the air with his forefinger, pointing to Esther's chefs-d'œuvre decorating the walls. "And for those things you won't marry me. I hope some day you'll find out what really being in love means."

She caught her breath with a little sharp sigh.

"Well?" Carlos was afraid now. He had certainly cut his own throat completely. He was ashamed of himself too. "I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I shouldn't have talked that way. I'm sorry."

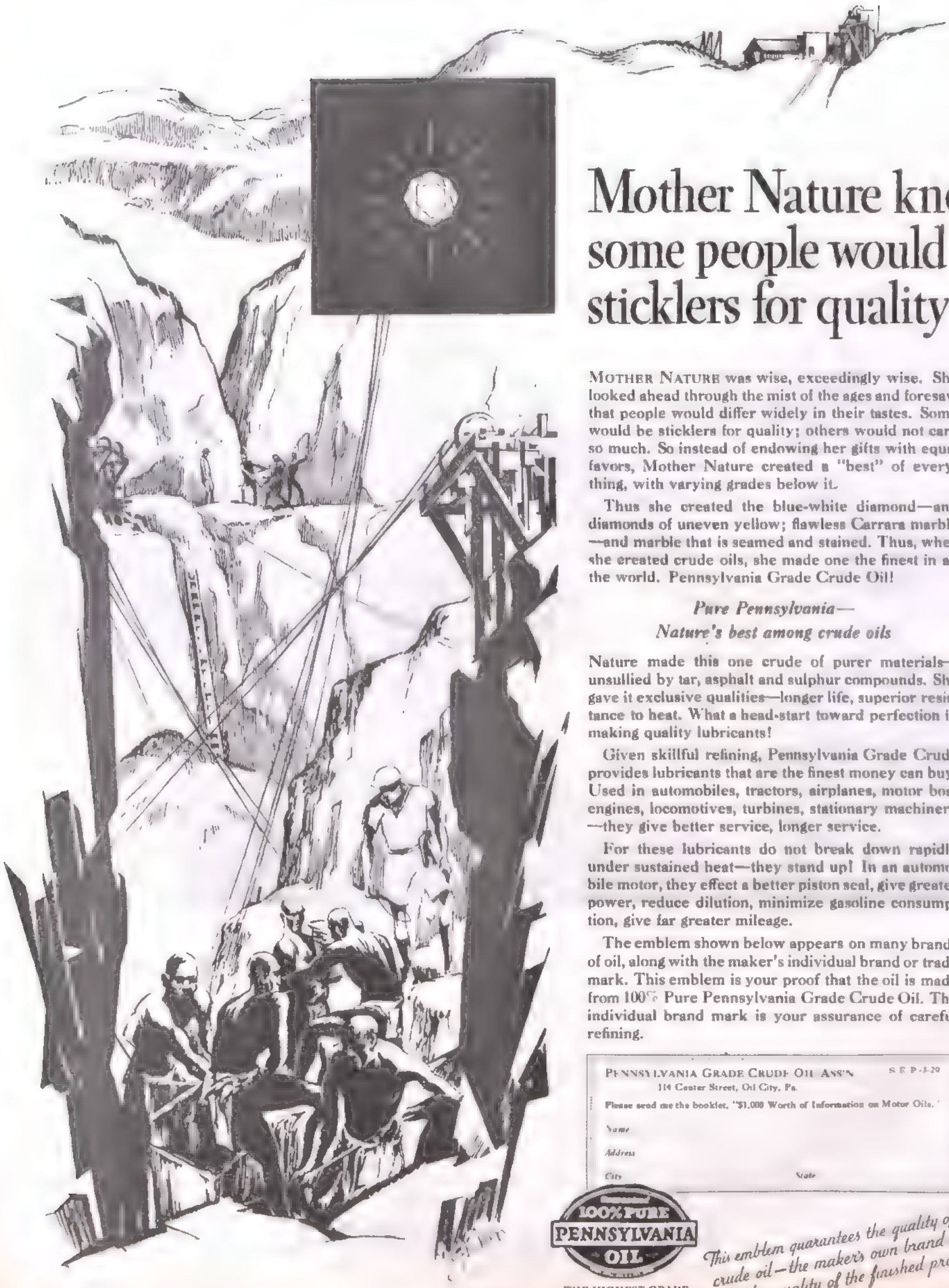
She was looking down at the book again, and it was a long moment before she spoke. "No," she said coolly and reflectively, but in a small voice, "you're probably right. Only it's a pity you were the one to tell me. When you love a person very much you don't like them to tell you things like that. Well, no matter. In the end it will do me good."

"And you'll forgive me?"

"No, I can't do that. Especially if you mean if I'll marry you. No, I can't do that. You've made me ashamed tonight." She raised her head and looked at him, her eyes wide with tears. "I can't even see you again—not for a long time."

Carlos threw his head back with an agonized groan.

(Continued on Page 141)



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(Continued from Page 138)

"What am I to do with you?" he asked. "You don't even know yet that no man and woman can possibly love each other without constantly making each other ashamed, one way or another—not until they've loved each other for years."

Her mouth drew itself into a long thin line and she sighed wearily.

"Will you please go away?" she said. "I can't stand, at present, any more of your philosophizing."

"You mean that?"

"Absolutely."

"All right." Carlos went over to the divan and picked up his hat. He turned about. "You mean that?"

"Absolutely."

"All right."

He walked to the door, and then stopped abruptly and looked back at Esther. Someone was knocking.

"Shall I let them in?"

"Certainly. How are you going to keep them out?"

Carlos opened the door, and the tall, gaunt, grenadierlike figure of Miss Allen stalked past him. She crossed over to a chair, sat down loungingly, and extracting a cigarette from a leather case, lit it.

"Well?" she said. She looked at Esther and Carlos inquiringly. They returned her look sullenly.

"Just as I thought." She blew out a cloud of smoke. "I had the darndest time getting rid of Hoffman and Hallet." She looked at Carlos again. "Esther won't marry you?"

Carlos' eyes darkened with anger. It was too much, having this old witch come to gloat over him.

"No," he said shortly.

"She's a little fool," said Miss Allen, "and I'm afraid I've had a lot to do with it."

Esther started. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Do you love him?"

Esther stamped her foot. "No!"

"Very well, if you love him as much as that, then you're a fool not to marry him. Take my word for it, I know." Her cadaverous, high-cheek-boned face twisted into a grim smile. "Marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, bad as it is, isn't half so bad as a leisure that's nothing but repentance. One's real, anyhow, and the other isn't."

Esther looked at Carlos. "Just what you said," she murmured gloweringly.

Miss Allen paid no attention to the interruption. "One's real and the other isn't. A man once asked me to marry him. You wouldn't think it, but he did."

"Was that on a porch with honeysuckle?" asked Carlos.

"Yes. How did you know? You're much too clever. Well, if I'd have married him I'd have been just as good an artist—perhaps better—and at least, I would have had something to look back on. That's the great thing when you reach my age—something to look back on."

"Even if it turns out badly?" asked Esther in a dazed voice.

"Why not? At the worst it's something, isn't it? At least, you've been married. Any great experience, if it's fine to begin with, is worth looking back on. It's nice to reflect that some man was willing to give up all he had just to marry you. And you never know he's really willing, no matter how much he proposes, until he puts a ring on your finger."

"I think I'm going crazy," said Esther. "What do men give up?"

"Freedom, self-will, adventure, half their income. Youth, their bathroom and the morning paper."

"That's trivial."

"Is it?" Miss Allen got to her feet. "Well, this hasn't been easy for me. I've spent thirty years teaching myself to despise what I couldn't have. Besides, I'd much rather you wouldn't marry." She looked at Carlos. "I suppose, of course, you know what most spiteful talk is? It's pretending to hate what you're afraid of. Brave people, fairly successful people are hardly ever spiteful. All these people now—these friends of mine"—she raised a large, capable hand—"they're afraid both of marriage and their own country. That's the trouble with them—with me. I trust you'll remember my courage in admitting this. Well, I had best be going. Interviews of this kind should not last too long." She moved toward the door.

"Just a moment," said Carlos, "and I'll see you to the gate."

He went over to Esther, who had not moved from her position by the table.

"I love you," he said, "so terribly, that I'll do anything you want. I'll go away forever if you want me to."

She shook her head without speaking. "All right, then; I'll be back."

He opened the door for Miss Allen and went out with her into the garden. The plane tree was black against a starlit sky. In the shadows Miss Allen's grenadierlike figure seemed to grow taller, lonelier, more remote.

"She'll marry you," said Miss Allen soothingly. "Women nowadays have more sense about that sort of thing than in my youth. But please don't tell any of my friends what I have done tonight."

They rang the bell for the concierge, and the sleepy clicking of the latch answered them.

Miss Allen placed a hand on Carlos' shoulder. "Now you go back," she said, "but if she's still cross, don't stay. You shouldn't press women too much. Let them suffer, especially if they're young."

Carlos remembered Miss Allen's eyes earlier in the night, across the table at the Restaurant Lavenue.

"You're unthinkably kind," he said. "You'll miss Esther a lot, won't you?"

"Unthinkable is the word," replied Miss Allen dryly. "I'm half sorry I thought about that honeysuckle. But then"—her hand tightened on Carlos' shoulder—"you see, it's this way. Women like children. If they can't have them, sooner or later they usually manage to adopt one. Then the point is, when the time comes, to try to act like a real mother, especially if you're an old maid. It isn't easy. Good night."

STEAMING UP

(Continued from Page 4)

and I confided my intentions to him, whereupon he declared with finality, "One Vauclain in our great Navy is all the nation can wrestle with." So I abandoned my thoughts of seafaring and turned my attention to engineering.

But while doing odd jobs in daylight hours and reading textbooks at night by tallow dips, I automatically progressed toward something practical. Altoona was built around railroad shops. My father was a locomotive machinist of ability. He knew thedivision master mechanic of the Pennsy. I asked the master mechanic to apprentice me.

That meant I wanted to be indentured, bound out, for four years at fifty cents a day the first year, seventy cents a day the second, ninety cents a day the third, and one dollar a day during the fourth and final year of apprenticeship.

The alluring part of the prospect was that four years of good conduct would reward me with a $124 bonus in lawful currency. Thus capitalized and as a journeyman, I could journey elsewhere for a job. That's what was then meant by journeyman. Nevertheless, an apprenticeship meant opportunity. With all this in mind I made my application.

The master mechanic sized me up—and I was pretty sizable. "How old are you?" he asked me finally.

"Sixteen, sir," I had to answer.

"Don't you know you can't be legally apprenticed until you are seventeen?" he demanded.

"That's all right," I insisted. "Just let me work anyway. If I get in the shops now, no one can get me out unless he fires me. If I stay out maybe I can't get in when a year rolls 'round."

Being an outsider looking in never did appeal to me.

The master mechanic let me in—at fifty cents per day as a common laborer. He probably did it because I was husky. That huskiness has often aided me.

A few days ago my always efficient secretary, Miss Dorothy Styer, was hurrying into my Philadelphia office when she fell on the polished floor and severely injured her right arm. She kept right on working, but that's not what I'm driving at. She told a friend that I picked her up just as if she'd been a decapod. That is one name for a locomotive.

Miss Styer's statement was hardly accurate. She weighs about 130 pounds. A modern locomotive tips the scales at from 100 to 300 tons or more, so I cannot lift a locomotive. But I have an arm as big and hard as a piano leg, am more than six feet in height and very sound. At sixteen that was my size and condition after chewing and smoking tobacco for nine years. You can see how tobacco stunted me.

Because in my boyhood most men and boys used tobacco regularly, I formed the habit, naturally. I began by swiping my father's plugs. As I grew older I bought my own nicotine. When I went into the shops I cut it out, not because I thought it was hurting me but because I figured that the fifty cents a week tobacco money would help me through an engineering college. I didn't use tobacco for fifty years, partly because I needed all my energy. I certainly needed it as a shop laborer.

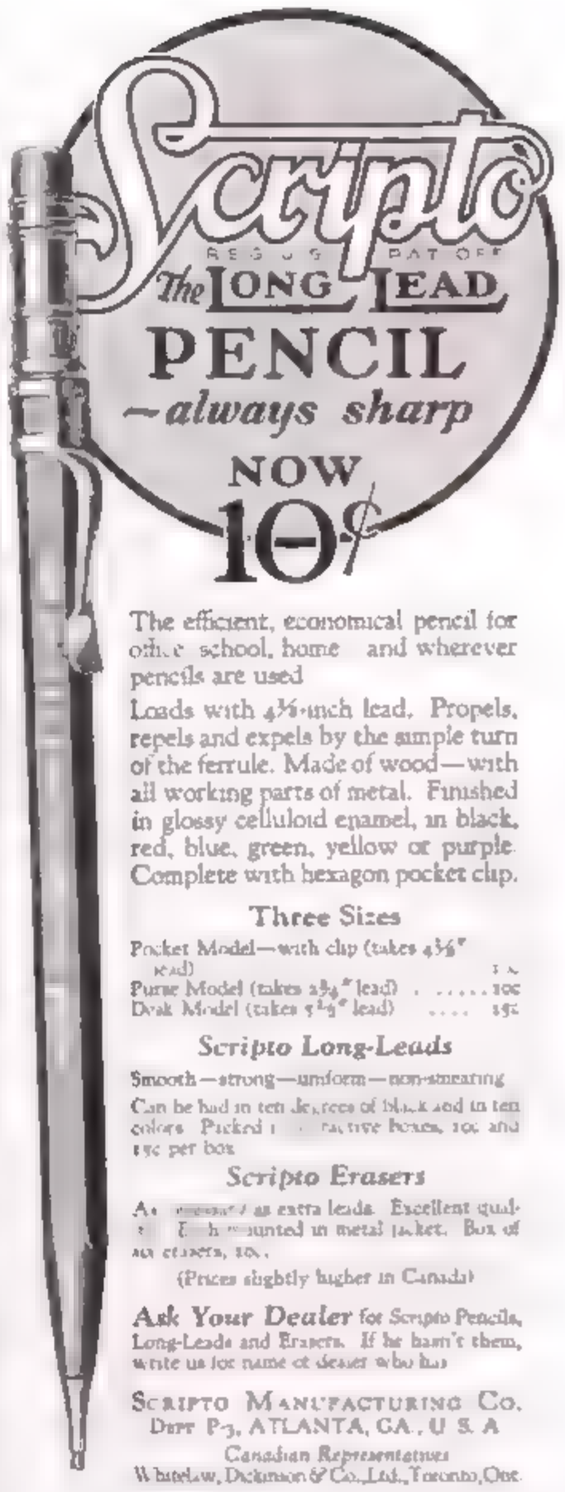
There were other huskies in the labor gang which the Altoona master mechanic enlarged for me. If Satan gets busy with idle hands he had little chance with our merry crew, for during twelve hours of each working day we set up heavy foundations for big shop tools; assembled and erected huge traveling cranes; installed ponderous freight elevators; laid acres of shop floors with sharp-edged sheet iron; spliced stubborn steel cables and hoisted and rigged until all my muscles tortured me. But I lifted and pounded and sweated away until I worked next to the boss of that labor gang. Then the master mechanic made me a lathe hand under a foreman who stationed me at a lathe weighing about what I did—200 pounds.

I must have looked funny at that lathe, but I didn't look funny at the foreman, because I was too much disgusted with the job he wished on me, turning up three-eighths bolts. There's nothing so monotonous in shop practice; so I proceeded to get rid of it. My companion in misery was one Howard McCormick. A wagonload of bolts awaited us. It looked as though we would be on that job for the rest of our lives. Howard looked at the bolts and situation moodily. It certainly was discouraging. But presently I figured out a plan to team ourselves into something better.

"You rough them, Howard—turn off the rough black surface on your machine," I suggested hopefully. "I'll finish them—turn them down to their proper diameter. We'll see who can do his part the faster. If you get tired of roughing bolts you can switch with me and do the finishing."

That struck Howard as interesting. By making a game of it we turned those bolts so rapidly that the general foreman soon moved me to the vise department.

Of course it was and is the honored custom to razz newcomers in a shop. One favorite jest is to send a beginner around



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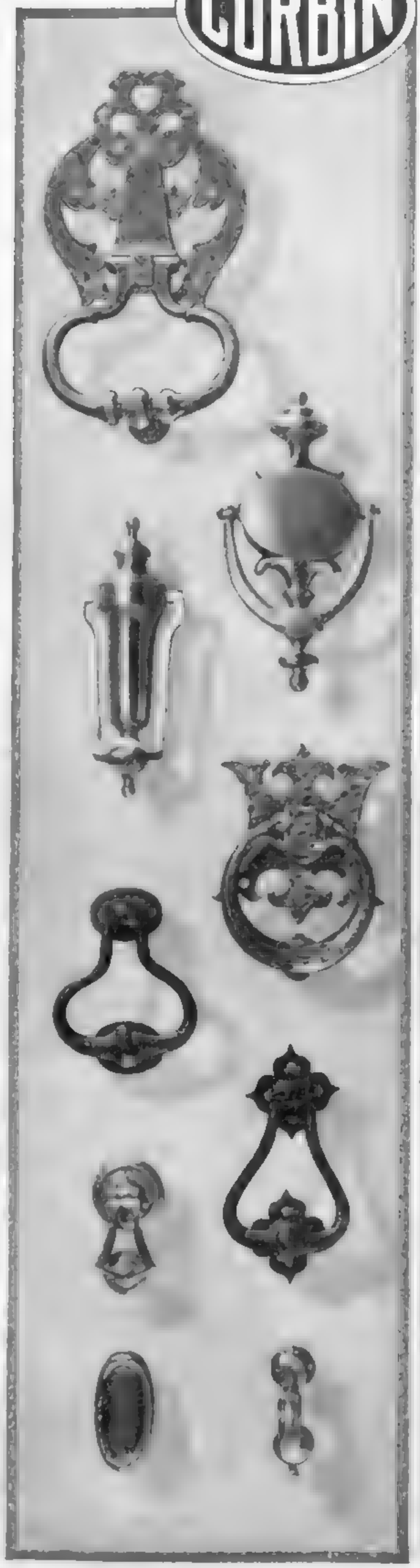

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the benches looking for a left-handed monkey wrench. Another is to hand him the most disagreeable and dirtiest job obtainable.

One of the smeariest jobs in the old-time railroad machine shops was that of cleaning water pumps. So, when my new foreman asked me what I could do and I answered, "I ought to be able to do something, sir," he led me to a pile of much-used locomotive pumps and said, "Clean and repair one of them."

Three days was the regular time allowance for such a job. I did my first pump inside five hours; then leaned against my bench and waited. The foreman wasn't long in finding me.

"Thought you wanted to work," he said.

"I do, sir," I answered respectfully.

"Then where's that pump job I sent you at?" he demanded.

"Finished," I told him, and exhibited it.

He examined it and passed it, then said grimly: "Try another and a tougher one."

I thanked him, and in another five hours had finished my second pump. He seemed to think I was trying to be smart with him, for he led me to another bench and set me to cutting keyways in straps for locomotive connecting rods.

A keyway is a slot, about an inch wide and several inches long, through a piece of steel called a strap. The key or piece of metal for this slot must fit accurately, for it helps to hold firmly in its place the heavy metal rod which connects the piston with the locomotive driving wheels. Keyways are now cut by mechanical channeling. I had to cut mine out by hand with bits and chisels and files—a slow, painstaking, arm-breaking job.

A shop laborer dumped about a ton of those uncut straps at my bench, and then he kept on dumping them.

"Got any more?" I asked him finally.

"We got some more," he grunted solemnly. And he proved it.

Three days later the foreman pulled up at my bench and, squinting at his time book carefully, asked, "Do you expect to live long enough to finish the keyways on that strap?"

"I don't know, sir," I replied. "But those straps on the bench are ready for you."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You've done all those! That's more than plenty. I only meant you should finish two of them."

So, in a way, he fired me. That is, he moved me on to the shop's choice job—fluted locomotive connecting rods.

How to Catch the Boss' Eye

A long time ago it was discovered that weight can be saved without losing strength by giving a heavy piece of metal an I-beam shape. You see this idea worked out, in principle, on traction rails and steel framework for tall residential or industrial buildings. Locomotive connecting rods are now cut out or fluted mechanically. When I was apprenticed most of such metal was slowly removed by hand chiseling, but it gave the mechanic a chance to display his workmanship. I started on my first pair.

I was getting nicely interested when a red-whiskered shop veteran named Mussleman, which name suited his architecture, sauntered across the floor and said testily, "The laborer who delivered them rods to you didn't know his business, kid. I'm the one in this department who does the fluted rods." His voice wasn't so very flutelike, either.

Mussleman had the unfluted rods sent to his bench; I stood by mine with my arms folded. A leisurely attitude like that can be detected by a foreman at magnificent distances, especially if a man is on company time instead of piecework. My foreman came at me hastily.

"Why don't you work? Where's them rods?" he growled as he looked me up and down.

I thought he was going to fire me, but I told him about the red-whiskered Mussleman. The rods were promptly returned to me, and Mussleman was ordered to mind his own business. But as soon as the foreman's back was turned my red-whiskered friend was saying to me meaningly, "Young fellar, it takes me sixteen days to flute a pair. It'll take you four weeks to finish them." I thanked him politely and went to work. In four days they were ready to go on an engine.

That didn't make me popular with Mussleman and didn't help me physically. While doing that and other jobs with which I wrestled before the advent of modern, labor-saving machinery, I held a chisel and hammer so hard and steadily that my palms were worn down to the tendons and, without any cushioning fat to take up pressure and vibration, the third and fourth fingers of each hand gradually turned palmward. They have stayed there; though I can still hold a chisel in a machine shop and can sign hundreds of checks or letters during an afternoon, and sign them legibly.

Making Too Much Money

But during those apprentice days I had my mind too much on going to an engineering college to worry about the amount of work I did, or whether it would cripple me. I needed money and that bonus. The $124 would help a lot. Hence I made the most of my energy and, after working on almost every machine in the shops, making road tests of locomotive valve leads, and temporarily acting as a shop foreman when the boss was getting over a train wreck, I found myself at twenty-one a free man with $124 currency.

Then I sat down and did some figuring. Four years at college would cost time and money. I could go to night school if I kept on working. Promotions in my trade were possible. Journeymen seldom went back to the shops where they had been apprenticed. They were supposed to prove their right to be machinists in strange environments. But I asked the Altoona foreman for some kind of a job as a journeyman. He gave me the meanest one he had. That was turning up locomotive piston rods.

That job was about forty times as mean and trying as my first one—turning up three-eighths bolts—for a piston rod designed for the average locomotive is about three inches thick and more than a yard long. Moreover, it must be slowly and delicately cut down to a diameter in which there will be no deviation or flaw from end to end. Then it must be polished beautifully. In my case nine-tenths of the job was done by hand. But I couldn't think of quitting it. I'd nailed my $124 bonus money to the bottom of my trunk. I wasn't going to spend my surplus. I would save it by working so hard and so steadily that I wouldn't have time to squander it. Since that time I've followed that system consistently. It may be simple-minded, but it gets results.

My first hard job as journeyman paid eighteen cents an hour. I thought I could make more on it by piecework. As no one had made a living turning piston rods by piecework, it wasn't difficult to induce the foreman to let me try it at sixty-three cents a rod. He sent me 100 rough piston rods and apparently forgot me promptly.

The first one was finished in an hour. At the end of each succeeding hour I laid a rod, smoothed and polished accurately, on the shop floor beside my bench. At the end of two days Hughey Craig, the man who finished the pistons using these rods, spotted me, peered over his spectacles at the pile of finished rods and said, "Go easy on it, son." The foreman came. He sat on me and took that job from me—left me standing for the next day or so doing nothing. Then he put me in the laboring gang.

That was intended as punishment for working faster than other men. I said, "Thank you," and took it quietly. You might not think it sportsmanlike to fine or fire me because I was making more money than the foreman had anticipated. Mind you, Hughey found no fault with any of

(Continued on Page 145)

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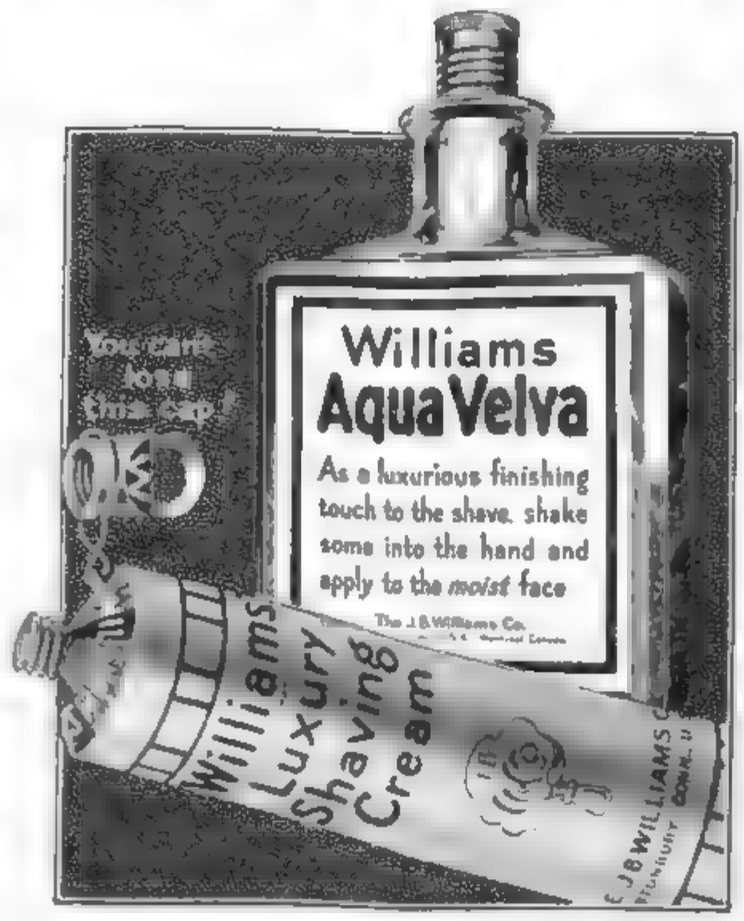
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COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, is a refined steel to which, while molten, pure copper has been added. It is distinguished from other ferrous metals by the fact that in its making the essentials of strength, malleability and indifference to fatigue are *combined* with greater durability—a quality of vital importance wherever the tendency of metals to deteriorate has been a problem. This addition of copper also makes possible better coatings and finishes, and a more attractive appearance in articles made from COP-R-LOY, as well as longer life.

HOW AND BY WHOM IT IS USED

COP-R-LOY affects the interests of practically all people because it is the material from which useful products are manufactured, such as Roofings, Gutters, Spoutings, Lath, Ventilators, Casements, Clothes Chutes and Dryers, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Pipe, Fence, and countless other articles required for the modern home and modern living. COP-R-LOY made in sheet, plate, rod and pipe form enables many manufacturers of these things to meet today's standard of quality and service at reasonable retail cost.

HOW IT IS SUPPLIED BY THE MAKERS

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, producers of perfected COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, supply it in a number of forms to manufacturers, railroads, public service corporations and distributors of steel products. Also they supply to the plumbing, steam-fitting and petroleum industries COP-R-LOY black and galvanized Pipe; to metal workers, black and galvanized Sheets, Terne Plate, etc.; to manufacturers of Cans, Containers, and others requiring light gauge, durable steel, Black Plate and Tin Plate, and even Decorated Plate ready for forming and stamping. Important among COP-R-LOY products ready for the user is Wheeling Hinge Joint Fence, strong, flexible and long lasting for economy on the farm.

The Wheeling Steel Corporation with its historical background in iron and steel dating back to 1715, profits by experience of over two hundred years, with present day resources embracing ownership and control of every factor entering into the production of steel "from mine to market." It is only natural then, to expect from this source, such an important development in the realm of finer steel, as COP-R-LOY, as well as standard Steel Sheets which form the bodies of America's fine cars; the Tie Plates and Spikes which secure the safety of the rails of overland transportation, as well as the Steel for cars that travel their length.

Send for an interesting booklet which tells the story of COP-R-LOY *and how it affects your interests. It is non-technical, and lists many of the things which* COP-R-LOY *improves.*

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Subsidiary Companies:

Wheeling Corrugating Company · The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies · La Belle Transportation Company · Pitt Iron Mining Company · La Belle Coke Company · Ackermann Manufacturing Company · Consumers Mining Company

"FROM MINE WHEELING STEEL TO MARKET"

(Continued from Page 142)

my workmanship. I hadn't spoiled a single rod. I'd just put a lot of muscle and endurance into finishing. I was demoted because I was earning more wages than could be harmonized with the rest of the shop schedules.

I didn't resent that foreman's action. I was there to learn all I could about making and repairing locomotives. A few dollars more or less in wages didn't matter, momentarily. Knowledge and experience were more important. A lot of information was picked up unexpectedly.

In my office mail the other day was a postcard from my old friend, John W. Cloud, London representative of Westinghouse. While I was still an apprentice boy, John was stationed at the Altoona shops in charge of a Fairbanks machine for testing the tensile strength of materials. In making tests it was necessary to twist a heavy wheel attached to a screw. Because it took a man to twist that wheel effectively they used to send for Sammy when they made their tests. Sammy was, all knew, a strong-backed, good-natured, willing worker. John admired and kidded me. And I'll admit I sweat profusely at that tester, but I learned a lot about the tensile strength of locomotive materials. Yet I knew so little about getting tired that I accepted extra work and gibes readily.

After my foreman had punished me by reclassifying me as a common laborer I cheerfully helped the labor gang set up a cylinder. Then, as we had nothing more to do that moment, I started with them to clean up that part of the shop. The idea was original but they liked it. We certainly went on a voyage of discovery. From around floor machines and from beneath benches we got carloads of junk which had accumulated for years. We'd cleaned up nearly half the area when the foreman came roaring down on me.

"What are you doin' now?" he shouted. I explained the situation modestly, and pointed to the piles of rubbish. "Report to George Russell, assistant foreman," he ordered, and turned his back on me.

Russell sat in a sort of throne reached by wooden steps from the main floor.

Water-Cooled Workmen

When I reported to him as ordered he said grimly, "Sammy, I hope you know enough to know you've worked yourself out of a job, that you're due for a lot of firing."

Any answer seemed superfluous. It isn't good form to argue with your boss. So I stood dumbly on those steps three hours until the foreman showed up and said to Russell, "I'll be away a month. You run the shops. Sammy'll be your assistant while I'm gone." Then he grinned and left me to get over it.

Before my foreman was once more on his job the master mechanic offered me the option of earning $100 a month as an assistant foreman, "where you can wear a white collar and take things easy," or taking charge of the framing gang. The gang job paid just twenty-one cents an hour. On a regular forty-hour schedule it would net me $8.40 a week. I was getting ready to be married. The framing gang, which sets up the huge steel frames for locomotives, was our toughest one. No boss had been able to handle it.

I said, "I'll take the framing job." It looked like more experience. If the gang were hard-boiled my own bosses had given me tough training.

Once when one of the blacksmith-shop furnaces had burned out—as brick-lined furnaces will occasionally—and the boss learned that the shops needed that furnace because there weren't enough others to keep production going, he was pretty mad about it. Though it was just before closing time on Saturday afternoon, a week would be lost, ordinarily, in waiting for the furnace bricks and plates to cool before tearing the thing down and rebuilding it. Lost time meant lost production and lost money. With the nerve of youth I volunteered.

"If you will give me men enough," I said to the boss, "I'll have that furnace relined and ready for firing by Monday morning."

Like most bosses he was dubious about anything that hadn't been tried before, but he thought it over and replied, "Sammy, you can tackle it. But either that furnace or you will be fired Monday morning."

With these words of encouragement I went to it.

There was not time to kill the fires, much less wait for white-hot bricks to cool. So I opened the door and turned a stream of water into the seething furnace. The result sounded like a boiler explosion. While that stream was cooling off the furnace interior I turned another stream on the outside plates. You never saw such steaming.

Asbestos suits were not yet in style, but by playing the hose on the workingmen they were soon able to tear the steel walls down; the brick walls and lining followed rapidly. But the gangs that wheeled hot, burned-out bricks from the steaming furnace to the shop's yard where the temperature was below zero thought they were getting the worst of it. You couldn't blame them; though, between shifts, they had a chance to sleep.

The Reward for Politeness

By working in eight-hour shifts from six P.M. on Saturday until long after midnight Sunday night that bunch of huskies had the outside plates and new brick walls and fire brick up and ready for Monday-morning firing. In the meanwhile I hadn't slept, though I ate heartily at regular meal hours and had luncheon at ten A.M., three P.M., nine P.M., midnight, three A.M., and so forth. Lack of sleep has seldom bothered me, and I can always keep awake if I have plenty of fuel for my power plant. But the boss sprung a new joke on me when he stopped me as I was stumbling off for my bed after closing hours Sunday night and asked me to go to another part of the shop and repair a broken water glass. However, youth doesn't mind a little punishment.

The framing gang was ready to give me my share of punishment when I became a boss, though a young journeyman. They expected me to return some of it on account of my size and energy. But before assuming the responsibility for getting the most work out of that hard-boiled bunch I'd had my share of experience. For example, I'd learned the value of courtesy.

Among the early citizens of Altoona was a Jewish clothing merchant named Sheeline. I'd never paid much attention to him, though I'd often passed the time of day with him. Suddenly and unexpectedly another Altoona citizen was forced to make an assignment of his estate, and his wife, a friend of our family, insisted that young Sam Vauclain should be appointed by the court as assignee. That sort of job was new to me and I wasn't anxious to tackle it, but mother thought I should attempt to qualify, because I might be of assistance to her friend; so I appeared in court as a prospective assignee.

Lawyers for other claimants protested the appointment so vigorously that the judge announced he could not consider me until I gave a bond for $40,000. That was about $40,000 more than was possessed by me and my family, and I could think of no friends who had anywhere near that amount of property. While retreating, abashed, from the court's presence, I stopped at Sheeline's store to buy suspenders, and chanced to tell him the joke that had been played on me.

That Jewish clothing merchant almost stunned the young shopman by saying, "I'll go your bond."

After catching my breath, I asked why he was willing to go so far for me. I've never forgotten his brief answer. It was: "Everyone else in Altoona says, 'There's Sheeline, the Jew,' when they speak to me, but you've always said, 'Good morning, Mr. Sheeline,' and raised your cap!"

He signed the bond; he was good for it; I qualified and saved that woman's home for her. That's one reason I know you can't go wrong in being as nice to everybody as you want everybody to be to you. It's the same in handling gangs of men. Most men welcome good leadership. The average man can be led readily if you have his respect and if you show him that you respect him for some kind of ability. You don't have to beat him up to show your authority. I didn't use the punch I packed on any of that tough framing gang, because of another early experience.

When I was a young shop apprentice—in my seventeenth year, to be exact—I was walking home from work one night with a big dog that was fond of trailing me. In front of one of Altoona's resorts a labor-gang boss who weighed more than I kicked that dog without any excuse for kicking him.

I said, "Stop it. You can't kick my dog without fighting me."

Although in my kid school days I'd participated in impromptu battles with snowballs, or soakers, and been chosen by one side or another to throw stones, and had, in consequence, learned to use my fists, I was never much on fighting.

That big fellow who kicked my dog was an amateur prize fighter and, being gone with liquor, lunged for me. I hit him a straight blow on the jaw. He went down. The dog and I went home peacefully. I didn't know until afterward that a doctor worked over my antagonist until five the next morning before that amateur pugilist returned to consciousness. That's why I never hit a man again and why there was no fighting in that framing gang. In truth that gang never gave me serious trouble; though the stalwarts included Cubans, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans and Spaniards. The nearest I came to physical violence was in dealing with a good worker we all knew as Spanish Joe.

Joe's one weakness was for week-end liquor. I've never cared what other men do with their nonworking hours, so long as they report promptly and deliver whatever commodity they are paid for.

A workman is entitled to have recreation during his leisure or nonworking time. I work for our stockholders on the same principle. But Spanish Joe would celebrate so enthusiastically on Saturday night and throughout Sunday that he wouldn't show up for work Monday morning. That interfered with the whole framing gang's efficiency.

Leaders are Workers

On the first Tuesday after the first Monday of Joe's first absence from the pay roll I warned him.

"You are a good workman," I said; "you know your trade. But you must report at seven o'clock next Monday morning. If you fail to show up I won't fire you, but I'll get a big club and beat you so you'll never forget it."

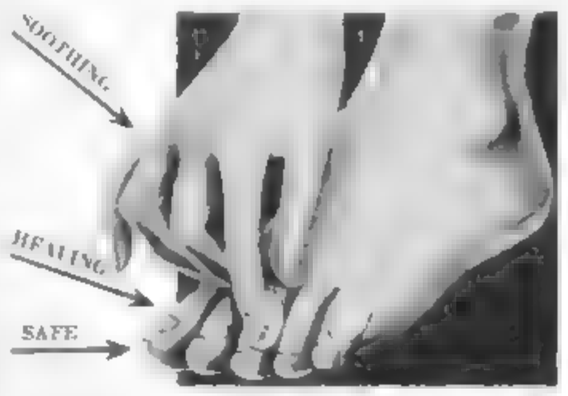
"I'll be on time, boss," Joe promised eagerly.

I let matters ride until he failed me on the ensuing Monday morning. That Tuesday Joe and I again exchanged promises. When the gang reported the following Monday Spanish Joe was once more missing. I promptly journeyed to his boarding house. His landlady stalled me at the door. When I got past her and to Joe's bedroom he had gone over the back fence to the shops. When I reached there he was very, very busy. This time I talked to him so seriously that as long as he remained on our pay roll he never missed an hour's time.

Perhaps one reason I have so little trouble with trouble makers is because I am habitually a hard worker, from choice if not from necessity.

Of course I had to tend strictly to business after I married on $8.40 a week, but getting along on that meager income was not such a terrifying problem. Altoona in those days was not an expensive place for young, hard-working couples. Father must be given credit for remonstrating with a

Corns
new scientific way



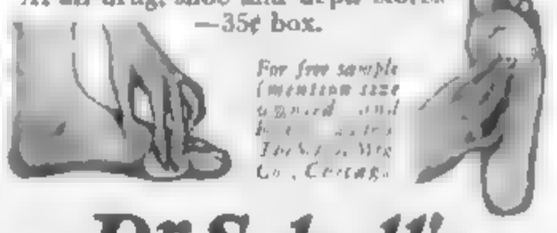
Stops pain quick!

Imagine—in one minute you won't feel the slightest corn pain when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! You never experienced anything like it before. It's the only *scientific* way to treat corns. *Removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes: relieves and heals. No risk of acid burn to the toes as with harsh and caustic preparations, or danger of blood poisoning from cutting your corns.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, protective, cushioning—guaranteed safe, sure. Doctors recommend them.

Callouses and Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Callouses and Bunions. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores —35¢ box.



For free sample (mention size wanted and address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago)

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1356 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

Your Nails Show What?

Neat nails at nine can't excuse untidy ones at noon. Keep them *always* right with Gem, the compact pocket manicure. Used anywhere, any time, to clean, trim and file. Gem 50c (slips in pocket or purse). Gem Jr 35c (attaches to watch chain or key-ring). At your druggist's or cutlery dealer's.

The H. C. COOK CO., 5 Beaver St., Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers Gem Jr 35c

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower

A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.

American Farm Machine Co. Catalog Free
1099 Bird Av. S.E. Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—WOMEN, MAKE MONEY in spare or full time.

...tery, lingerie manufacturer. Experience unnecessary. No capital required. MALLOCH FROCKS Dept. SEP, Grand Rapids, Mich.

YALE BUILDERS' HARDWARE

FOR MODERN HOMES

Having for many years recognized the necessity for producing hardware suitable for equipping the modern home at moderate cost, Yale offers a line of builders' hardware fashioned from brass and bronze, recommended for use throughout the home because of durability and distinctive appearance.

In this reasonably priced Yale line of good quality and consummate artistry is found hardware in a variety of designs. Those illustrated are characteristic. Send for booklet showing Yale Builders' Hardware designs for the modern home.

Yale Locks and Hardware are sold by hardware dealers.

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

poor fool who expected a woman to live on so little money.

"You're crazy!" he exclaimed, when I told him of my matrimonial intentions.

"I'm not," I answered. "If I can learn to live on $8.40 weekly after I'm married, I shall not be afraid of anything."

Right here I've got to tell my favorite story: Mike was lying on his deathbed.

"You have only a little while longer in this world," the kindly parish priest warned the sick man. "If there's anything you would like before you go, I shall do my best to get it for you."

The weakening patient replied, "Father, I'd loike to hear the village band play once more."

The band was summoned and played its best, after which Mike remarked, "Now I can die happy. There'll be nothing in hell worse than that."

Perhaps that is not strictly applicable, but long years of experience have convinced me that if you face the so-called terrors of the present, the future is not worth worrying about.

In my own case, Mrs. Vauclain and I were hardly settled in our Altoona home before the master mechanic offered to send me down to Philadelphia to supervise the construction of sixty locomotives for the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The pay was three dollars daily. I jumped at the opportunity for a new experience.

Generally, a supervisor or inspector merely stands around and makes sure that all orders are turned out strictly according to specifications. Sometimes that is a stiff job, because foremen and workers may be inclined to let things slide—not cheat, you know, but just get by inspection.

On my first inspection job I had so little trouble along that line that I had time to get acquainted with the plant where my father worked before I was born. Many an hour I spent around the workshops wherein my father had installed the first stationary engine—built also by Mr. Baldwin and now on exhibition, reërected, at our Eddystone shops.

Acquiring a Permanent Job

Possibly because of these early, sentimental associations, possibly because it was my first long visit to a big locomotive works, I took an active interest in its functioning. When each day's inspection for the Pennsylvania was finished, I went around inspecting the works on my own. Once or twice I helped a gang or group out of minor troubles. One or two suggestions for a change of methods appealed to the works' management.

There was nothing unusual in my conduct. Other supervisors or inspectors have tried to give similar service under similar circumstances; although such service must be offered diplomatically to be welcomed. At any rate, before the inspection job was finished the job of foreman at the Baldwin Seventeenth Street shops was offered me. It looked like an opportunity to move along faster than in straight railroading, so I gratefully accepted it.

Being on the pay roll of only two firms in fifty-six years of labor doesn't sound like much variety; especially as I've always been on or close to locomotives. But at various times I've been responsible for the output of 20,000 people. During the war period 50,000 or more workers were in my charge. Incidentally, I've sold several miles of locomotives to individuals, corporations and governments on this and other continents.

These contacts have taught me something about humanity. Maybe I've given humanity something in return. At seventy-three I like to think so; especially about that part of humanity known as workers. I've been one of them and with them almost constantly.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Vauclain and Mr May The second will appear next week

The Happy Warrior

I MARKED him on the city street,
Carefree he rolled along,
Upon his face a happy smile, upon his lips a song;
Of all that myriad frantic men, with all their honk and hurry,
This smiling bug alone drove on, serene and free from worry.

"Oh, chortling one!" I said to him. "I would have speech with thee!
The constant smile upon thy pan I marvel much to see!

"Behold, of all the sons of men, thou only hast a grin;
The nabob in his limousine, I in my varnished tin
From early morn to dewy eve we worry all the while
Of thieves and bumps and mud, till we've forgotten how to smile.
The drunk, the thug, the brainless fool beset us everywhere;
And every time we park our car we offer silent prayer.
Oh, optimistic guy!" I groaned. "Pray slip the news to me
What make of car dost thou possess, that thou art full of glee?"

The stranger laughed. He was, indeed, a very merry cuss.
"Wouldst give yourself a treat?" quoth he. "Then gaze upon my bus!

"The chickens roost all over it; the ironwork is rusted;
The paint is gone, the fenders bent, the differential busted;
A thief would take one look at it and walk away disgusted.

"I do not mind when it gets bumped; I park it anywhere;
No matter what they do to it, I really do not care;
Dust, mud, collisions, drunks and thieves, hail, snow, torrential rain
They cannot hurt this car of mine, therefore I feel no pain;
A little glue and baling wire will fix it up again.

"I am immune from every ill. The road hog knows full well
He couldn't hurt my car a bit, but his car would catch hell!
My cylinders go clinky-clank; my steering gear goes clunk,
And people say when I go by, 'Gosh, what a piece of junk!'
But every car steers clear of me as though I were a skunk.

"So I ride round as carefree as the inmate of a hearse;
My flivver looks like something that's been blasted by a curse
But nothing they could do to it would make it any worse."

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

TO BE SAFE,

bathroom tissue must be *soft, absorbent, chemically pure*

For your children's sake, mother, always choose these softer, more absorbent bathroom tissues . . . ScotTissue or Waldorf

Hospitals condemn harsh toilet papers as a menace to health

"INFERIOR toilet papers irritate and may cause serious injury," is the statement made by 223 hospital superintendents, recently questioned. A warning echoed by physicians throughout the country.

It is a startling fact that most toilet paper sold to housewives today is just ordinary tissue paper in rolls.

It may be glazed and crinkly . . . as harsh to sensitive skin as wrapping paper. Or it may be chemically impure . . . made from reclaimed waste materials.

Two Tissues Made Specially for Their Purpose

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues made by a special Scott process on machines designed and built by Scott engineers.

In every particular they meet the requirements hospitals and doctors say toilet tissues must have to be safe.

They are extremely fine textured. Crumpled in the hand, they are actually cloth-like—soft as old linen. Treat a sheet of ordinary paper the same way—you can feel its sharp, brittle edges.

Only the finest materials, pure and fresh, go into ScotTissue and Waldorf. They are neither alkaline nor acid—always safe. The sheets tear evenly. Even a small child finds them easy to use.

From today on—when you buy toilet paper ask for these tissues that your own doctor would recommend. When you put Scott tissues in your bathroom you give your family's health and comfort utmost protection. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Fit standard built-in fixtures

3 *for* 20¢

Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester Pa U S A
SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES

Easy to order. No embarrassment. Just ask for "ScotTissue" or "Waldorf"

2 *for* 25¢

These prices for United States only

15 Painful Troubles caused or aggravated by inferior bathroom paper

The famous intestinal specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, New York City, recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles either directly caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet paper.

Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Anal Furuncles; Follicular Anal Abscesses; Prolapse; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region, etc.

Dr. Montague is author of the widely quoted book "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (*Lippincott*).

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Aviators with the Byrd Antarctic Expedition: Bert Balchen, Dean Smith, and Harold I. June.

U & U Photos

Commander Byrd

Famous scientist and explorer, first man to fly over the North Pole, now leading expedition to explore and map the unknown Antarctic regions from land and air

NEWS of his Adventures at the South Pole made Possible By

ONE of the most significant tributes ever paid to the uniformity and dependability of Burgess Radio Batteries is the fact that, for the fourth successive time, Commander Byrd is relying upon them. Others, too, have selected these batteries for use when both life and records have been at stake. Wilkins, for example, is also using Burgess Radio Batteries in his South Pole Expedition—in fact, practically every scientist in late years has chosen Burgess Batteries in preference to any others.

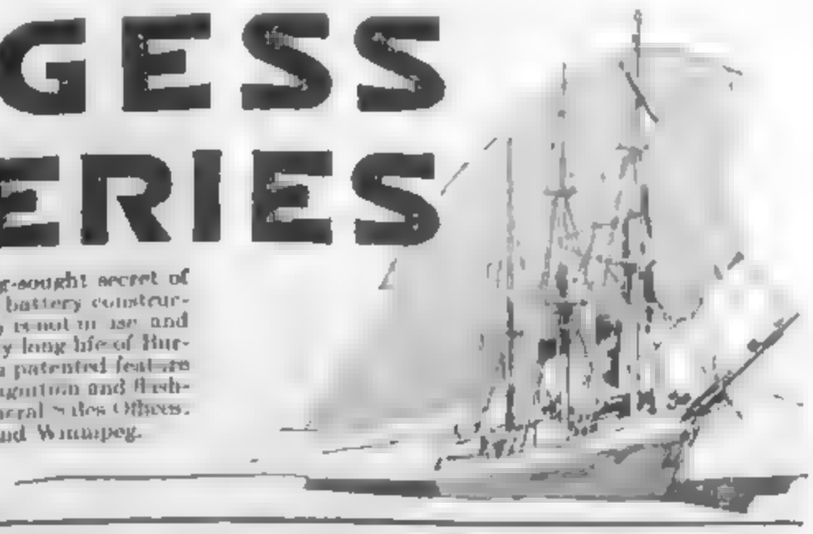
Why do you suppose that world-famous scientists, exploring unknown regions far removed from civilization or flying over the oceans, selected Burgess Batteries? Was it because their knowledge, training and experience told them that these batteries were more uniform? Or was it because careful scientific tests confirmed their conclusions? Can you, yourself, think of any other explanation?

You may be certain that these scientists would not risk, or jeopardize, the success of their expeditions by using batteries of doubtful origin . . . . . or batteries whose exacting uniformity, absolute dependability and length of life were questionable.

Burgess Batteries have long been distinguished for the qualities vital to dependability and performance. Millions of scientific tests . . . . . mechanical, physical, chemical and electrical . . . . . are made in the Burgess laboratories to insure the uniformity in power and service of Burgess Batteries. These facts account for their use by scientists whose exploits are making history.

BURGESS BATTERIES

Burgess engineers discovered the long-sought secret of utilizing Chrome the preservative in battery construction. It guards power when the battery is not in use and is largely responsible for the amazingly long life of Burgess Batteries. The use of Chrome is a patented feature exclusive to Burgess Batteries. Radio, ignition and flashlight Burgess Battery Company, General Sales Offices, Chicago. In Canada, Niagara Falls and Winnipeg.



MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO, IGNITION AND FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

VIGILANTE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Shoot and be damned, if you feel like it!" bellowed Carter. "We only rode back to ask you to have a drink!"

Defying the guns, but making no overt move, he rode alongside and passed a flat bottle over the wheel.

"Keep it if you want it, fellows," said Carter generously. "We can get plenty more at Pete Daley's. Come on, boys!"

He and his companions clapped spurs to their horses and raced away. The unceasing vigilance of the two men and the boy finally broke the desperadoes. At Laurin's ranch, Stinson came up to Southmayde and Caldwell as the two conferred.

"You two seem to think you're going to be held up," he said. "There's not the slightest danger."

"Maybe, and again maybe not!" retorted Caldwell. "The only thing I do know is that if we are stuck up we'll take two or three of them along with us to glory!"

Stinson swept off his flat-crowned hat and bowed.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "I pledge you my word, my honor, and my life that you will not be harmed between here and Virginia City!"

Not Smart Enough

Southmayde and Caldwell were not impressed by this assuring information from Plummer's deputy and kept their weapons ready. For the entire distance from Laurin's to Virginia City, Stinson and Ray, first one and then the other, sang loudly—a signal, the other two men were convinced, to their confederates not to attack.

Lloyd Magruder had come from Elk City to Bannack with a large store of merchandise. Finding the town on Grasshopper Creek almost deserted, he had followed the rush to Alder Gulch and opened a store in Virginia City. Everything he brought with him had been in great demand and every item had been sold. His shelves were empty, but in carefully hidden buckskin sacks were fifteen hundred ounces of yellow gold dust in addition to more than two thousand dollars in bills—the depreciated Union greenbacks.

Magruder was no fool. He knew that his wealth would put every road agent in the country on his track and that there was not a mile of the distance between the Stinking Water and Lewiston that he would not be in danger. To deceive the desperadoes, he wrote his wife and announced that he was leaving in two weeks—on October twentieth—and at the same time planned an immediate departure. As an additional precaution he determined to travel with a party so large and so well armed that bandits would hesitate before making an attack. As guards, and to help with the mules and horses he was driving back to Idaho, he employed the three men who had been working for him since his arrival in Montana; men of whose reputation he knew nothing—Chris Lowry, Doc Howard and Jim Romaine. All three were Plummer's men.

Nine mounted men rode out of Virginia City for Lolo Pass in the Bitter Roots, which here form the Continental Divide and the Idaho-Montana boundary; with them a train of pack horses and a remuda of mules that Magruder was taking across the mountains on speculation. Besides Magruder and his three wranglers and guards, there was a fourth teamster, Bill Page. The others were Charley Allen, a miner bound out with gold dust; two young brothers just in from Missouri—Horace and Robert Chalmers—and Old Bill Phillips. There were honest men in camp who, knowing the character of Romaine, Lowry and Howard, shook their heads as the cavalcade took the trail, but none had the courage to warn Lloyd Magruder.

Plummer had suggested to Howard that he add Steve Marshland to his bravos, but the plot being unfolded to him, Marshland had renigged.

"There's plenty to be picked up right around here without riding clear out to the Bitter Roots and killing five men," he objected.

The time was early October and the passes soon would be blocked with snow. The caravan pushed on and in six days was camped in a park on the eastern slope. Now was the time. Page was the weak link in Howard's chain, and the leader ranged his mule alongside that of the teamster.

"There's nearly two thousand ounces of dust in those packs, Bill," he said. "Are you with us, or ain't you? We've counted you in for a quarter share. There'll be no split with Plummer and all, because we're breaking for the Coast."

Howard knew his man. A petty thief, Page cowered at murder, but neither would he warn Magruder and the others. He turned out his horses, returned to supper and, as soon as the meal was over, made his bed some yards from the camp fire. Allen laid his blankets alongside. The Chalmers brothers slept on the opposite side of the fire. Magruder, Phillips and the three conspirators remained about the blaze, smoking and talking.

"It's getting toward ten," Magruder remarked. "We'll be through the pass tomorrow if we get an early start. I'll have a look at the mules to see that they aren't straying, before I turn in."

Lowry rose and stretched lazily. "I'll go with you," he volunteered, "and bring in some wood for breakfast."

Magruder leaned forward and lit his pipe from the fire. Lowry had picked up the ax, and as the unsuspecting man puffed his tobacco alight, the other swung the ax and brought the blade crashing down through Magruder's skull. Old Phillips sprang to his feet with an oath, but Romaine was too quick for him. His long Bowie knife was out of its sheath before Phillips had moved, and he stabbed the pioneer through the breast.

"I told you down at Virginia not to come on this trip," he exclaimed.

Howard wrenched the ax from Lowry's hands, leaped over Magruder's body, and with two blows dispatched Horace and Robert Chalmers as they lay in their blankets. Some noise, possibly Romaine's half shout as he stabbed Phillips, roused the miner, Charley Allen. He sat up in his bed, peering through the darkness that lay beyond the camp fire. He never learned what had happened.

Beyond the Trail

The fire still glowed through the darkness, the wind sang softly in the pines. From the meadow where the stock grazed came the musical jangle of a bell. The miserable, frightened Page crept out of the blankets where he had cowered during the wholesale slaughter.

Howard and Romaine threw fresh wood on the fire. As the flames leaped up they glowed redly on a white snowflake drifting lazily through the air; the first symbol of the winter storms that would close the pass until spring. As it snowed the four worked to remove all traces of their crime. The dead men were carried over a ridge and were thrown into a deep, sheer-walled canyon. Their equipment followed them; all that could be burned being placed in the fire and the ashes collected in blankets and sacks and hurled into the gorge.

At the first sign of dawn the remuda was driven up. Three of the best riding mules and four pack animals were picketed to trees. Doc Howard selected for himself a sorrel horse that had belonged to the dead Magruder. The remaining beasts were driven into a canyon remote from the trail and there shot.

The snow drifted softly and steadily through the pines and when the four

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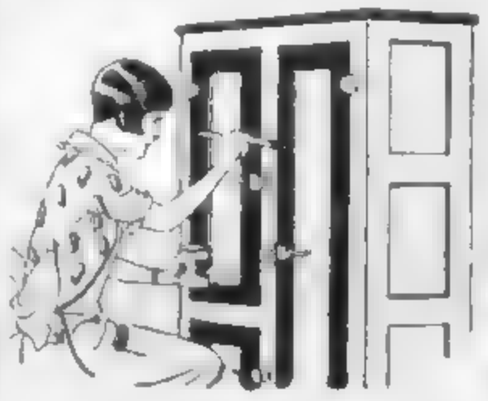

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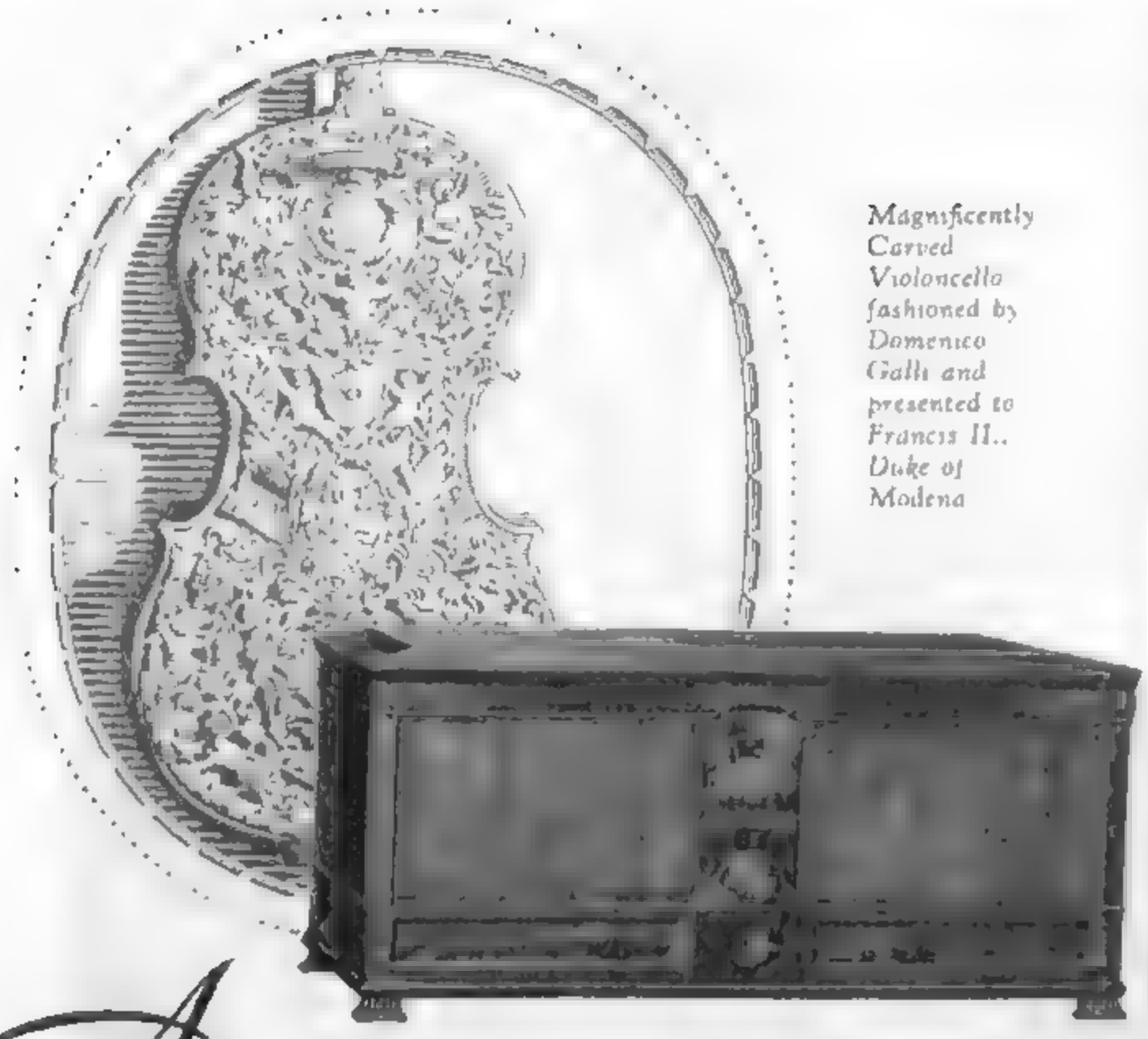

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mounted and turned their animals toward the crest of the pass a white blanket lay a foot deep over the scene.

"It couldn't be better, boys," announced Howard as he gathered up his reins. "Nobody'll come through here till spring now, and by that time there won't be a sign."

The weather upon which Howard had relied to conceal their crime proved their worst enemy. Magruder had been well known in Elk City, and the four made a wide circuit about that hamlet. For similar reasons they desired to avoid Lewiston, but here Fate took a hand. Storms raged about them; mountain streams, gorged by snow, but not yet frozen, became torrents that could not be forded. Finally they found themselves facing starvation, with Lewiston as the only point where they could replenish their provisions. They left their animals with a rancher and after nightfall slipped into the town.

Trading Beside the Gallows

Lowry knew the region well, and it was his suggestion that they steal a boat and float down the Snake River until they could get a Columbia River steamer for Portland. They found an unlocked boat, but soon learned that the Snake, like its tributaries, was also in flood and presented insurmountable obstacles to a night voyage by inexperienced navigators. The possession of so much weight of gold added to their fears. They rowed back to shore and sought the office of the stagecoach line.

Here was another unexpected check. The coach did not leave until morning, and the clerk informed them that no tickets were sold. If they would leave their names, he said, they would be entered on the waybill and passage money could be paid before departure.

Hill Beachy, deputy marshal of Lewiston and proprietor of the Luna House, happened to be in the stage office. The four killers wore the collars of their coats turned up about their faces, their broad-brimmed hats pulled low over their eyes, and Beachy became suspicious. When the clerk asked for names, Howard hesitated. He and his companions were known in Lewiston. In his quandary he possessed no more originality than to direct that he and the other three be enrolled as John and Joseph Smith, Thomas and James Jones.

So many Joneses and Smiths added to Beachy's suspicions, and he followed the quartet to the Luna House, where they registered. Peering through the windows, he recognized them. He knew they had been with Magruder in Bannack and Virginia City; knew, too, that the merchant was on his way home. He said afterward that the certainty came over him with the suddenness of a lightning flash. Lacking anything definite, however, he could do nothing to detain the four when they boarded the stage for Walla Walla the following morning.

Hill Beachy was a man of one idea. He followed his hunch. He was positive that the four had killed Lloyd Magruder and he had no hesitation about saying so. His fellow townsmen told him he was crazy; his wife reminded him of the letter the merchant had written, citing it as proof that he would be along within a few days. When at last a man did reach Lewiston from Virginia City and told of Magruder's departure in company of Howard, Lowry, Romaine and Page, the guilty quartet had obtained a long start.

Eventually Magruder's horse was discovered at the ranch where Howard had left it. A traveler who had arrived from Alder Gulch identified the animal as the one Magruder had ridden when he left, and an Indian boy who had worked for the murdered man recognized the saddle. With this evidence Beachy convinced the authorities. He was given requisitions upon the governors of Washington, Oregon and California for the return of the guilty men, and forthwith set out on the cold trail.

"I'm not a praying man," he said afterward, "but the night before I left I just kneeled down and asked the Master to help me catch those fellows. I told Him that if He would help me this once I'd never ask Him for another favor as long as I lived—and I never have!"

The four had not hurried particularly, but they were on the way to San Francisco by boat by the time Beachy reached Portland. The next sailing was indefinite, so Beachy and his deputy, Thomas R. Farrell, headed down the coast overland, striking for the nearest telegraph station. The trails were bad, the weather worse, but they made Yreka and from there wired the San Francisco police. The four were safely in jail when Beachy and Farrell arrived. When, after a battle over extradition, Beachy got them back to Lewiston, only a bold front prevented an immediate lynching bee. The weak sister, Page, quaked in terror of the mob and Beachy traded on this terror.

Four noosed ropes were suspended from a beam in a room of the jail, and beneath each dangling loop was set an empty packing case. Guards then went to the cell occupied by the four and called out Howard. An hour later they called for Romaine. Another hour and Lowry was summoned. Page was frantic when, after another wait, his turn came. He was marched down the corridor and past the door of the room where the nooses hung. Beachy, with an exclamation of anger, slammed the door of the execution chamber.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he cried to the guards. "I told you to keep that door shut!"

He turned to the trembling Page.

"You shouldn't have been allowed to see that, Bill," he told the prisoner, "but the damage is done now. It looks pretty bad for all of you. The others—Romaine and Lowry and Howard—are still alive, but they've all of them made a confession. I never have thought you were as guilty as they were. If you'll tell the truth, the whole truth, there's a chance for you. But ——" And he paused impressively.

Without further opportunity to think the matter over, the weakling was hustled into a room adjoining that where the gallows had been erected. Beachy, Cap Ankeny, a Columbia River steamboat pilot, Tom Farrell, and the district attorney were seated at desks. Three of them held documents, supposedly the confessions, and from time to time consulted those papers and shot a question at Page, as though to trap him on a discrepancy.

Tightness About the Throat

It was an old, old ruse, this elaboration of the third degree, but one for which criminals will never cease to fall. Page told the whole story. The testimony of Page convicted Howard, Romaine and Lowry, and the three were hanged on March 4, 1864, on a scaffold that was erected in a natural amphitheater on the outskirts of the town. More than ten thousand people witnessed the execution, and among the spectators were hundreds of Nez Percé Indians, gazing with stolid curiosity upon the working of the white man's law.

Naturally, the news of the disappearance of Magruder and his companions reached Virginia City long before the apprehension of the murderers, and the wrath of the law-abiding element at this latest outrage played an important part in producing the sentiment that resulted in the organization of the vigilantes.

Page, having testified for the state, was set at liberty, but was killed a year later in a drunken brawl. At the time that Dimsdale wrote of the crimes of the road agents Page was still alive. Dimsdale wrote of his later life as follows:

Page is still living at the Luna House, but even a short walk from home produces, it is said, a feeling of tightness about the throat that is only to be relieved by going back in a hurry.

Through the closing months of 1863 the Innocents rode the crest of the wave. No man was safe.

(Continued on Page 152)

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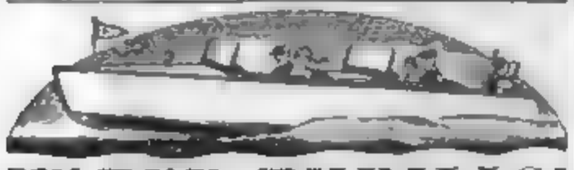

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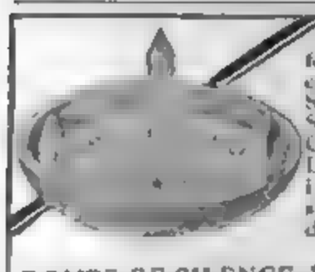

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(Continued from Page 150)

After the work of the vigilantes was completed a desultory effort was made to check up on the actual murders—no attention was paid to lesser crimes—that had been committed by the Plummer gang. Very few of the victims were known by name, but every man who had unaccountably vanished was assumed—and probably rightfully—to have been waylaid and killed. Doubtful cases were stricken from the list, but the final grim total stood at one hundred and two—an average of a man a day for the period of the Innocents' organized existence, and of more than two victims for each identified member of the band.

The road agents played for high stakes, but they were perfectly willing to sit in small games as well. Says Dimsdale:

> Wounded men lay almost unnoticed about the city, and a night or day without shooting, knifing or fighting would have been recognized as a small and welcome installment of the millennium. Men dared not go from Virginia to Nevada or Summit after dark. A few out of the hundreds of incidents must suffice. A Dutchman, known as Dutch Fred, was met by one of the band, who ordered him to throw up his hands. Finding he had five dollars in Treasury notes with him, the robber told him he would take them at par, and added with a volley of curses:
>
> "If ever you come this way with only five dollars again, I'll shoot you! Damn you, I'll shoot you anyhow!" And raising his pistol, he shot him in the arm.
>
> Another man was robbed of two or three dollars about two or three miles below Nevada, and was told that if he ever came with as little money again they would kill him.
>
> In company with a friend, George Ives visited his comrades Hunter and Carter at Brown's Gulch. On their way back, among the hills which form the picket line of the Ramshorn Mountains, the two met Anton M. Holter, a citizen of Virginia. They politely invited him to replenish their exchequers by a draft on his own, which, under the circumstances, he instantly did; but he was able at the moment to honor only a small check. They read him a lecture upon the impropriety of traveling with so small a sum in his possession and then, as an emphatic confirmation of their expressed displeasure, George drew his revolver and aiming at his—obviously, Holter's—head, sent a ball through his hat, grazing his scalp. A second shot, with more deliberate aim, was only prevented by the badness of the percussion cap.

In November of 1863 the lean finger of suspicion was definitely pointed at Henry Plummer. There were a few—a very few—men who had had their doubts, but none dared voice their thoughts. On November fourteenth, however, Plummer, gambling for a fourteen-thousand-dollar stake, really put his foot in it.

Giving it Into Safe Hands

The treasure on which the sheriff had his cold blue eye—gold dust packed in buckskin sacks—was intrusted to Samuel T. Hauser—afterward governor of Montana—by Dance & Stuart of Virginia City. Hauser was on his way East and was to deliver the dust to creditors of the firm in St. Louis. Nathaniel P. Langford planned to accompany Hauser to the States and was waiting in Bannack for him.

Hauser entertained vague suspicions of Plummer, and when the sheriff, who was in Virginia City, climbed on the stage with him for the trip to Bannack, the future governor felt his suspicions justified. The sacks of gold were wrapped in Hauser's bed roll beneath the seat. Somewhat to his surprise, the seventy-five-mile journey was without incident, and he determined on a bold piece of strategy to insure the further safety of his precious burden. Sidney Edgerton, also destined to be a chief executive of Montana, and at that time chief justice of the territory, and several other men were standing in Goodrich's Hotel when Hauser unstrapped his blankets and dragged out the heavy sacks of treasure.

"Plummer," the courier said carelessly, "they say that any man with money isn't safe in Bannack. I've got fourteen thousand dollars in dust here that I'm taking East with me, and I want you, as sheriff of Beaverhead, to keep it for me until I'm ready to start."

Henry Plummer's nerve was as cold as his heart.

"Glad to," he remarked with equal nonchalance. "I'll put it in George Chrisman's safe. Nothing will happen to it there. Let me know when you want it, Sam."

Hauser merely laughed when several of his friends, Edgerton among them, expostulated with him for depositing so large a sum with a man that was already looked upon with some suspicion. He knew that the sheriff—although possibly as crooked as a bent corkscrew—would not dare tamper with the gold that had been turned over to him in his official capacity before so many witnesses. His confidence was justified, the gold being returned intact when he and Langford were ready to depart.

Snow was falling on the Pleasant Valley divide and the Oliver Stage Company postponed the trip of the coach. Hauser and Langford arranged to travel with a party of eight Mormon freighters who planned to leave Bannack at noon of November fourteenth. One wagon was left behind for the two, as Langford could not conclude some final business matters by noon. The transactions were conducted in George Chrisman's store, where Plummer had deposited the gold and where he had his office. Ned Ray was present and presumably carried the information to his chief.

The Belled Cat

Plummer made a point of meeting Hauser in the course of the morning, and arranged for Chrisman to turn the gold over to its owner on demand. He himself, he explained, was called out of town. His opinion was desired on what was reported to be a silver strike made in Rattlesnake Canyon. He shook hands cordially with Hauser, wished him a safe and pleasant journey, and gave him a warm woolen scarf, bright red in color, as a farewell present.

"A little gift for you, Sam," he said. "You'll find it useful these cold nights."

At this point must be interjected an incident that baffles any attempt to comprehend or explain. Plummer rode out of town on the road to Rattlesnake, but doubled on his tracks when a short distance beyond Bannack, crossed Grasshopper Creek and returned to Horse Prairie to meet, according to previous arrangement, Ives, Stinson and Ray. He was wearing a long blanket coat of distinctive pattern and vividly lined with scarlet—a garment that was known to everyone in Bannack and that would instantly identify him.

Earlier in the day Wilbur F. Sanders had sent a cousin, a boy of fifteen, to Horse Prairie to drive in some cattle. The youth, Henry S. Tilden, was a nephew—as was Sanders—of Judge Sidney Edgerton. As he was riding back toward Bannack he encountered four men jogging slowly toward him from the direction of the settlement. One of them flashed a gun in his face and commanded him to throw up his hands.

While two of the bandits sat motionless in their saddles, the other pair dismounted and searched the boy. Naturally, they found nothing, and told him to go on his way, adding the usual warning of death if he told of the encounter.

Young Tilden went back to Bannack at the top speed of which his horse was capable and immediately told his story to Mrs. Sanders. This practical-minded woman took him at once to his uncle's home and made him repeat his adventure to Judge Edgerton. Tilden concluded the recital with the information that he had recognized one of the robbers.

"Who was it?" asked Edgerton quickly.

"The sheriff!" was the startling reply. "He was wearing that plaid coat of his with the bright red lining!"

Edgerton immediately warned his nephew most solemnly against telling anyone of his discovery, and the story was not revealed until long after the power of the Plummer gang had been broken by the vigilantes, but the road-agent sheriff owed no small portion of his downfall to the youth's positive identification. From it sprang the first deliberate investigation of the official's movements.

No one can even guess the reason for the hold-up of young Tilden. All the bandits undoubtedly knew the youth by sight, but they held him up and then were guilty of the even greater folly of permitting him to ride on toward Bannack along the road that Hauser and Langford, the real objects of their expedition, were traveling.

Tilden, cutting across country in his mad race back to the settlement, did not encounter the slowly moving wagon. The freighter, with Langford and Hauser beside him on the broad seat, drove on without adventure and finally camped on Horse Prairie Creek a few rods from where the advance party was already settled for the night.

Langford wakened during the night thoroughly chilled, walked briskly up and down for a time, but still feeling uncomfortably cold, went to the willows and alders along the stream to break some dry branches for a fire. As he stood in the undergrowth he saw three men walking toward him on the opposite bank.

Langford's first thought was that they were some of the party looking for strayed stock and he moved forward to accost them. By the light of the moon he suddenly observed that the faces of the three were masked. His hand tightened on his gun. At the same moment the masked men saw him, saw that he was armed, and hastily changed their course to the shelter of a clump of willows.

The fearless Langford followed them, crossing the stream at a shallow point and trailing the three to where a fourth man waited with four horses. The quartet conferred for a few moments and then mounted and rode off in the direction of Bannack. Apparently they had decided that the robbery could not be accomplished.

A Feast of Belshazzar

Hauser and Langford reached Salt Lake City without further molestation. Though suspicion was strong against Plummer, no man was ready to risk an open accusation. He continued in office as sheriff, and on Thanksgiving Day was host at a dinner to which he invited the most prominent citizens of the community. Judge and Mrs. Edgerton, Colonel and Mrs. Sanders, B. B. Burchette and his wife, Francis M. Thompson, Joseph Swift, and others were in the party about the table in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vail, Plummer's brother-in-law and sister-in-law, with whom the sheriff lived. The first known appearance of turkey on a Montana table was at this Thanksgiving dinner. Plummer had sent to Salt Lake City for the fowl, paying for it forty dollars in gold. We are told:

> In addition, he had other delicacies that had never before graced the festal board in Bannack. Plummer was the soul of hospitality upon that occasion. His easy flow of conversation, his elegant manners, his gracious attention to his guests, made him an ideal host. No person seated there could realize fully that this smiling gentleman was the arch-demon of the trails.
>
> None could fully realize all this, yet every man present knew that Plummer was doomed. It was in a sense a feast of Belshazzar, but although the handwriting of fate was written as plainly upon the walls of the cabin as it had been upon those of the Babylonian palace, Plummer did not see it.

Obviously, this account was written long after the banquet in question. Plummer's reign might have been drawing to a close, but weeks were to pass before his dethronement. The shadow of the noose that hung over his head was a very tenuous one.

Early in December, Plummer designated Dutch John Wagner and Steve Marshland to hold up a combination wagon and pack train which Milton S. Moody was taking from Virginia City to Salt Lake. Plummer must have been misinformed of the wealth of the train, which was carrying more than $75,000 in gold. The acquisition of so rich

Continued on Page 154

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THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

Continued from Page 152

a prize would never have been intrusted to only two men.

The bandits unexpectedly overtook the party in Blacktail Deer Canyon. Thinking the train was well in advance of them, they had not masked, and their chagrin was apparent when several men of the Moody party, knowing them by sight, greeted them with satiric cordiality

The rebuff in Blacktail Deer Canyon did not discourage the two outlaws. On December fourth they held up the train on the divide between Red Rock and Junction creeks. The packers had pushed on ahead of the more slowly moving wagons, which were, at the moment, lightly defended.

Dutch John, from his saddle, kept the drivers covered, while Steve dismounted and searched men and vehicles. The gold dust was on the pack horses, far in advance, but from the personal baggage stored in the first two wagons Marshland garnered between fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars in greenbacks.

In the last wagon Melancthon—Lank—Forbes was caring for a sick man. Forbes was fully aware of the reason for the halt and, sheltered by the canvas top of the wagon, had leisurely prepared. As Marshland climbed over the tail gate Lank fired his dragoon pistol.

The heavy ball took effect in Marshland's breast, but the road agent scrambled to his feet and started on a stumbling run for his horse. Wagner's horse, frightened by the report of Forbes' pistol, reared and spoiled his aim. The buckshot whistled harmlessly over the teamsters' heads, and Moody, the train commander, realizing that John's gun was empty, drew a revolver he had concealed in his boot and took a pot shot at the bandit. Wagner clapped spurs to his horse and fled, Moody firing again and again, wounding him in the shoulder.

Marshland abandoned his effort to regain his own mount and raced off afoot on Wagner's trail. In their flight the two threw away all the stolen money. Both outlaws were severely frostbitten before they could reach a spot where they could receive care of their wounds. Naturally, they were recognized.

About this time, too, news of the atrocious murder of Lloyd Magruder and his companions reached the Montana settlements. Public opinion rouses reluctantly from its lethargy, and no man can predicate the necessary stimulus. Montana found its stimulus in "the Dutchman," a German boy named Nicholas Thiebalt.

Rounding Up the Killers

Nick was a big plodding son of Martha, content to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for men who were making fortunes. Everybody knew him and liked him. He worked for Burtchy & Clark in Virginia City and sold to them, for two hundred dollars, a fine span of work mules that he had brought with him from Colorado after the death of his parents, both of whom had been killed by Indians on the Platte River. They paid him in advance and loaned him a black saddle mule named Bess to ride to Dempsey's ranch, where the team had been turned out on the range

Nine days later William Palmer—Old Man Palmer—drove into Virginia and halted his buckboard in front of Dance & Stuart's. In the bed of the wagon, covered by a ragged blanket, was the frozen body of the Dutchman. A blue hole was between his eyes, but the youth had been roped and dragged, still living, into a clump of sagebrush.

The marks of the riata were about his throat and the dead fingers still clutched bits of twigs and gravel at which he had grasped in his death struggles.

"The place where he was," said the old man, "is only about a quarter of a mile from that wikiup where Long John Franck and George Hilderman are livin'. I went down there right away and asked them to give me a hand liftin' him into th' wagon. They told me to go to hell!

"There's men killed up in Virginia City every day of th' week,' Long John said to me, 'and nothin's ever done about it.'"

James Williams—he was known far more generally as Cap—commanded the party that rode out of Alder Gulch that night. In crossing Wisconsin Creek the cavalcade broke through the ice. Their wet clothes froze immediately and every man finished the long ride clad in crackling, icy armor. They halted a mile or two below the ford and, at the command of their leader, stood by their horses until dawn. No fire was built at which they could thaw their frozen fingers, smoking was forbidden. At the gray of another winter morning they galloped swiftly to the brush hovel. Eight or ten men, wrapped in blankets and buffalo robes, were sleeping on the ground outside.

Long John Franck was called out, taken to the spot where Thiebalt's body had been found, and accused. He parried the charge a moment, then cried out that George Ives had murdered the boy. Ives, Long John and Old Tex Crowell were arrested, the rest dismissed.

Ives made no protest whatever at being arrested without due process of law. "I don't know a thing about this killing," he assured Williams and Charlie Beehrer. "I'd just as soon go on to Virginia, though. I killed a dog once in Nevada and there's a couple of fellows there that have it in for me."

All in Good Fun

Two of the riders dashed alongside, each claiming the victory in a quarter-mile sprint across the sage-strewn flat. Ives laughed genially.

"This pinto of mine has a fair turn of speed," he remarked; "I'll bet you the drinks for the crowd that he can beat any three of you to the top of the ridge yonder!"

Several of the men, excited by the racing, shouted a defiant acceptance of the challenge, and the prisoner, with a flip of the reins and a quick jab of his steel spurs, dashed away with them. He had not exaggerated the piebald's speed. Spur as the other men might, he passed them easily and was well in the lead at the ridge that he had designated as the finish line. And from there he kept right on going.

Instantly the entire posse, excepting only the men who were guarding the other prisoners, was in hot pursuit. Ives raced for Pete Daley's ranch, less than a mile away. His friends at Robbers' Roost had already learned of his arrest, and a fresh horse, saddled and bridled, stood there waiting for him.

His pursuers, however, were so close on his heels that he dared not pause to make the change. He swung the pinto's head toward the mountainous country around the mouth of Bivin's Gulch.

One mile, the timber that promised concealment drawing steadily nearer, and Ives still held his lead. The pinto was running "belly-to-earth." Three miles! The desperado's horse was tiring. Ives, with a glance over his shoulder, jerked the pinto to a stand and flung himself from the saddle. Half running, half falling, he plunged into a near-by ravine.

George Burtchy and John Wilson knew the man was unarmed, and closed in on him as he crouched amidst the bowlders of a granite outcropping.

"Come out or we'll let daylight through you!"

The road agent obeyed.

"Almost made it!" he commented cheerfully.

Wilson and Burtchy escorted him back to the posse, where only the firm hand of Williams prevented an immediate hanging. Closely guarded now, the murderer of Thiebalt rode to Nevada in the middle of a hollow square formed by his captors. Upon arrival in the town he and the other suspects were placed in separate cells in an improvised jail and chained to the log walls.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Birney. The fourth will appear next week

"Your service could not be duplicated" *says the* Gamble-Robinson Company *and with* 80 Internationals they should know!

Perishable fruits, vegetables and groceries come from all over the world to the Gamble-Robinson Company of Minneapolis. They do a tremendous wholesale business in delicacies that must be delivered promptly. And so they operate a great fleet of trucks out of 62 distributing points spread over 7 northern states and into Canada.

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"In sending you a photo of our latest International we wish to express our appreciation for the efficient service which your organization has rendered us through your various branches in the Northwest and Canada, assisting us to operate our fleet of eighty International Trucks on a most economical basis during the year. We believe that the type of service you have rendered us could not be duplicated by any other truck manufacturer."

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He is the wizard of wireless—genius of radio—the most brilliant scientific inventor of modern times.

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Inventor of Wireless Master of Radio

"Many of my best ideas have come to me while I lay idle"

An Interview by H. S. H. PRINCESS CARLOS DE ROHAN

HE has given mankind a new system of communication.

The unfathomed spaces are his laboratory. He is a believer in work—hard work.

Ever since December 12, 1901, when he picked up the first transatlantic wireless signal, he has been constantly busy improving the efficiency of wireless.

How can a man do all this, and still be always suave, charming, modest, calm?

Marconi is never rushed—never excited. "I believe in rest," he says. "It inspires me. Rest and sleep."

"How many hours of sleep do you require?" I asked.

"Eight hours is the least I can do with," he replied. "My doctor cares more about my sleeping than anything else I do. Most people should sleep more than they do. Active brains need plenty of sleep. And the quality of sleep is as important as the quantity," he added. "It should be really restful."

Marconi's eyes lit up. "Besides, sleep is interesting," he said. "All sorts of brilliant ideas have come to people through their sleep. Many of my best ideas have come to me while I lay idle on my yacht, the Elettra, and even when I was in bed with a cold."

The distinguished inventor is well aware that slumber is to the human body what electricity is in charging one of his storage batteries—it renews vitality and equips a man for fresh achievements.

WHAT GUGLIELMO MARCONI *says on storing up energy through proper sleep is a message of interest to all. Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have developed the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This comfort, embodied in their Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco*

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[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

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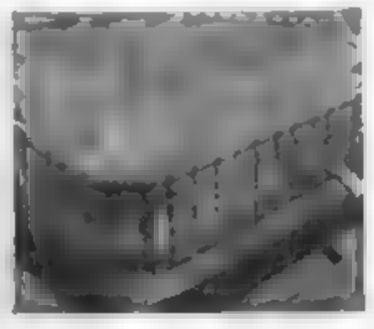
Right—Simmons Ace Box Spring—Covered in stunning damask to match Beautyrest. Frame of seasoned lumber, steel braced, best premier wire coils. Resilient and long wearing.



HIS WONDERS TO PERFORM

(Continued from Page 5

And Margaret, twinkling at him over her mountains of parcels, would say:

"When ye open a schoolhouse on the Shean Charlie'll be the best pupil ye hae, Mr. MacAndrew. Mind ye, I'm telling ye."

Once Mr. MacAndrew was so exasperated that he wrote to the education commissioners about it, and the next time they were along that way they got as far as going to the foot of the Shean and looking at that sheep track that wound up through the heather. But they were elderly men, built for a level country, and they knew once they got up there, there would be no breath left for any argument.

So the boy grew up unmolested. He was large for his age, and very strong, and he had a rugged and shaggy look that put the gentlemen who came up the Shean on autumn days to stalk the deer in mind of Highland bull calves seen in pastures at the foot of the mountains. And once when he met the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew at the foot of the hill and was further pestered with a treatise on learning, young Charlie cocked a snook at the reverend gentleman, which severed forever all chances of good feeling between them.

When the boy was fifteen even Tammas began to have his doubts.

"Maybe we'd better send him for a while. We could board him oot doon below."

Then was Margaret up in arms, who had but one son, and he the light of her life.

"And what would I be doing in the stormy weather, and no one to fetch me back my berrds when they get blown off down the brae? And where would the money be coming from to board him oot, I'm wanting to know?"

"There's ma fifty pun, Maggie."

"And when you be spending that, what'll we all be doing when a rainy day comes by, or when the laddie's taking on a wife? You leave that fifty pun, for we'll need it surely. Mind ye, I'm telling ye. There's nae boarding oot going to be done here. My good hens blown off last storm and only three of 'em ever seen again. Let the laddie be He'll tak on your job in the nature of things, and what would a keeper be wanting with a lot of book learning an' fiddle-faddle? The laddie can write his name. Aye, and read the Scriptures too. No man requires ony mair learnin' than that. Mind ye, I'm telling ye."

It might have come to pass as Margaret said, but the old laird died. Late one November night he died without any warning, though Margaret vowed she had heard the deil skirling his pipes round the woods all the previous night, calling the soul home. With the old man the family came to an end, and the estate was sold to a Mr. Pirrie, of engineering fame and made, so folks say, of money.

The new laird kept Tammas on for old sake's sake, but when he died he put in a keeper of his own. And when Tammas died, Margaret died, too; though there was nothing to cause it, the doctors said, but her terrible disappointment.

So there was young Charlie with fifty pounds, Tammas' lifelong savings, and no roof to his head after the fifteenth of the month.

He walked for the last time down the sheep track through the heather, blubbing like a child, for all his sixteen years. It was a beautiful day, the first of a spell of grand weather. The whaup sang high in the blue of the morning. And a small golden-haired girl, finger in mouth, watched him pass out of sicht, unknown to him—the new laird's little daughter.

One had to smile, long years afterward, remembering that boy's tears.

The old body at the lodge had given him a bed till he could find himself a job. He went round to various places, trying for keeper's assistant. But always he was too old or he was too young. And things had changed and standards were higher, for always they asked him for a reference from his schoolmaster, and he hadn't one.

So time went on, bringing him nothing, and one night the old woman at the lodge said to him:

"There's a vacancy for a gravedigger ayont at the kirk. Away and see aboot it."

Charlie was young and strong. The digging of a few holes six feet by six was nothing to him, but almost an occupation he could do in his spare time. So he away and up to the kirk at the time the old woman mentioned, to make his application.

They saw him in the vestry—all the elders of the kirk, and among them the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew. They looked, thought the boy, for all the world like ten hoodie crows sitting round there in their black clothes, with their spectacles on their noses, looking at him over the top of them.

"And what might be your qualifications, Charlie MacPherson, for this onerous poseetion?" demanded Mr. MacAndrew.

The boy said, "I'm fine and strong," and bent his arm that they might perceive the muscle in it.

"Aha, vera likely. But there's ither things needed before ye can become a gravedigger to the kirk. There's a wee bookie to be keppit, Charlie MacPherson. Can ye write in a fair roon hand?"

"I can write well enough. Aye, and read too." He hoped that came as a surprise to the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew.

"Can ye add the figures so that they cam oot wi' the right answer to them?" demanded Mr. Scorgie.

"Can ye," boomed Mr. MacAndrew, "read the Latin inscreeptions on the graves, and the names, too, sae that ye ken wha lies wha?"

"I could spere someone to tell me," said the boy sullenly, but he knew he had no hopes of the job. He knew that the Reverend Mr. MacAndrew was bent upon pointing a moral and proving himself right.

They all sat around shaking their heads like so many hoodie crows. They said he would not do for the job; he had no education.

"Laddie, laddie, had ye listened on me when I climbed yonder, bringing ye words of advice," said Mr. MacAndrew, "we wud no be seeing ye here today, come to this sad pass."

"Application of Charles MacPherson, son of Tammas, late keeper Shean Afric, for position of gravedigger," wrote Mr. Scorgie painfully, in a fair, round hand, "refused. Grounds: Lack of education."

Out into the night went Charlie MacPherson. Night in Drumnashean, inky and cold and powdered with stars. And he vowed a vow there in the darkness, saying:

"They'll see! I'll show them! Hoodie crows!"

He had fifty pounds—the lifelong savings of Tammas. He bought out the blacksmith, who was old and tired and ready to go with a little encouragement. There, one morning, without a word of warning to anyone, was young Charlie working the forge in a leather apron, with a wild, triumphant look in his blue eye. He opened a bicycle-repair shop against the smithy, and Mr. MacAndrew had to go to him to have his new London bicycle seen to, because there was no one else.

At eighteen he had a best blue suit and a bank account. At twenty he opened two more bicycle-repair shops, one up, one down the Glen. "They and their talk of book learning," said Charlie, fiercely exultant. "I'll learn 'em." One great gift he had from Tammas: He could tell by the look of a man if that was a good man and one to be trusted. So it was that those who worked for him worked well, nor did they ever let him down.

So Charlie MacPherson prospered. In the spring days when he was filled with his own youth and strength, and longed to be off with the other lads to play around, he remembered Mr. MacAndrew and the

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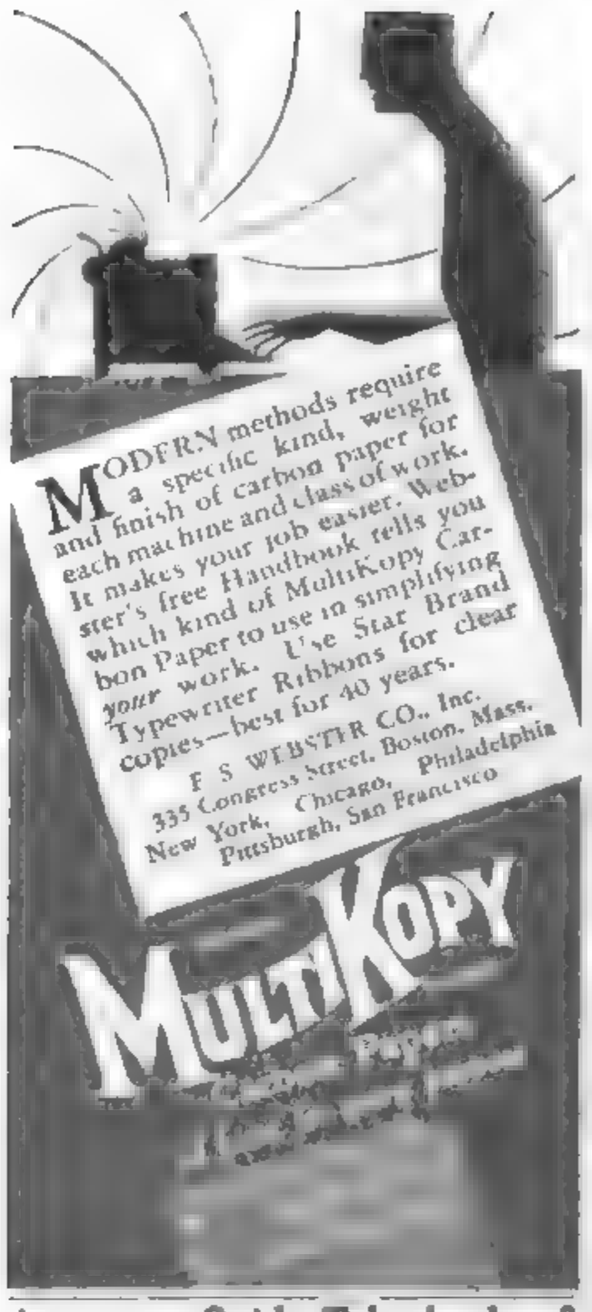
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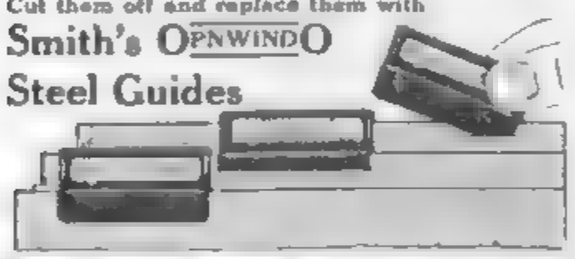

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voice of Mr. MacAndrew condemning him to nothingness because he had not been to school, and he stuck to his task as no other young man in those parts, blessed with the boon of education, could be bothered to do.

At twenty-two he opened a bicycle shop in that gay Gomorrah, Inverness. Was it possible this wind-blown, empty town had ever seemed to him wicked, gay and magnificent?

It was there he saw his first motor car. Noisome and odoriferous, it puffed its way through the astonished streets. Folks laughed at it up in Inverness, but it came like a vision to Charlie that one day the world was going to move much faster, and that the man who realized it in time would get a grand start on the men who didn't, even if they had a finer education. He attended a night school until he could read and write with fluency and ease. Then, abandoning his four bicycle shops, which now were paying him splendidly, to four good chaps he knew, he went to London and apprenticed himself to an engineering firm. Among the firms he considered applying to he saw the name of Pirrie, and remembered that was the gentleman who had taken the old laird's place and was said to be made of money. There was link enough there to insure him a hearing. Mr. Pirrie was interested to see his one-time keeper's son, and the boy got an interview.

The old man liked him at sight. There was something wild and rugged about him that put one in mind of a Highland bull calf from the Hebrides. Charlie was engaged as an apprentice.

Mr. Pirrie had opened his branch in the south for the manufacture of these strange new machines called motor cars. The boy was fascinated and enthralled by the wonders of machinery, the wild possibilities that filled his head. And he saw, before anyone else, past the heavy, cumbersome, noisy contraptions they turned out, a long, low, elegant, silent car he would one day build. He began in his spare moments making plans of it. In the days when men built them perched up and high the greasy apprentice sat in his dinner hour at the back of the workshop, drawing them elegant and long and low.

One day the foreman found him at it and looked at his sketches in silence. The foreman was Scotch, and a man of few words, but he knew talent when he saw it. Three days later Charlie was sent for by Mr. Pirrie and requested to bring any drawings he had with him.

Mr. Pirrie turned the drawings over thoughtfully.

"Where did you learn to draw?"

"I never did. I never learned anything; for the school was too far from Shean Afric."

The old man looked at the young man, and said, "Would you like to learn now?"

"Fine. I thought maybe it was too late."

"Not too late," said Mr. Pirrie, "for all you need."

He looked at the young man standing there, big and broad, physically perfect; inside him, undeveloped and raw, this great gift. He sighed, remembering his own sons and the little that Eton and Oxford had done for them.

"Come and see me at 42 Holland Park," he said.

How lost he felt in Mr. Pirrie's big drawing-room, among Mr. Pirrie's two sons, supercilious and superior, laughing covertly at his accent. Making fun of him to each other quietly. He remembered his burning face, his wooden awkwardness, his determination not to mind them.

He remembered Alison. That was the first time he saw her. Alison, white and graceful like a lily, with red-gold hair and the bluest eyes. Alison, the Flower of Scotland—that was what he called her to himself the first time he saw her. That was what he had called her ever since. After all these years he could not remember his first meeting with Alison without the old tightening about his heart and the blood rushing to his cheeks.

Mr. Pirrie sent him to the Norwich Institute. In the evenings he attended classes at a commercial college. By day he worked betweenwhiles in the workshops. Learning was easy to him because he wanted to learn, and work was easy because he liked work and had never read in the papers all the various reasons why a man should not work hard. Once a week he went to report progress to Mr. Pirrie at 42 Holland Park, to suffer the supercilious rudeness of his sons and the dear kindness of Alison.

He had hardly dared own to himself what he hoped and dreamed.

Then one day he went to report as usual and there was nobody there except Alison. He remembered it all like a story written in gold on his heart. Alison gave him tea.

She said: "You'll be a great man one of these days, Charlie."

"I'm not sure that riches would be of much use to me. I don't know. Maybe they would."

She smiled at him over the teacups, while he sat dumb and terrified in front of her, wondering if she guessed.

"It's a wonderful chance I've had. A chance that not one man in a hundred gets."

"And not one man in one thousand would have taken," she said. "It's been a great interest to my father, watching your progress. And to me."

"I'm glad it's been an interest to you, Alison."

He would have given his life then for a clever tongue; for polish and knowledge of the right thing to say, the right way to say it. He sat there wooden, vast, shy, and said nothing at all.

And Alison came over to him and put one arm over his shoulder and kissed him, and said:

"God bless you, Charlie. I say that every night."

She told him years later how, when her father returned, she told him. And how the old man took off his coat slowly and hung it up and said slowly:

"You couldn't do better, lass. Your mother may make a to-do, but you couldn't do better."

Her mother had made a to-do about it. Her brothers, for years, had treated him like so much dirt. Those fine brothers of hers, who had sat around in those days waiting for the ideal job to drop into their laps—jobs that would be worthy of them. Those wonderful jobs had never turned up. He was keeping her brothers now, in a gouty and embittered old age. He was keeping, also, her mother. In luxury, in Bath, where, with a pug, she was as happy as one of her peculiar nature ever had been anywhere.

In the hot, foggy air of the banqueting hall, Sir Charles smiled to himself. Queer the way things go.

Alison married him when Mr. Pirrie took him into partnership. Her brothers had always refused to come into the business because it entailed dirtying their hands—their elegant, slender, manicured hands. He remembered once, after dining with them, how he had looked at his own and felt ashamed of their broken nails, their scarred and oil-ingrained knuckles.

"Alison, lass, you're married to a bogle," he had said.

She had held his roughened and broken hands against her face and kissed them.

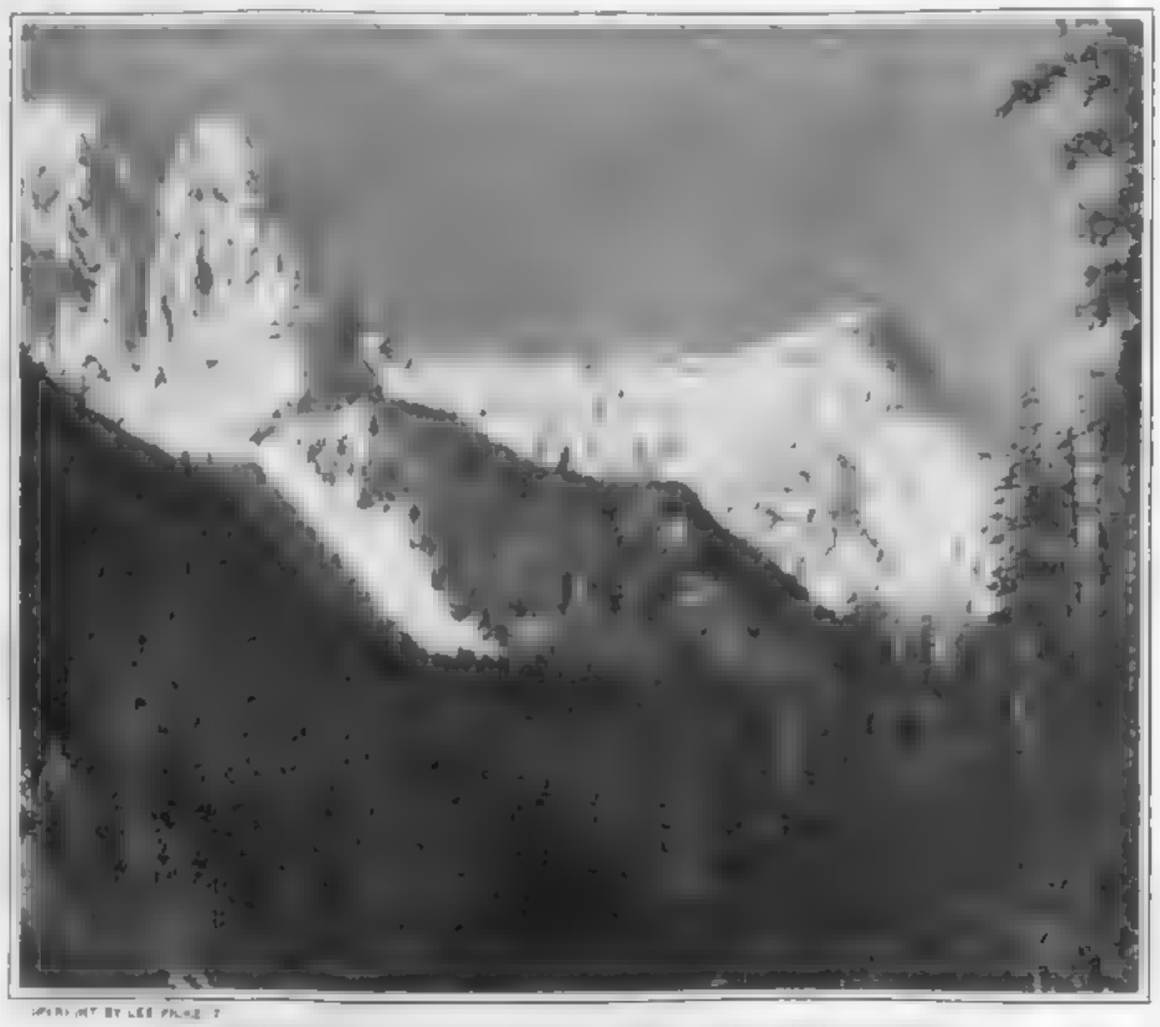
"I shall bring up my sons," she said, "to know how to dirty their hands."

How long was the step from there to riches and honor? There seemed no measurement to it, for happiness is timeless. He had taken over the firm when Mr. Pirrie died. His long, low, elegantly built motor car was no longer a dream. It crowded the streets of England, issued in all sizes to suit all purses, and of it America wrote: "The best of the British cars." The Scotch estate on which stood the cottage where he had been born was his to stalk the deer on autumn days, the silver river his to fish in spring. His children used, as playhouse, the low stone cottage where long ago Margaret had watched her cluckings of hens blown off down the hill. To him did Mr. MacAndrew, grown old and frail, blown round the streets of Drumnashean like a withered leaf, pen humble and grateful letters of thanks for the new village school, for meeting room and manse.

Life was full, wonderful and gracious, and Alison, her hair graying, but with about her still that white and golden glory that had made him call her the Flower of Scotland, was waiting for him at home.

He looked round the banqueting hall, into which some of the fog had managed to creep, giving to it an eerie and ghostlike look. They were sitting there waiting for him to speak—the long, alert men, the small froglike men, the men who ought to have retired long ago, the men in their prime. The noble earl's eyeglass swung to and fro on the end of its black ribbon like a large drop of water. The lights glistened and scintillated from the early-Victorian splendor of the crystal chandelier.

Sir Charles said, "Properly educated, gentlemen, I would now be a gravedigger."



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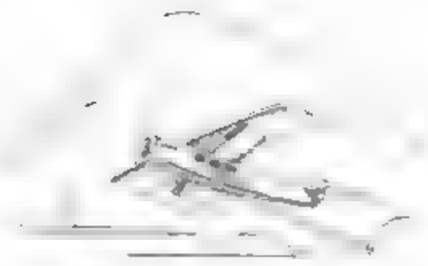

THE *Engines*

Chocks are away! In the teeth of a gale
That whips through the stays with a trumpet's blare,
And up where the cloud-dimmed dawn is pale
The swift blades swish in a silver glare.
Aloft and alone, in a sky swept bare,
They flash through the sun's bright aureole
Off into space and a dim somewhere,
As the engines rumble and roar and roll.

Let the earth slide down and the vision fail,
And the murky mists come unaware;
Let the wild winds whimper and whine and wail;
These are the things that the airmen dare.
They ride with a confidence debonair,
Swiftly winging their lone patrol.
What price weather? It's always fair
When the engines rumble and roar and roll.

Then with nose shoved down and fabric frail
Shrieking and singing, they madly tear
Back from the skies with a fresh-won tale
Of conquest anew in the vast "up there;"
A man and a motor, valorous pair,
Safely and surely they gain their goal:
And so goes the story everywhere
When the engines rumble and roar and roll.

L'ENVOI

Prince of the Heavens, wheresoe'er,
You ride your skies from Pole to Pole
A toast to His Majesty, King of the Air,
"To the engines that rumble and roar and roll."

—WILLIAM KIMBALL ZIEGFELD

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FREEZE WITH HEAT...THE ELECTROLUX REFRIGERATOR

A Tiny Gas Flame does all the work

Lighted once - makes constant cold without noise

Simply light Electrolux, once. After that—noiseless, endless cold. Chef Model pictured here—7 cubic feet food space—50 large ice cubes.

ICE from heat—the words have a strange sound. The very idea of such a refrigerator sounds like some tale from the Arabian Nights. You naturally expect incredible things of such an incredible refrigerator. And you're not disappointed.

When you know the Electrolux, when you see its noiseless permanent simplicity, its perfect efficiency and amazingly low operating cost, you'll wonder why it wasn't invented long ago.

As a matter of fact, it was discovered in 1922, at the Royal University of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden, but six years were spent in perfecting and testing the refrigerator.

Since its introduction the Electrolux has been examined by architects, engineers, national and local testing bureaus, women's institutes and leading public utility companies all over the country. Never has a new product been received more enthusiastically or approved more wholeheartedly.

Experts hail the Electrolux as one of the biggest developments in refrigeration since the invention of the first crude ice machine. They predict that

No moving parts . . . No vibration. A coin will stand on edge on the top of Electrolux.

▼ ▼ ▼

it will soon revolutionize the industry. Already it is used in tens of thousands of homes. Already it has been specified for the very newest, finest types of apartment buildings all over the country.

There is no machinery, not a single moving part in the Electrolux, and hence no sound, no vibration, no mechanism to oil, to adjust, to cause trouble. In fact, no one has yet been

NO MOTION
NO SOUND
NO WEAR

▲ ▲ ▲

able to find any good reason why this remarkable refrigerator should ever wear out, any more than your kitchen sink.

A tiny gas flame, a trickle of water, a simple refrigerating liquid—that's all there is to it. The flame expands the freezing liquid to vapor. The water condenses it back again. By this cycle

The convenient Double Duty Model—serves as a beautiful kitchen table. Food capacity: 5 cubic feet—makes 40 large ice cubes.

▼ ▼ ▼

of physical change, which takes place endlessly, like perpetual motion, intense steady cold is produced.

All you do is light the flame. Should the flame ever go out for any reason, no harm is done. The freezing action stops, but the gas automatically shuts off and cannot flow again until you light it. There is not a thing anywhere about the Electrolux to fuss with, to worry about, or that you have to renew. Even the refrigerating liquid is hermetically sealed for the life of the unit. It will never leak or need replacement.

Above illustration, made from an actual photograph, shows the little gas flame that takes the place of all machinery in the Electrolux

If you have not yet seen the Electrolux you have not yet seen perfect refrigeration. At the nearest display room of your own gas company or other Electrolux distributor, you will see an interesting variety of sizes and models—the combination Electrolux and Gas Range in one unit, the Table Top Model Electrolux, the Kitchenette Model, and many others. Each is offered in a choice of white or two lovely color combinations obtained by a special new "veiling" process that is exclusive with Servel, Inc., and is distinctively beautiful.

Prices range from $225 to $510 f. o. b. Evansville, Ind. You may have the Electrolux operated by either natural gas, Pyrofax gas, or an electric heating element, in addition to the usual manufactured kind of gas. If not convenient to call and see the Electrolux, use the coupon below today to bring complete illustrated descriptive literature. Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

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ELECTROLUX
THE GAS REFRIGERATOR
MADE BY SERVEL

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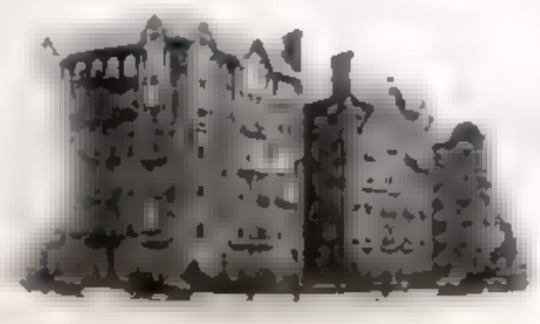
Adelphi Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Another apartment Electrolux equipped.



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City & State

DEATH ON SCURVY STREET

(Continued from Page 36)

Tope wagged his head. "This wasn't an accident, son," he pointed out. "This was a murder, and there was a plan back of it all. I wanted to wait and watch the workings of the plan."

"A plan?"

The other's eyes became somber. "If I'm a judge," he said, with an emphasis unusual to him—"if I'm a judge, there was the deepest plan ever laid to end a man."

He hesitated. "Charlie," he declared gravely, "Bellmer was like the chap who tied a rope around his neck and jumped off Brooklyn Bridge and shot himself. There was death waiting for him at the corner by the L and death on Dean Street, opposite the warehouses; and there was death in the house on Scurvy Street—waiting whichever way he turned."

"All hooked up together?" Charlie cried.

The inspector nodded soberly. "Bellmer that night had as many lives as a cat," he continued. "He got past Pelky and he got past Reevil's crew. But there was death waiting for him in the house on Scurvy Street, and he'd only one life left by then. There wasn't a chance for him. Someone set Pelky after him and tipped Reevil where to get him and maybe laid other pitfalls too. And waited himself, at the end of the road, in case the others failed."

He was silent, and Charlie stirred, his hair pricking with horror at the picture the old man drew. But the inspector only added mildly:

"Plan? Yes, son, I'd say there was a plan!"

"And this plan—did it include involving Ruson?" Charlie asked huskily.

"Well, Ruson's tangled up some right now," Tope assented. "And maybe others too," he added, half to himself.

But though Charlie still sought to question him, he would say no more.

Ruson went on trial in the first week of December, but the death of Don Bellmer had been so long recounted in the newspapers that the business of selecting a jury was a tedious one. During this interval, and afterward until his own turn on the stand, Charlie had to wait in the corridors outside the court room, the long day through. From other reporters who went to and fro he had some account of what was passing, and he knew when the first juror was accepted, and the last one. He saw Tope daily as the inspector went into the court room or came out again. The old man was no longer the doddering figure he had been that day of his disgrace in Danner's office. There was the old vigor in his step now, the old alertness in his swinging arms and the old clear brightness in his eye.

It was Tope who told Charlie, on the afternoon the jury was completed, that Patrolman Tyler would not be able to testify.

"Danner intended to open with him," he explained. "But Tyler ate some bad lobsters and he's a mighty sick man—can't move. Likely he'll be able to come to court next week, but not tomorrow, sure."

"Tyler?" Charlie echoed. "But the whole case hangs on him, inspector!" He grinned. "Tyler's got cold feet. Is that it? He knows we'd show he's lying."

Tope smiled beamingly. "It might be, son," he agreed. "It might be. But anyway, he's not around. So Mea will start off on the stand."

"How soon do I come?" Charlie asked.

"Likely I'll follow Mea, and then Doctor Gero," the inspector hazarded. "They'll get to you about day after tomorrow, Charlie."

Charlie grunted his disappointment. "I'm sick of this corridor business," he declared. "Good and sick of it."

The old man nodded cheerfully. "Mr. Ruson don't seem to mind it, inside," he remarked. "He's bright and smiling." He said good night and bobbed away, and Charlie was left to think upon this word.

There was sufficient proof, next day, in the increasing press about the doors of the court room, that the taking of testimony had at last begun. Toward midmorning, Charlie saw Patrolman Mea, hot and uncomfortable, emerge after his term upon the stand. Someone said that Inspector Tope had followed him, and later the whisper flew down the corridors that Danner had produced a picture of Molly Bell which Tope recognized and identified.

On the heels of this report, Dankert passed along the corridor, and Charlie stopped him with a question.

"Yes, that's right," Dankert agreed. "Some sort of a picture. I didn't see it, but Tope said it was the woman, all right."

"Tope still testifying?" Charlie asked.

"Identifying the things out of Bellmer's pockets," Dankert explained, and he hurried on; and Charlie was left to wonder about this picture, and to try to guess what its source might be, and how it had been procured. He saw Phœbe that night and told her, and he thought there was a constraint in her tone as she replied. But she denied this, and Charlie did not press her. He was too ill at ease, too filled with foreboding, and he was nervous at the prospect of his own turn upon the stand.

Next morning in the corridors his nervousness increased. He had never been a witness, but he had seen witnesses torn to bits by hostile lawyers, and he doubted his own ability to withstand cross-examination. He had a terrible fear that he might tell a lie upon the stand; the bogy of perjury loomed in his thoughts; he strode up and down and smoked a cigarette, and when at last the court officers called his name down the corridors, Charlie was near collapsing in his vast dismay.

He went haltingly toward the court-room door, like a man walking in an ugly dream.

XIV

THE court officer who had summoned him held open the door for Charlie Harquail, and the press of people crowding to look through the glass panels parted to let him pass. Inside, through swimming eyes Charlie saw a whirling mass of faces, and then his glance fixed on one countenance. Ruson, in the prisoner's cage, had turned at Charlie's entrance, to catch Charlie's eye, to smile.

Charlie had not seen Ruson since that day in the publisher's office; he thought in this moment that the intervening ordeal had agreed with the other man. Ruson's color was perhaps somewhat faded, but his round face was as round as ever and his eyes were mild and cheerful and almost benign. It was almost a shock to Charlie to see how well he looked; there was something indecent in this assured composure. He found himself remembering, resentfully, how Phœbe was tormented by her fears for Ruson, who seemed to have no fears for himself at all.

On his way to the witness stand, he passed close by where Ruson sat. He went on and lifted his hand and tried to listen to the clerk's solemn words, and then the clerk sat down and Mr. Danner rose, and Charlie gulped and faced him.

But the preliminary questions were reassuring. His name, his home, his age, his occupation. Danner kept him answering these simple inquiries until he saw the young man's color return, swung then to the business in hand.

"On the evening of Mr. Bellmer's death," he asked, "did you at some time leave the Journal office for a while?"

So Charlie found himself relating how he went out for supper and met Phœbe and crossed with her to the restaurant.

"She was Mr. Ruson's secretary?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Ruson had left the office?"

There was a perfunctory objection from Mr. Sill. "If the witness knows," he suggested, and Danner withdrew the question.

Charlie felt his nerves stiffen for the inquiry he next expected, but it did not come. Instead, Danner took him back to the office, kept him there till the telephone call from Inspector Tope.

"As a result of which you left the office?" Danner inquired.

And Charlie related how he went to the drug store where Inspector Tope would meet him, and how he encountered Patrolman Tyler there, and how the inspector and then Doctor Gero presently arrived. His relief because he had not been asked the question he expected was so great that he spoke now at ease. Danner led him to describe Scurvy Street and the squalid aspect which it wore; to point out on a plan of the neighborhood the warehouses, the alley, the shabby house itself.

"And did you go into the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the door fastened?"

"Patrolman Mea let us in," Charlie replied. "He said ——"

But he was not to relate, Danner explained, what Patrolman Mea said. So he told how they went into the house and up the stairs, and Danner asked him to describe the upper hall. Charlie did so vaguely, but Danner was not satisfied

"Did you see anything else in the hall?" he asked.

"The bathroom door was open, I think."

"Describe the stairs."

Charlie sought to obey. He understood that Danner wished to elicit some further point, and he half-closed his eyes in order to recall the scene more clearly.

"There was a railing around the stairs," he explained.

"Was the hall floor bare?"

"A carpet—tacked down."

"Nothing else?"

"There was a rug hanging on the stair rail," Charlie remembered.

"Where?" Danner prompted, satisfaction in his tones. And Charlie understood that this was what the district attorney had wished to hear

"Opposite the door of the room where the woman was," he replied.

"Near the head of the stairs then?"

"Yes."

Danner's tone was steady. "If a man were coming up the stairs, would he have been able to see another man crouching on the floor behind this rug?" he asked

Sill made some quick objection, but Charlie, after a moment, was permitted to answer.

"I don't think so," he said.

Danner nodded, as though satisfied; and he led Charlie to tell how, a moment after they entered the room where the body lay, the woman suddenly opened the door behind them so that they went back to face her.

"You could see her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe her dress and her appearance."

Charlie did so, memory suddenly vivid; and while he was thus occupied the district attorney turned aside and lifted something and came toward the witness stand. He confronted Charlie, presenting this object for Charlie to see

"What is this?" he asked.

Charlie did not take the thing in his hands, but he had no need to do so. It was a photograph, and he recognized it instantly. This was the face of a woman, smiling and composed and beautiful; a woman with heavy hair and features of a generous turn; a woman unforgettable. And Charlie knew her. Save for the fact that Molly Bell's countenance had been raked and furrowed by grief and pain, and save for the fact that her hair was all disordered and her eyes deep wells of tragedy, this was Molly Bell.

Also, Charlie saw more. He saw that this photograph had been retouched for newspaper reproduction, part of the background

(Continued on Page 163)

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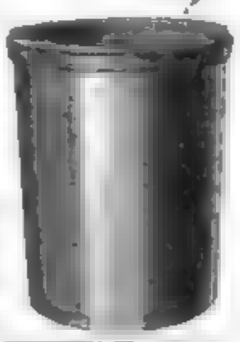

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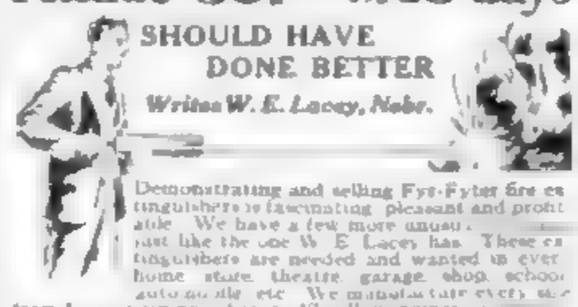

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It is because this delicious cheese comes from Switzerland that its flavor is so distinctive. For that country has climate, water and forage the like of which are not found in any other land. These gifts of nature impart a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese that words cannot fully describe. You must taste Switzerland Cheese for yourself.

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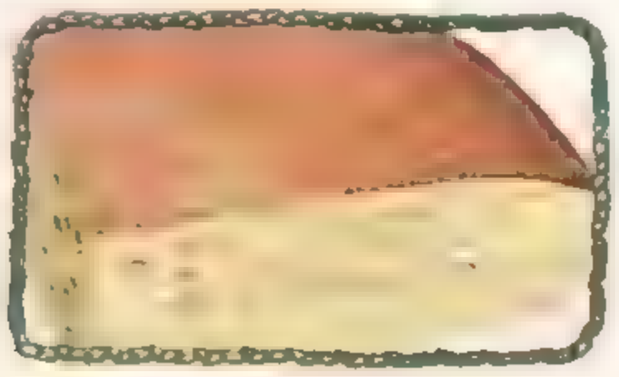
She lives up so high her head is "in the clouds"



Here comes a Swiss milk wagon drawn by a dog

(Continued from Page 161)

blotted out. His nerves were quivering, but he said steadily:

"It is a photograph."

"Of whom, if you know?"

"Of Molly Bell," said Charlie. "Of the woman."

Danner turned aside, and Charlie's thoughts went racing. A photograph of Molly Bell, from the reference department of some newspaper! And in this photograph, even more clearly than in Molly herself, he saw the evidences which set her above that world in which Bull Fowle had moved. This was no common woman—of so much he was sure. And curiosity was quick in him.

But Danner made no explanation. His questions led Charlie into the room where they heard the woman's story. He was permitted to tell what he saw and some of the things he heard, but nothing that he thought or guessed or hazarded.

Danner abruptly harked back: "Did you during the woman's story and what followed, hear a sound in the hall outside?"

Charlie had to think for a moment to remember. "Yes," he said at last, understanding. "Yes, someone moving. I heard what sounded like a window being closed."

"And what followed, if anything?"

"Mea brought in Mrs. Culp."

"You heard a window being closed before that?"

"I thought so."

"How long before?"

"Some minutes, perhaps."

"What window, if you know?"

"I don't know. The bathroom window, I should think. That was the only door open."

And then as much as he could tell of Mrs. Culp; and then of the woman boarder, fetched by Tyler from her room at the end of the hall, permitted to depart again; and finally Danner led him to the moment when they entered the room where the dead man's body lay. Charlie recognized Bellmer's clothing, his few belongings, his pistol, the letter from Molly Bell, all the miscellany which Bellmer's pockets had contained. And when these identifications were done, Danner drew back, resumed his seat, yielded the witness to Sill.

When Ruson's attorney began his cross-examination, young Charlie Harquail faced him with white cheeks and an aching throat. He knew what to expect, knew what line Sill's inquiries were bound to take, and he steadied himself for the ordeal.

Mr. Sill began with inconsequential matters; he led Charlie to tell how he had spent that day before the evening when Bellmer died; he asked a few questions as to Charlie's usual work; and so he came easily to the moment when Charlie left the office and met Phœbe and crossed to the restaurant.

And when he had come so far, he cleared his throat and asked gravely:

"Now, Mr. Harquail, did you, while you were in the restaurant, see Mr. Boetius, your city editor?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, and he swallowed hard.

"Where was he when you saw him?"

"He was getting into a taxi at the corner, just across the street."

"You saw him plainly?"

"There were lighted windows there—yes, sir."

"At about what time did you see him?"

Charlie's tongue was dry. "At about 10:40."

"He got into the taxi?"

"Yes, sir."

"And drove away?"

"Yes, sir."

"At twenty minutes of eleven o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

Sill shifted his position, his tone relaxed. "And did you see him again that evening?" he asked gently.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In the office."

"He came back to the office?"

"He came back—yes."

"When?"

"It was a little before twelve—a few minutes before—perhaps ten minutes before."

"Then he was away from the office for fifty-five minutes before 11:35 and for at least fifteen minutes after 11:35?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Mr. Bellmer was killed about 11:35?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know how far it is from the house on Scurvy Street to the office?"

"A mile or so."

"Do you know how long it takes a man to walk a mile?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes."

"So that if Mr. Boetius was in the house on Scurvy Street at the time Mr. Bellmer was killed, he had time to return to the office?" Charlie looked appealingly toward Danner, but the district attorney made no sign, and Mr. Sill said, "Answer, if you please."

"I think so," Charlie confessed, and Sill nodded quietly.

"You were in the office when Mr. Boetius returned?" he continued.

"Yes, sir."

"As to the condition of his garments?"

"They were wet."

"It was raining?"

"Yes, sir."

"When you left the office—what time did you leave the office?"

"Just before twelve o'clock."

"As a result of the phone call from Inspector Tope?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to Mr. Boetius?"

"I told him where I was going."

"Did you tell him exactly where you were going?"

"I said the police had a report of a killing. I don't think I knew where it was. I didn't tell him. He said to telephone in if there was a story."

"You have identified a photograph of Molly Bell?"

"Yes."

"You saw her only on that one occasion—never saw her elsewhere?"

"No, sir."

"You do not know whether that was her real name?"

"No, sir."

"Now, Mr. Harquail, you did not recognize the face of the dead man as that of your employer?"

"I had never seen Mr. Bellmer."

"Did you telephone a report to the office?"

"I forgot to do so. I was too interested." Charlie colored as he spoke, and someone at the press table chuckled.

"When did you report to the office?"

"Late that night or early in the morning—too late for press time."

"Was Mr. Boetius there?"

"Everyone had gone."

"Did you try to communicate with Mr. Boetius?"

"I telephoned his house early Sunday morning, about eight o'clock. But Mrs. Boetius said he wasn't there."

"Mrs. Boetius?"

"A woman answered." Charlie hesitated. "I thought she must be Mrs. Boetius."

"Do you know where Mr. Boetius then was?"

"I heard ——"

But Danner interposed; and Sill, after a moment, said casually, "That is all then." So sat down.

Danner rose to ask a further question. "Now, Mr. Harquail," he suggested, "you saw Mr. Boetius take a taxi?"

"Yes."

"Do you recall whether he was carrying a cane?"

Charlie could have shouted; a pulse was hammering in his throat. It seemed to him incredible that he could have forgotten for so long this simple, saving circumstance.

"No, sir," he said, his voice ringing. "No, sir, he didn't have a cane. He always carried one, so we spoke of it, Miss Mannis and I. We noticed it especially, so I remember positively. He didn't have a cane."

His loyalty to Boetius was so plain in his tones that Judge Mehann, on the bench, and others here and there about the court room, smiled in quick sympathy.

And Mr. Danner repeated: "He had no cane? You are quite sure?"

"No, sir," said Charlie. "No, sir, he had no cane."

Danner considered; he questioned Mr. Sill with a glance. Sill said quietly, "No questions." And Charlie was bidden to step down.

He was for a moment unable to believe his ordeal over. It had been so much less dreadful than he feared. He stood an instant where he was, then descended from the stand and crossed to the press table, taking the place reserved for him there beside Redford; and he wiped his forehead with relief and settled himself, pencil in hand, alert and eager now. His own part in these proceedings done, he could watch what should ensue, and with an easy mind.

But he was to find what followed at once reassuring and vaguely disappointing too. He had expected the case against Ruson to be weak; yet he had felt that Danner must have some new evidence to offer which would implicate the publisher and justify the indictment on which Ruson was now brought to trial. But for a while there was nothing save what Charlie himself already knew.

When he himself left the stand, Danner spoke to the clerk, and the clerk called the name of Isaac Rabel, alias Eddie Sartoris. Charlie remembered the goggle-eyed boy in the drug store and he waited for Eddie to appear.

But the summons went unanswered and Danner said at last: "If the court please, Mr. Rabel does not respond to his name. He has been summoned. I will have a search made for him. In the meantime, call Wilbur Pelky."

And a moment later, Bellmer's chauffeur came fearfully through the crowd at the door and crossed to the witness stand. Fright rode upon the man's shoulders; his teeth were chattering and his eyes rolled.

Danner spent much time with Pelky, leading him into a long recital of his employment by Bellmer and the nature of his work. Pelky related how he drove Bellmer now and then to Canada for days at a time; he confessed that Bellmer was a harsh master; he admitted his resentment at the blows that came his way.

And Danner asked at last sternly, "Now, Pelky, when did it first occur to you that you might kill Mr. Bellmer?" There had been no public knowledge of this aspect of the tragedy and the room quivered and stiffened to attention. Pelky gulped and swallowed hard, and Danner said reassuringly, "Go on."

Pelky moved one hand uncertainly. "The Thursday beforehand."

"What suggested it to you?"

"Somebody mailed me a clipping out of the paper."

"Have you the clipping?"

"Naw, sir, I th'owed it away."

"Would you recognize a duplicate?"

"Yas, sir."

Danner moved nearer the stand; he showed Pelky an editorial page torn from the Journal. "Do you see it here?" he asked.

"That's the one," said Pelky, and pointed; and Danner cleared his throat.

"I will read a part of it, if there is no objection," he said, and glanced toward Mr. Sill, and then continued: "This is an editorial. It is headed Murder Made Easy. It urges heavy penalties for hit-and-run drivers, and it contains the following sentence:

"The modern murderer sits behind the wheel of a fast automobile, follows his enemy till that enemy attempts to cross the street, then runs him down and speeds away too swiftly for detection or pursuit."

He turned toward the clerk. "I ask that this be marked," he said, and faced Pelky again.

"Now was there anything written or printed on this clipping which came to you through the mail?"

"Yas, sir. It says 'Don't Bellmer ever cross the street?'"

"Do you know who sent you this clipping?"

"Naw, sir."

"But it was someone who knew you hated Bellmer?"

Sill's quick objection checked the reply, and Danner nodded and led Pelky to relate how he drove Bellmer to the neighborhood in which death awaited him. And he required the unwilling man to recount the episode under the Elevated, when Bellmer so narrowly escaped destruction. So surrendered the chauffeur at last to Sill, and Pelky looked at the defense attorney fearfully, expecting swift destruction.

But Sill only said in a sardonic tone: "No questions, Your Honor. Pelky tried to kill Bellmer, but he did not succeed. The defense does not contest his testimony."

Pelky's departure from the court room was like a flight. On his heels, the name of Reevil, the gangster, went booming down the corridors, and Charlie gripped Redford by the elbow.

"What's he putting Pelky and Reevil on for?" he whispered.

"He told us in his opening," Redford explained. "The state claims that someone tried to get Pelky to kill Bellmer, and tried to get Reevil to kill Bellmer, and waited in the house to do the killing himself if they fell down on the job."

And Charlie nodded understandingly, remembering what Inspector Tope had said about the murderer's deadly and comprehensive plan.

Reevil, shifty and shrewd, was already on the stand; and under Danner's questioning he told his story, evading this inquiry and that one with an adroit cleverness. He knew a man named Bull Fowle, he said. He disliked him for business reasons. Fowle was a violent man.

"Did you ever think of killing him?"

"No. Kill him? No!"

"Did others believe you held such an intent?"

"How do I know?"

"Did you know Bull Fowle was Don Bellmer?"

"No."

"Now, Reevil, did you receive word that Bull Fowle would be in Dean Street that night of his death?"

"Yes, I did."

"How did that word come to you?"

"Someone telephoned me he had a date with a skirt there."

"Who telephoned you?"

"How should I know?"

"They gave no name?"

"No."

"Did you go to Dean Street that night?"

"Yes—on private business."

"And did you see Bull Fowle there?"

"I saw him go into the house on Scurvy Street."

"Did you or your friends molest him in any way?"

"No."

"So as far as you know, he was at that time uninjured."

"Far as I know."

Danner considered; he turned at last to Sill. But the defense attorney said again, "No questions." There was such contempt in his tone that Reevil's testimony was blasted by these simple words, and Sill added grimly:

"The defense does not deny that Mr. Bellmer entered the house on Scurvy Street. No matter who meant to kill him, or tried to kill him, before he reached that house, he was, when he entered its doors, alive and well."

So Reevil escaped, with a sidelong glance of arrogant defiance, to the corridors. Then Dent, the owner of the Banner, was called to relate how an anonymous letter sent him to the morgue, where he recognized Bellmer's body. The letter went in evidence and Dent was excused. Charlie, at the

(Continued on Page 166)

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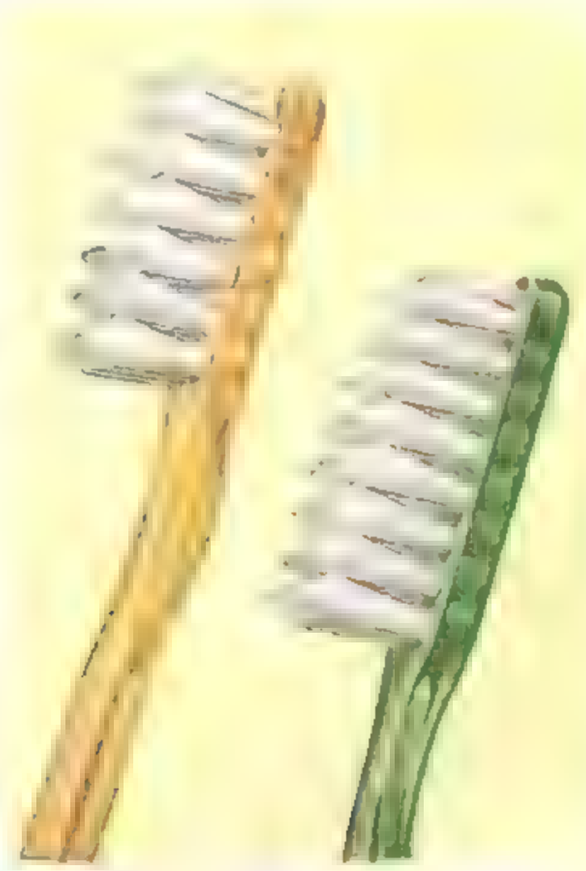

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press table, began to be weary of these matters, long since familiar; but he felt a quickening interest when Danner called Mrs. Culp, the presiding genius of the house on Scurvy Street, to testify.

Mrs. Culp proved to be as querulous and irascible in these surroundings as in her own domain, but Danner dealt with her brusquely. He asked a question or two as to her name and occupation, and when Mrs. Culp proclaimed the respectability of her household, he nodded assentingly and went on. He fixed the night of the murder, dismissed it with a brace of inquiries, said at last:

"Now, Mrs. Culp, this woman—this Molly Bell—you saw her before that day?"

"Why wouldn't I?" Mrs. Culp challenged. "My business is letting rooms. She came to hire a room of me and I showed her what I had and she picked the one she wanted. That's my business, and no harm in it at all."

"She engaged the room in which Mr. Bellmer's body later was found?"

"She did, and a nice room it was too. As good as a body'd wish, and she told me so, and paid in advance—six dollars, money in hand."

"Now, Mrs. Culp, while she was talking with you, was there another prospective customer in the house?"

"There was a man—came the same time. He hired my small front room."

"That is the room in which Molly Bell waited for the inspector that night?"

"He said it suited him and he'd be back next day."

"And did he come back?"

"No, he didn't, nor I haven't seen my money for the room, nor my key I gave him."

"A key to the room?"

"A front-door key."

"Did this man see the woman in your house?"

"They was in the hall the same time."

"Would you recognize this man again?"

"Yes, I would. I've a good eye for them as hires rooms without paying."

Danner nodded. "Now, Mrs. Culp," he suggested, "look around the court room and see if you can recognize him here."

Mrs. Culp obeyed, blinking this way and that, and there was a taut silence across the packed benches. Her eyes, wide behind the thick lenses of her spectacles, seemed to glare like an owl's. Other eyes swung toward where Ruson sat in the prisoner's cage; but Ruson, if he expected her recognition, showed no discomposure. He sat smiling faintly.

And Mrs. Culp suddenly pointed a pudgy finger toward the prisoner's cage. "There," she said, "that's him, right-over there, and four dollars he owes me to this day!"

So Danner swung, smiling in suave triumph, to Sill. "You may inquire," he said. "Mr. Sill, you may inquire."

Sill had been watching Mrs. Culp appraisingly. He continued for a moment to study the witness, while the court room watched him tensely. Then he looked aside at one of his assistants and leaned to speak to the man, and they turned back together to the prisoner's cage where Ruson sat. Ruson wore a light gray suit; so, it happened, did Mr. Sill's assistant. And when Sill turned back to the witness, the other man stayed sitting in a chair just in front of Ruson's cage.

Sill addressed Mrs. Culp gravely. "Madam," he told her, "if you are correct in your memory, you have done justice a service. If you are mistaken, you have done an innocent man grave harm. I am sure you will wish to make no mistake. I'm going to ask you to look again at the man standing over there."

Sill's assistant, at the word, rose to his feet. He stood directly in front of Ruson, obscuring the figure of the other man.

"You are quite sure," Sill urged, "that this is the man who hired your room?"

Mrs. Culp snorted stoutly. "I sh'd think I was sure!" she declared. "I don't forget a face—not when there's money due me."

"That is the man?"

"I already said so."

"Standing over there?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

Her voice rose angrily and Mr. Sill raised a deprecating hand. He turned back to Danner again; his tone was a smiling taunt.

"And now you, Mr. Danner, may inquire," he quoted pleasantly.

But Danner seemed quite unperturbed. He permitted Mrs. Culp, grumbling, to depart, and he called Cousin Maria to follow her.

Cousin Maria, when she took the stand, proved to be a shrunken wisp of a woman, as fearful as Mrs. Culp was arrogant, as doubtful as Mrs. Culp was sure. She was ill so much, she said; she helped Mrs. Culp with the housework and the beds when she could; she could move only with the aid of a cane. At the time Bellmer came to his death she had been for some days abed. She had left her cane standing in the umbrella rack in the front hall. . . . Yes, this was her cane.

Redford, at Charlie's elbow, explained: "Tope put that in when he was on the stand. He found it in the back yard, behind the house."

Charlie had not till just now seen this cane. Even at this distance, halfway across the court room, he could perceive that it was a stout weapon, fit for stern dealing. There was a crook at one end, and the shaft was heavy enough to deal a sufficient blow.

Sill did not cross-examine Cousin Maria. The little woman shuffled off the stand and Danner turned to consult with Inspector Hagan. There was some sudden, tense expectancy in the very air. Then Danner rose and people in the back of the room leaned forward the better to hear what he might say.

"If the court please," Danner was explaining, "Patrolman Tyler, one of our principal witnesses, has been ill since just before the trial, and seriously so. I took his deposition, but it now appears that he will be recovered in time to testify later on. Except for Patrolman Tyler, we propose to call only one or two more witnesses. But Tyler's testimony is important. I shall want to bring him in later."

Judge Mehann asked gravely, "When will he be able to appear?"

"Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps not till next week," Danner replied.

"You had better proceed with your other witness," Judge Mehann decided. "Then we will consider what to do about Patrolman Tyler."

Danner nodded; he lifted a slip of paper from the table beside him and looked toward the court officer at the door. He said steadily, "Call Rinder G. Boetius to the stand."

XV

WHEN the big figure of Boetius, supporting himself with a cane, appeared at the door that led in from the corridor, Charlie's eyes fixed upon the man and never left him thereafter. He wondered just what Danner would lead Boetius to tell, and he was faintly surprised that the city editor had been called at all. Boetius, it seemed to him, would be logically a witness for the defense rather than for the prosecution.

But as the city editor's direct testimony proceeded, Charlie began to understand, or to think he understood, what by this testimony Danner sought to prove. For Boetius knew better than anyone else how close were the relations between Ruson and the dead man. There was no one better qualified to describe them.

Boetius, in the witness stand, elevated a little above the level of the floor, seemed to loom and tower above those seated before him. He answered, quietly and steadily enough, the preliminary questions as to his name, his occupation, his association with the Journal and with Mr. Bellmer. Danner led him to relate something of Bellmer's career as a journalist, and in this relation, in the tones the big man used and the phrasing of his answers, there appeared again and again that deep and loyal pride in Bellmer which was his predominant characteristic.

This line of questioning and testimony seemed to give him strength and confidence. He had spoken quietly; his voice now rose and rang. And there was occasionally a flicker of grief in his eyes which Charlie recognized. It was such grief, he thought, that had dwelt in the countenance of the woman who had waited for Bellmer in vain in the house on Scurvy Street.

During the early part of the testimony of the city editor, the court room had recovered from the first intent interest at his appearance and the spectators sat more at ease. But they stiffened presently when Danner turned and pointed to where Ruson sat in the prisoner's cage.

"You know this gentleman?" he asked.

"Mr. Ruson—yes."

"He is associated with the Journal?"

"He is the publisher, and was Mr. Bellmer's right-hand man."

"Mr. Bellmer trusted Mr. Ruson?"

"Yes, sir."

"He conferred with him on all questions?"

"Perhaps not on all."

"Mr. Ruson had as much of Mr. Bellmer's confidence as you had—or less—or more?"

"I should say more."

"Was Mr. Bellmer in his office in the Journal Building every day?"

"He was sometimes absent for a few days at a time."

"Did you know where he went during these absences?"

"No, sir."

"Suppose you had need to get in touch with him?"

"I was to consult Mr. Ruson. I understood that Mr. Ruson could locate him."

Danner nodded and his tone changed. "Now, Mr. Boetius, when did you last see Mr. Bellmer?"

"After dinner, Saturday evening—the night of his death." The big man's tone fell a little as he answered, to a deeper and more resonant pitch.

"Were you and he alone together at the time?"

"Mr. Ruson, Mr. Bellmer and I dined together in Mr. Bellmer's small apartment on the upper floor of the Bellmer Building."

"Did you remark anything in the relations between Mr. Ruson and Mr. Bellmer at that time?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Do you know when Mr. Bellmer left the building?"

"No, sir."

"Did you know where he was going?"

"He told us he would be away for a week."

"Do you know whether Mr. Ruson knew where he was going?"

"I do not know."

"And you never saw Mr. Bellmer again?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Boetius, you are named Mr. Bellmer's executor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he consult you about that?"

"No, sir."

"You knew he had made a will?"

"Mr. Collord told me he had witnessed it."

But on Sill's quick objection this answer was stricken out.

"Is Mr. Collord one of the witnesses to the will?" Danner asked.

Boetius hesitated. "No, sir. Mr. Ruson and Mr. Bradeen and Miss Hill witnessed his will."

"But Mr. Collord told you ——"

But Sill interposed another good-humored objection and Judge Mehann nodded; and Danner after a moment turned aside. "Your witness, Mr. Sill," he said, and so sat down.

Sill had not yet resumed his seat after his objection. At Danner's word, he turned slowly toward Boetius and faced him without speaking for a little interval, his eyes holding those of the other man.

"Mr. Boetius," he said at last, in a gentle tone, "are you a bachelor?"

And Charlie, halfway across the room, stiffened at the word. It seemed to him that he could see the cords in Boetius' neck draw taut before he replied, and the city editor's voice when he spoke was scarcely audible.

"No," he said.

"You are married?"

"I am a widower."

"Your wife is dead?"

"She is dead."

"When were you married?"

"Sixteen years ago."

"Where did you meet the lady who became Mrs. Boetius?"

Charlie looked at the district attorney. An objection, it seemed to him, might check this line of questioning, but Danner sat complacently and undisturbed. He had expected this then—expected that which was to come. And Charlie's thoughts drifted away from what Boetius was saying. He only half heard the other's replies, yet heard enough so that he acquired a vivid picture of the woman whom Boetius now described. She had been beautiful, strong, tempestuous; one of those women who a thousand years ago might have overturned or built an empire. And Boetius spoke of this dead wife of his in a tone like that he used when he spoke of Bellmer—a tone full of loyalty and of blind devotion.

Charlie had been used to think of the city editor's loyalty to his employer as an indication of strength and nobility. It occurred to him now that loyalty might be rather a source of weakness, and in some fashion pitiable.

Then his attention came back abruptly to the cross-examination, for Mr. Sill had said:

"Now, Mr. Boetius, Mr. Danner asked you about your last talk with Mr. Bellmer. You said you last saw him at dinner?"

"Yes."

"You did not see him again?"

"No, sir."

"Mr. Boetius, were you at the Journal office all that evening?"

"No, I went out for a while."

A little whisper moved across the room at this reply, and Mr. Sill turned to the table at his back and lifted a slip of paper and glanced at what was written there.

"You left the office at what time?" he asked.

"At 10:38," said Boetius.

"How can you be so sure of the minute?"

"I looked at my watch."

"Do you always pay such close attention to the exact minute when you leave the office?"

"I had been attentive to the time that evening."

"Mr. Boetius, I observe that you walk with a cane."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you carry a cane that night?"

"No, sir."

"Why not, if it was your habit?"

"I could not find it."

"Could not find your cane? Please explain to the court."

"I had left it in my office. When I went to look for it, the cane was not there."

"You found it later?"

"I have never found it."

"Now, Mr. Boetius, is it not true that the cane was in your office on Tuesday, and that it was broken?"

"I have never seen it since that Saturday afternoon," said Boetius steadily; and Charlie, happening to glance at Inspector Tope, was astonished to see the old man's face bent in a gleaming and contented smile.

"You wish to leave it then," said Mr. Sill, "that your cane simply disappeared?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you admit you left the office at 10:38?"

"I do not admit it—I state it," Boetius corrected, and Sill faintly smiled.

"Mr. Boetius, when you left the house, where did you go?"

(Continued on Page 168)

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(Continued from Page 166)

"I took a taxi to the South End."

"Mr. Boetius, did you drive to the house on Scurvy Street?"

There was a quick hiss of interest before Boetius replied: "No; I dismissed the taxi at the Elevated station."

"And walked where?"

"I walked to the house on Scurvy Street."

"At what time did you arrive at the house?"

"At a little before eleven o'clock—about five minutes before eleven."

"How do you know the time?"

"I looked at my watch."

"Did you go into the house?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to someone there?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

Boetius did not at once reply. He seemed not so much to hesitate as to muster his strength for the ordeal before him. And Mr. Sill, courteously, as though to give him time, said, "Just a moment, please." He spoke to the clerk, lifted from the desk there that photograph which had been identified as a picture of Molly Bell. He showed this picture to Boetius

"You know who this is?" he suggested gently

And Charlie suddenly understood what was to come. The revelation burst upon him blindingly and the force of it was sickening. His tongue was thick in his mouth and he was like to choke with it. All this vast disordered puzzle seemed abruptly to fall into shape; the fragments which had been scattered and disarranged assumed their appointed places; order came from chaos; and out of the maze and muddle and bewilderment a stark and hideous truth appeared. Charlie shuddered like a man stricken to his death and his eyes ached as he stared toward where Boetius, the man he loved so stoutly, lifted his head in strong and steady courage.

Then he heard the city editor's even tone; heard his grave reply

"It is a picture of Mrs. Boetius," the big man said

And there was a rustling stir in the room, as though a gust of wind had swept across the top of close-packed pines, and one of the court officers rapped with his gavel. Boetius looked up and down the press table at the racing pencils and smiled mirthlessly.

Then Sill asked, "Now to whom did you speak in the house on Scurvy Street?"

"To Mrs. Boetius," the other replied.

Mr. Sill hesitated. "Your Honor," he said, addressing the court, "I think it only fair to remind Mr. Boetius that he is not obliged to answer any questions which may seem likely to incriminate him."

Judge Mehann swung in his chair to look toward the witness, and Boetius, his head erect, replied, "I so understand. But I am ready to answer any question."

Mr. Sill nodded. "You saw Mrs. Boetius in the house on Scurvy Street?" he repeated. "But I understood you to say you are a widower."

"She has since died," said Boetius.

"Am I to understand that the woman known to the police as Molly Bell, who committed suicide in the city prison a few days after Mr. Bellmer was murdered, was your wife?" Sill asked, his voice rising as the question proceeded till it thundered through the room.

"Yes, she was my wife."

"You found her in the house on Scurvy Street?" His tone was a trumpet peal.

"Yes."

"What was she doing there?"

"She was waiting for Mr. Bellmer."

"How do you know that?"

"She told me so."

Sill stirred and relaxed and moved somewhat farther away. "Mr. Boetius," he suggested, "you are not obliged to tell anything that passed between you and Mrs. Boetius at that time. I do not propose to question you as to your conversation with her. But how long did you stay in the house on Scurvy Street?"

"I left at ten minutes past eleven."

"Did you leave as a result of what she told you?"

"She asked me to leave."

"And you obeyed her?"

"Yes."

"You went directly back to the office?"

"Yes."

"At what hour did you reach the office?"

"About ten minutes of twelve."

"Did you go back in a taxicab?"

"No, I walked."

"How far is it from the house on Scurvy Street to the office?"

"A little over a mile."

"Yet you want to leave it that you were forty minutes in walking that distance?"

"Yes."

"Did you go directly back to the office, by the shortest route?"

"I do not know."

"You were not conscious of your surroundings?"

"No."

"You were disturbed mentally?"

"Yes."

"Was this your first knowledge of the relations between your wife and Mr. Bellmer—when you found Mrs. Boetius in the house on Scurvy Street?" Boetius hesitated; and after a moment, Sill said: "No, strike out that question. Mr. Boetius, I will not press you on that point. You wish to leave it that you reached the house on Scurvy Street before eleven o'clock, that you got back to the office about ten minutes of twelve?"

"Yes."

"You know that Mr. Bellmer was killed at about 11:35?"

"I have heard so."

"You could have left Scurvy Street at 11:35 and reached the office at 11:50, could you not?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Boetius, you claimed your wife's body from the police?"

"Yes."

"Offering as a pretext that you were carrying out what Mr. Bellmer would have wished?"

"That was true. It was not a pretext."

"You had the body cremated?"

"Yes."

"What have you done with the ashes?"

"Mrs. Boetius was born in California," the city editor replied. "Her ashes will rest there."

"Under her own name, or under that of Molly Bell?"

"Under her own name."

Mr. Sill drew back a pace and turned toward his associates, consulted with them briefly in an undertone. "That is all," he said at last, and he sat down. The listeners were too intent to move, as Danner rose and faced Boetius again

"Mr. Boetius," the district attorney suggested gently, "Mr. Sill did not ask you why you went to the house on Scurvy Street. Why did you do so?"

"I knew Mrs. Boetius was there."

"How did you know?"

Boetius hesitated. "Mr. Bellmer told me at dinner," he explained at last, "that he would leave some memoranda for me in Mr. Ruson's office. Mr. Ruson sent me these memoranda in a sealed envelope about ten o'clock. When I opened them, there was inclosed with the other matters a note in my wife's handwriting."

"In an envelope sent you by Mr. Ruson?"

"Yes."

"You have that note?"

"Yes."

"Let me have it, please."

Boetius reached into his pocket and produced a slip of paper. He extended it to Mr. Danner, and the district attorney unfolded it and, after a moment's scrutiny, he read it aloud:

"*Darling:* I am at 1 Scurvy Street. The street door will be unlocked for you. Come to the head of the first flight, turn to the left, and the door on your left. Be here at 10:30. I will be frantic till you come. M——"

He handed it to the stenographer, said quietly, "This should be marked," and the

Continued on Page 170

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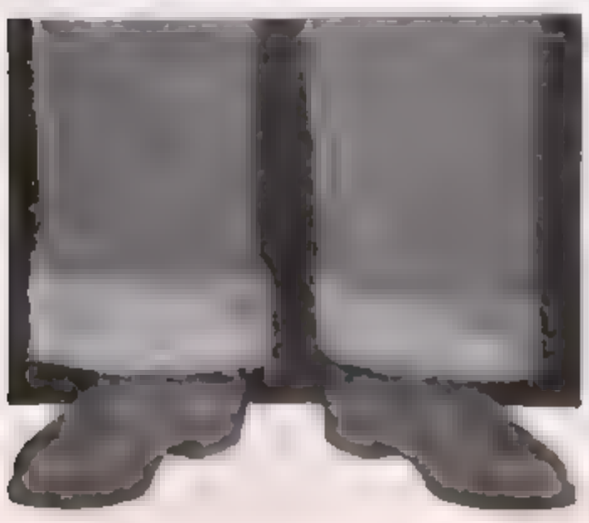

(Continued from Page 168)

judge nodded. Then Danner turned back to Boetius again.

"This note is in your wife's hand?"

"Yes."

"It is written in pen or in pencil?"

"In pen."

"Is there anything unusual about the writing?"

"It is unusually neat. When Mrs. Boetius wrote with a pen, she usually made a good many blotches and blots."

"But you recognized her hand?"

"I thought she had used a stiffer pen than usual."

Mr. Danner glanced again at the letter.

"The hour set here is 10:30?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you did not leave the office till after that time?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Boetius hesitated, and the torment he had endured was for a moment visible upon his countenance.

"At first I intended not to go," he said heavily. "I meant not to go. But in the end I could not stay away."

"You expected to find them together?"

"Yes."

"But you found Mrs. Boetius alone?"

"Yes."

"And when you left there, Mr. Bellmer had not arrived?"

"No."

Danner hesitated, turned aside again to the table where his associates sat, turned back toward the witness.

"Mr. Boetius," he said, in the tone of one suddenly remembering a point almost forgotten, "there was an editorial printed in the Journal a few days before Mr. Bellmer's death advocating a manslaughter charge against hit-and-run drivers. It was headed Murder Made Easy. . Do you know who wrote that editorial?"

"Mr. Ruson wrote it."

"Mr. Bellmer did not write it?"

"Mr. Ruson wrote it and Mr. Bellmer approved it. He thought it was extreme, but he agreed to print it."

Danner nodded. "Thank you, that is all," he said.

Mr. Sill, after a moment, rose. "One question, Mr. Boetius," he remarked. "When Mr. Bellmer's body had been identified, a story appeared in the Journal, under your name, explaining how his death had occurred—to the effect that he was engaged in an investigation of the traffic in liquor."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write that story?" His tone became sardonic. "Or did Mr. Ruson write that, as well as the editorials?"

"I wrote it."

"Was it true?"

"No."

"It was a lie?"

"I wished to protect Mr. Bellmer's reputation," said Boetius, with a straightforward honesty somehow disarming.

"Quite so," Mr. Sill agreed. "Mr. Boetius, you may go."

So Boetius left the stand, striding across the court room to the door like a Colossus. Behind him, the rows of spectators turned to watch him disappear.

Danner whispered with Inspector Hagan and Inspector Tope; Sill sat smiling at his table. And Danner rose at last, turned toward the bench.

"If Your Honor please," he announced, "Patrolman Tyler is expected to be able to testify on Friday of this week. In the meantime, the state will call one more witness, and except for Tyler's testimony, the state's case will then be complete." He hesitated. "Mr. Chatfield," he announced.

Even before Mr. Chatfield took the stand, Charlie understood what was to come. He paid little heed to the formal questions which qualified the dapper little man as an expert on handwriting: but after a few minutes, Danner came to the point. He presented to Mr. Chatfield two slips of paper.

"I show you," he explained, "two notes. One is written in pencil, the other in pen. These are the notes marked Exhibit L and Exhibit BB. I ask you to examine them."

Mr. Chatfield took the papers Danner offered him. He gave them a brief inspection.

"Have you seen them before?"

"I have."

"What can you say, as a result of comparing these two notes?"

"Exhibit BB is a tracing, in pen and ink, from Exhibit L."

"How do you arrive at this conclusion?"

"By superposing one upon the other."

"What is the result of that comparison?"

"They are identical."

"You will observe that a certain hour is mentioned in each note. What is that hour?"

"In Exhibit L, the second digit is somewhat blurred. It is either a 1 or a 0. In Exhibit BB it is plainly a 0."

"So that Exhibit L might be read either 10:30 or 11:30?"

"Yes, sir."

"But Exhibit BB is certainly 10:30?"

"Yes, sir."

Danner nodded, turned to Sill, surrendering the witness. But Sill's cross-examination was perfunctory. The defense attorney seemed little interested in this matter; he occupied only a few minutes before resigning the witness in his turn.

When he had done so, Danner said at once, "Except for Patrolman Tyler, the state rests, Your Honor." And Judge Mehann, after a moment, moved and swung in his chair and looked at Sill.

"Does the defense wish a recess?" he inquired.

But Sill came lightly to his feet. "Not on our account, Your Honor," he returned. "We are ready to proceed, if the state is ready."

"The state is ready," Danner assured him; and the court after a moment looked toward Mr. Sill again and said gravely:

"Then you may begin."

Sill smiled. "There seems no necessity for a formal opening," he remarked, addressing the jurymen. "Whether the state has made out a case against Mr. Ruson or against some other person, is a matter which you will presently decide. In order to render your task simple and to expedite its conclusion"—he paused, swung toward the grilled cage where Ruson sat—"to expedite its conclusion, I will ask Mr. Ruson to take the stand."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DIAMOND RING

(Continued from Page 23)

We journeyed to Philly for a serious, and as Jakie Endor is an old Fifth Ward boy from there, some lodge he belonged to showed up with tin horns and cowbells, and presented him with a diamond-studded fraternal watch fob, so big it made him humpbacked to wear it. The Pup was as excited about this as Jakie. He'd keep rubbering at Jakie's fob, and looking the way a kid looks outside a ball park, who can hear the noise inside and knows there's no earthly chancet of him getting in.

That's what give me the idea. When you're traveling with a ball club you can't spend all your time listening to the other fellows telling how good they are, or playing poker, so you just naturally have to think up some sort of devilment.

We lose the serious in Philly. I pitch a five-hit game, which is two more than our boys get. Zeb McAdoo twists his knee trying for one in right, and the Old Man has to stick in the Pup. He's a great help to us. He comes up once with two men on and pops into a double play. The next time up, with the tying run on third, he takes three healthies and hits nothing but the sunshine. Only two balls is hit to him in right, and he muffs one and boots the other.

The Old Man don't say a word, but he gives the Pup a look that would of dried up Niagara Falls. The kid is pretty sunk. He'd be even more so if he knew that that look meant that the Old Man is going to trade him to the first bush-league outfit that will offer him an old catcher's mask for the Pup.

We was due in Cincy to try our luck with the Reds in four games. I and Lefty slipped away on an early train and in Cincy we got aholt of Big Jack Leslie, who runs the hotel where we stop, and who is a great fan and a great kidder.

That afternoon, before the game, out to the plate marches a gutter band and a bunch of wise eggs Jack has rounded up, and at the head of them, Big Jack himself, very solemn, and they're carrying a sign with GROOLEY ROOTERS printed on it. The Pup sees 'em and his eyes get as big as oranges.

"Step out there, Pup," says Lefty. "Some friends of yours has got a little surprise for you."

"But I ain't got any friends in Cincinnati," says the Pup, and his voice is shaking.

"They heard about you and your playing," says Lefty.

We tow the Pup out to the plate, and we all stand by. We're all wise that it's a kid, of course. The Old Man ain't there. He's in the clubhouse, sharpening up his tongue. Big Jack makes a flowery speech—all about how the Cincy fans appreciate good work and a star player, even if he's on another club—and he winds up by handing the Pup a box. The Pup stand there, red as chili sauce, and looking round like he's thinking of crawling under the home plate. He takes the box and can't say a word. I poke him in the ribs and he lets out a funny mumble which I suppose he means to mean, "Thank you."

He can hardly wait to get to the dugout to open his box. He tears off the paper and in a fancy plush box is a big diamond ring. That ring cost me exactly twenty-five cents, including the box. We all crowd around him. He still can't say anything but he puts the ring on his finger.

"Some cake of ice," says Charley Colbert.

"It's worth plenty, I bet," says Jakie Endor.

"Will you take fifteen hundred for it, Pup?" asks Zeb McAdoo.

The Pup's pan is one big grin. "No, sir," he pipes. "I wouldn't sell this here ring, not for any price."

He holds it out so it will sparkle in the sun. For a piece of glass it does sparkle quite a lot.

Zeb's knee is still pretty bad, and Steve Zink has the pip, so the Old Man has to put the Pup in right. The Reds are working a big right-hander who could write your name with his curve ball. Lefty was in there for us, and going sweet—for a left-hander.

When the Pup goes to bat, Jakie is on first, having got his elbow in the way of a slow one, which is about the only way any of us seems to be able to get on the sacks. The Pup goes up to the dish, and his chest is out. We can see the ring twinkling on his finger. The Red pitcher lets go a snaky one, and the Pup nearly cracks his spine, missing it. The pitcher tries another poison ball and the Pup pickles it on the trade-mark. It bounces off the wall for a triple. That day the Pup cashes in with four hits and a sacrifice fly. In the field he goes crazy. He wasn't satisfied to grab everything that came his way in right; he ran over to center to spear a couple, and he nabbed one foul that rightly belonged to

(Continued on Page 172)

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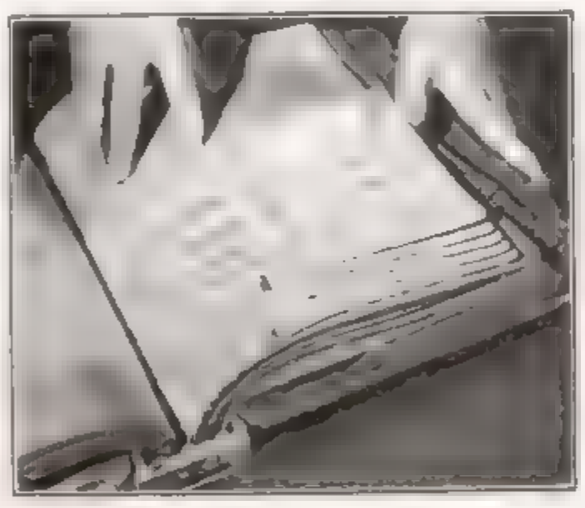

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(Continued from Page 170)

the catcher. We win, 7 to 5, and cop the serious, three out of four games. The Pup hit anything and everything, and fielded like Speaker.

So the Old Man kept him in right when we tangled with the Cubs. In Chi it was the same way. The Pup had turned into a hitting fool. All the pitchers looked alike to him. He straightened out the curves and he murdered the fast ones.

The rest of the boys began to wake up. We had a lot of veterans in our outfit, and the Old Man would say to 'em:

"Listen. If that green clown can bust 'em, what sort of ladylike swabs are you if you can't?"

They didn't have no answer to that. It hurt their feelings to be showed up by a bunhead like the Pup, so they began to bust 'em too. We only dropped four games on that Western trip. We went out at the bottom of the heap and come back home in fourth place. Even the Old Man was pleased.

At home things break fine for us. The Pup is shoved up to the clean-up position, and he cleans up, all right. I win six straight, having some hitting behind me at last.

The Pup gets his picture in the papers plenty, but it doesn't change him. He hasn't much to say, goes to bed early, does a lot of quiet eating, and goes on busting up ball games.

Of course we had a lot of sport kidding the Pup about that ring of his. He never took it off. He wore it on his left hand so his glove would protect it when he was catching the hot ones, and it was a scream the way he always managed to sit with his little finger sticking out, so the light fell on the fake rock and people had to notice it.

No matter how often we said to him—and we said it about every day—"Let's have a look at that ring of yours, Pup," he never tumbled that we was joshing him, but always showed it to us, and said:

"Ain't she a beauty! Look at her shine!"

"What's she worth, Pup?" we'd ask.

"Well," the Pup would say, "I reckon the least she could be worth would be, mebbe, five thousand dollars. You don't often see diamonds as big as this one."

And that was no lie.

"Will you sell her for five grand?" we'd ask.

"No, sir," the Pup would chirp, very positive. "I wouldn't sell her for no matter what."

"Mebbe," one of us would say, "it ain't a real diamond."

This was the only thing that ever made the Pup sore. Not exactly sore either. Hurt.

"She is, too!" he'd yelp. "You can tell that just by looking at her."

"Did you ever have a jeweler give her the once-over?" Jakie Endor would ask.

"No," the Pup would come back. "Why should I? I know she's real."

Jakie had a stone he'd paid seven hundred and fifty for, and it was him that picked on the Pup hardest.

"I dare you to take that ring of yourn to a jeweler," he'd say.

"Aw, you're mad because my diamond is biggern yourn," the Pup would say.

We was in a tight three-cornered battle with the Cubs and Giants for first place when we went West again. I was going great and Lefty pretty near as good, and the Pup and the rest was hammering the old onion. It begin to look like mebbe we had a chancet to cut in on the World's Serious jack.

I worked in the first game in Philly, and my smoke ball was there and the Phils couldn't bat an eyelash. The Pup helped some by slapping one out of the state with two aboard. We was all feeling pretty high in the lobby after dinner that night, swapping yarns and arguing about what sort of busses we was going to buy with our piece of the World's Serious coin. As usual, the Pup was keeping his trap shut, and sitting there, grinning, with his little finger sticking out.

"Look out, Pup," says Jakie Endor, "or the folks will think that thing on your finger is a traffic light."

"If some yegg sees that sparkler, your life won't be safe," chimes in Lefty.

"I'd like to see anybody try to take it off'n me," says the Pup.

"Don't worry," says Jakie. "Nobody is going to steal a phony like that."

"It's not a phony," says the Pup. "Look at the way she shines."

"What'll you bet?" says Jakie.

"I know she's real," says the Pup.

Then I put my oar in and I say, "Listen, Pup. Why don't you take that rock into the jewelry store in this hotel and ask 'em to value it?"

"Go ahead, Pup," says Lefty. "That'll shut Jakie up."

"Come on, Pup," says Jakie. "You ought to get it valued, in case you lose it."

"All right," says the Pup.

We all push into the jewelry shop with him to watch the fun.

The man in there must of picked the wrong horse or wife or oyster, because he's got a long, gloomy face and a mean eye.

"Mister," says the Pup, shoving the ring across the counter, "how much is this diamond ring worth?"

The man gives it a long dirty look and tosses it back.

"A quarter," he says.

The Pup looks like he'd been beaned.

"What?" he stammers.

"Twenty-five cents," says the man.

"But," blurts the Pup, "that can't be right. It's a real gold ring with a real diamond into it."

"Brass and glass," says the man. "A dollar a dozen, wholesale."

"Are you sure?" says the Pup, almost in a whisper.

"Sure, I'm sure," snaps the man.

The Pup doesn't look at us or say anything to us. He picks up the ring and goes out the door, and we see him standing in the street, and then his arm goes up and out, and we know he is throwing that ring as far as he can throw it. We don't see anything more of him that night.

Next day we're in a double-header. Lefty works for us, and it's a pitchers' battle, with neither side doing much hitting. We have 'em one to nothing in the seventh, and then they get to Lefty for a pass and a hit, and with two down the batter knocks up a soft fly to right that the Pup ought to of caught in his hip pocket. He don't even catch it in his glove. He falls all over himself trying to recover it, and two runs score. We have a chance to tally in the ninth, but the Pup stands like a dummy and lets a third strike go by. We lose.

In the second game the Pup fans three times and walks once, and gets caught taking a nap off first. He only bungles three in the field, because only three balls is hit to him.

"Just an off day, Pup," says the Old Man to him after the game. "You had one due you. You'll get your eye on the ball tomorrow."

The Pup doesn't say anything.

He's even worse next day. We drop the Philly serious, that we ought to of won easy. Ditto the five games in Cincy. The Pup hits nothing and catches nothing. Ditto in St. Louis. We all get the fever. I pitch good, of course, but a pitcher can't win games playing with eight dead men. We got no more kick left in us than a vanilla milk shake.

We left home in high and we come back in reverse. If there'd been a ninth place in the league, we'd of been in it. The Old Man tears out his few remaining hairs on that trip.

When we get home things don't chirk up much. We win a game or two by mistake, and lose most of 'em. We're playing the Giants and they're making baboons out of us, and I hear the Old Man say, all of a suddent, to the Pup,

"Say, Pup, where's that ring?"

"Threw it away," says the Pup.

(Continued on Page 175)

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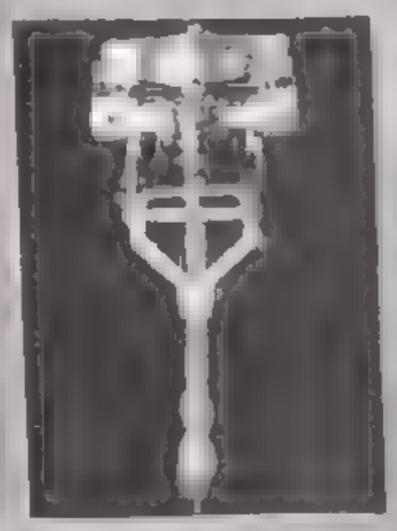

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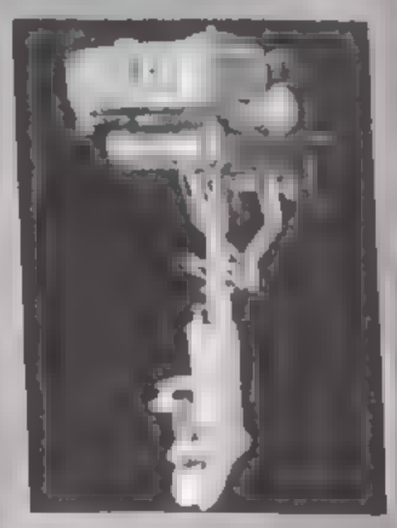

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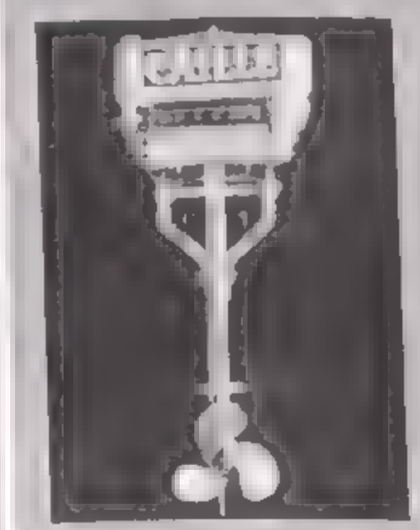

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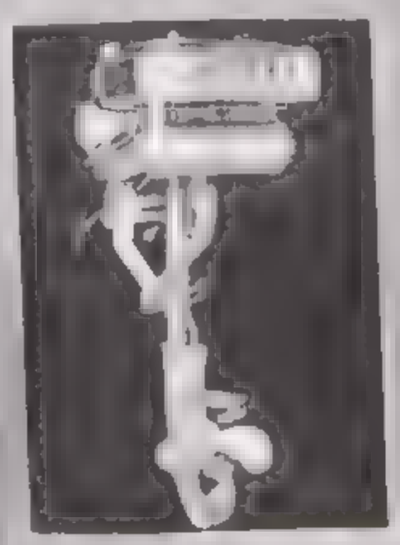

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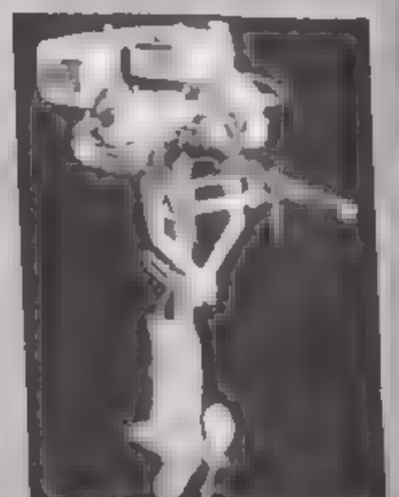

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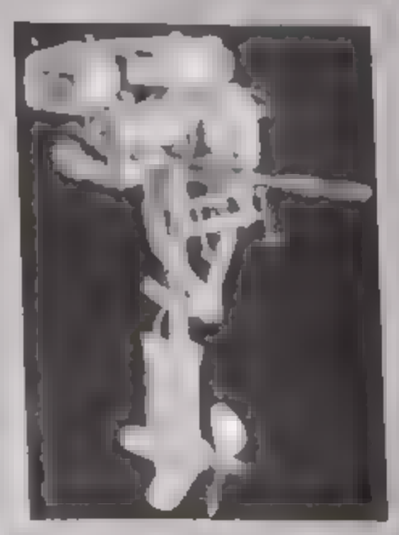

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MADAM: The Devil's Food picture above will give you, we believe, an entirely new conception of cake sold in stores.

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Its recipe originated years ago on the plantations of Virginia. By following it religiously our pastry cooks have secured a remarkable delicacy and richness of flavor, equalled hitherto in only the finest home-made cakes.

Domestic Science experts will testify to this. Also more than one million women.

So won't you try it? To get it, simply ask for a Hostess Devil's Food at any grocery store. Or, if you wish, one of the other Hostess Cakes to suit the taste of your family.

All cakes bearing that name "Hostess" are baked to time-proven recipes. It is a brand name that has come to stand for the very finest in bakery products.

The ingredients used are actually superior in most ways to those you can buy yourself.

Our flour is a case in point. We blend it by our own special process from the choicest wheats grown in America. All this, of course, at great extra expense.

Our butter also. Every pound we use must test "90 score" by U. S. Government tests.

Our milk is pasteurized *twice*. It is carefully heated to 212 degrees. Then cooled instantly.

Our sugar is 99.7 pure. Our salt 99.6. Our eggs are inspected not once but *five times*.

Hence Hostess Cakes equal the finest home-baked kinds. To try one is often to renounce home-baking for good. More than ten thousand women have written to tell us this.

For months their letters literally poured into our offices. Frank, sincere, unsolicited tributes to the flavor of these remarkable cakes.

Their letters stressed, too, our reasonable prices. These women were amazed to find that these cakes often *save half the cost of baking at home.*

In view of the rich ingredients used, this may seem incredible, until you learn how our price is reduced by the thousands of cakes we bake each day.

OUR COSTLY INGREDIENTS

FLOUR. A special blend of the finest wheat from the Pacific Northwest; white wheat from Michigan; and the famous red winter wheat from Northern Ohio.

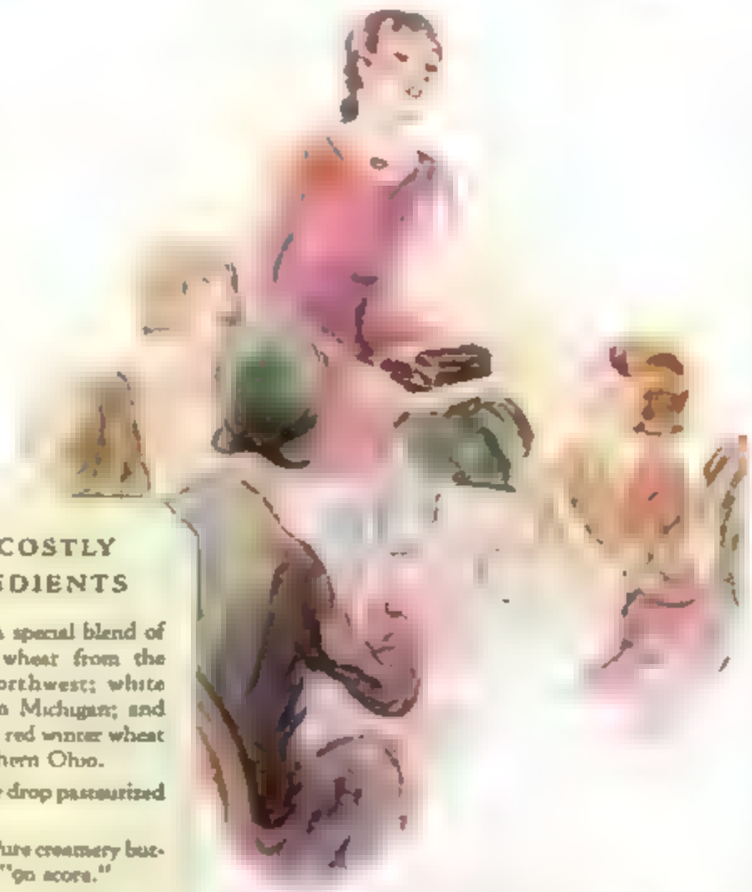
MILK. Every drop pasteurized twice

BUTTER. Pure creamery butter testing "90 score."

EGGS. All eggs are inspected not once but *five times*.

SUGAR. Must be 99.7 pure.

FLAVORINGS. We make all our own flavorings.



Please try at once

So start, if you will, with our Devil's Food. Or, if you prefer, our Chocolate Layer. Or our now-famous Cup Cakes.

In ordering, only remember this: Whether you ask for a Hostess Devil's Food or a Hostess Chocolate Layer, emphasize that word, "Hostess."

This is highly important if you want the kind of cakes described here. Since they cost no more than ordinary kinds, to accept a substitute is folly.

If you wish, I will send you FREE my new booklet, "Hostess Hints."

In it you'll find new ideas for entertaining, suggestions for ideal menus, and more about these Hostess Cakes. Please mail coupon today.

TWO FOR FIVE CENTS is all these delicious cup cakes cost you. They're baked New England style; your choice of chocolate or vanilla icing.

Hostess Cake

BAKED BY THE BAKERS OF WONDER BREAD

Mrs. Proctor, Continental Baking Co., 285 Madison Avenue, New York City

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Please send me FREE my copy of "Hostess Hints."

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 172

"What?" yells the Old Man. "Why?"

"It was no good," says the Pup

"Who told you so?"

"A man in a store in Philly," says the Pup

"M'm'm, in Philly, hey!" says the Old Man, and itches his ear.

That night the Old Man sent for the regulars to come to his room. The Pup wasn't there. He'd been benched.

"Gentlemen," begins the Old Man and when he calls us that you can be sure something nasty is coming—"gentlemen, you are the dumbest, yellowest mob of feeble-brained cooties I ever had the misfortune to manage. You was on your way to the flag, and you lie down. You couldn't stand the gaff. I'd trade the lot of you to Biloxi for a bat boy, if I could find anybody sap enough to make such a deal with me. Since I can't get rid of you, I'm going to find out what's wrong with this club. Got any ideas?"

Nobody had. Alibis, yes. But no ideas. Then the Old Man says, "Well, mebbe it's the weather. By the way, what's all this about you framing up some phony-ring business on the Pup?"

We hemmed and hawed, and finally I told him the whole yarn.

"It was a joke," I says.

With that, the Old Man begins to laugh. He laughs and laughs. Of course, we all laugh too.

"That's the funniest thing I've heard of," says he, "since John Anderson stole second with the bases full."

He laughs some more. Naturally, so do we

"Yes," says the Old Man, "you birds sure have a rich sense of humor. So have I. Lemme tell you about a little joke I'm going to play."

We all sat back, snickering.

"It's on the Pup," says the Old Man. "I'm going to frame up a reception for him before the game tomorrow, and I'm going to get the mayor to hand him a diamond ring like the one he threw away, only it's going to be a real diamond. Jakie, how much would a real diamond, same size as the fake one, cost?"

"About three thousand," says Jakie.

"That's dandy," said the Old Man. "Let's see now. There's fifteen of you here, and fifteen into three thousand goes just two hundred times. So, gentlemen, you are each going to kick in with two century notes for this little surprise party."

We raised an awful holler—that is, as much of a holler as we dared.

"I'll put it another way, then," says the Old Man: "I'm fining each of you two hundred for making a fool out of a natural ball player. Your next pay checks will be just two yards shy."

We grumbled, but a lot of good that did us. The Old Man is a boss that is a boss.

Before the double-header next day the mayor and some Boy Scouts and a soldier band and a lot of people trooped out to the home plate, and the Old Man told the Pup to step out there, too, or he wouldn't of budged off'n the bench. We had to stand there and listen to his honor get off a lot of hot air, and watch him hand the Pup a ring with a stone in it that would of give a shark blind staggers, and we had to pretend we was pleased pink about it, too, because the Old Man had his eye on us.

The Pup is sort of stunned. He puts on the ring and looks at it and wags his head. He's got a puzzled sort of frown on his face when the Old Man sends him up to hit. The Pup lets the first pitch whiz by him, and it's waist high and splits the heart of the plate, as perfect a strike as ever I see. The umps, of course, bawls "Strike one!"

The Pup turns round, glares at the umps and squeals at him:

"Well, you cock-eyed robber!"

It's the first time in history the Pup ever opened his face to an umps. We think he's gone off his nut. Even the Old Man wouldn't of dared kick at as perfect a strike as that.

"Play ball," says the umps, who is surprised.

But the Pup stands square on the home plate with his back to the pitcher, scowling at the umps.

"Go back to the old ladies' home!" says the Pup, very shrill. "You ain't fit to empire a cat fight!"

There's only one thing the umps can do then, and he does it. He jerks his thumb and says:

"Out of the game, you."

The Pup drops his bat and starts on a bee line for the clubhouse. He don't walk slow and contemptuous, the way most players do, to show the umps they think he is a bum. He runs as fast as his keg legs will carry him.

"Cuckoo!" says the Old Man, and looks worried. Then he stops looking worried and begins to smile to himself.

I say to him, "Where do you suppose the Pup has gone to?"

"Nearest jewelry store," says the Old Man. "He wants to make sure that rock is a real one."

We lose the first game.

We're doing a bit of warming up for the second when the Pup comes back on the gallop.

"Lemme play in this game," he says to the Old Man.

The Old Man doesn't say, "Where the devil was you?" or "What the devil ails you?" or anything

All he says is: "O. K., Pup."

Well, that afternoon the Pup hits the first ball for a long-distance call. Next time up he almost brained the boy who puts up the figures on the score board in deep left. He hit two homers and a brace of doubles, and he made three running shoestring catches that was pippins.

What's more, he kept it up. We, all of us, had to buck up to keep pace with him. We was too busy winning ball games to have much time to growl about the fines the Old Man plastered us with to buy that ring; and, anyhow, we laughed 'em off when we got our World's Serious checks.

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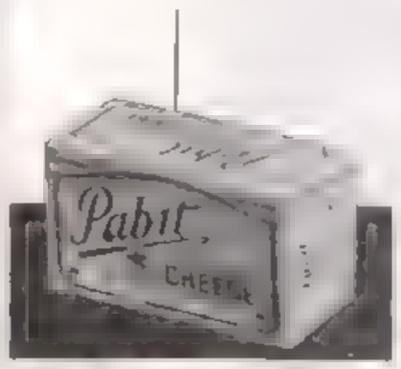

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THE OLD HOME TOWN

(Continued from Page 11)

pretty hard, and the machine chewed it out in big, solid hunks which went flying through the air like regular young cannon balls. But the sheriff and a lot of deputies are after this man now, and I guess they'll get him before long."

"Where did he go?" I asked.

"He went right down Main Street and on out into the country." The man pointed down the street in the opposite direction from the courthouse. "Who are you?" he asked. "Are you a stranger in town?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm just visiting here for a short time. Yes, probably a very short time."

"You're lucky, then," said the man. "All this is going to make it pretty hard for the merchants, and for the whole town. But, of course, it doesn't make any difference to a guy like you."

"Oh, no, of course not," I said. "This won't affect me at all—not at all."

I continued my walk down the street in the direction away from the courthouse. Pretty soon I was stopped by an old gentleman with a beard. He wore large smoked glasses; apparently to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun on the snow.

"Have they got 'em?" asked the old gentleman. "Have you heard whether they've arrested them yet?"

"I don't know," I replied politely.

"Well," the old gentleman went on, "if they haven't got 'em yet, they will soon. And I hope they send both of them to state's prison for good long terms."

"What do you mean—both of them?" I asked. "I thought there was only one man driving the tractor."

"There was. He is the mechanic, and they're going to stick him in jail just as soon as they catch him. But the main guy they are after is the salesman that was in charge of the machine. It was him that ordered this mechanic to drive it right through the center of town this way."

"You don't know how you interest me," I said. "So they really think the salesman is to blame too?"

"Of course he is. I'd certainly hate to be in his shoes. But if the sheriff finds him first and gets him locked up, he'll be safe enough. It's a good strong jail."

"What do you mean—he'll be safe enough?" I asked.

"I mean, if they once land him inside the jail there won't be much danger of his getting lynched."

"You don't mean they're talking of lynching him?"

"I'll say they are," said the old gentleman. "Most of the men in this town are so mad they'd kill that tractor man as quick as they would a rabbit. But we got a good sheriff; he would die fighting before he'd let any mob take a prisoner away from him."

"Well," I said, "that's a comforting thought, anyway."

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "it always gives a town a bad name to have a lynching."

"I agree with you absolutely," I said, "and I certainly hope that nobody will do anything to sully the fair name of Smedleytown."

With these words I took leave of the old gentleman. And as I said good-by to him I looked with a certain amount of envy upon his copious white beard and smoked glasses. It occurred to me that similar accessories might be very advantageous to a tractor salesman whose popularity was so decidedly on the wane as mine seemed to be. Unfortunately, I could not hope to grow an adequate beard quick enough to help me in the present crisis. Furthermore, I have had no experience in stage make-up; and false whiskers, unless they are very cleverly devised, are worse than useless. I decided, therefore, to give up the idea of hiding behind a bush.

But smoked glasses seemed entirely practicable. And they would not seem unusual, as many people use them on bright, sunny days. After a few minutes' search I located the pitiful ruins of an optician's shop. The proprietor was busy cleaning the snow out of a broken showcase full of glass eyes, but he stopped long enough to sell me the largest pair of smoked glasses that had survived the wreck.

Then, with my hat pulled down over my forehead, with the glasses covering most of my face between the eyebrows and the mouth and with my coat collar turned up so that it concealed my chin, I sallied forth once more. I was rather pleased with my ingenuity in working out this disguise so quickly. I felt quite sure that even the county commissioners, whom I had just talked to for an hour, would not recognize me. For the time being, at least, I was safe.

But I will have to admit that I was not in what might be called a buoyant or jovial state of mind. Here I had come back to my boyhood home, full of enthusiasm, and prepared to make a splendid and magnificent impression upon my former friends and neighbors. It seemed that I was making an impression all right, but not in exactly the way I had hoped.

A short distance down the street I found a group of several men who were discussing the amount of the damage. It seemed to be the general consensus of opinion that the repair bills would amount to something between two and three hundred thousand dollars

"Of course," said one of the men, "the company that makes the tractor will have to pay all the repair bills."

These words fell upon my ear in a most unpleasant way. My mind is still in something of a daze, and I have no idea how all this will come out. But I believe I am correct in assuming that the executives of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company will be distinctly annoyed if they have to pay two or three hundred thousand dollars expenses for a single demonstration; especially in view of the fact that this demonstration may not result in any sale.

I left the group that were discussing this unpleasant subject of damages, and soon met a man who gave me the latest news from the sheriff's posse.

"They found the tractor," he said. "It was stuck in a snowdrift about a mile outside of town. But the driver had skipped. I guess he knew they were after him, and he decided to do a fade-away while there was still time. But they're sure to catch him later."

"How so?" I asked.

"The country roads are blocked with snow," said the man, "so he'll have to sneak back here. They've got men all over town—at the hotel, and at the railroad station, and everywhere. It won't be long before they have the driver and that salesman both locked up in jail, where they belong."

"Probably you're right," I said.

As I moved on, my thoughts became gloomier than ever. As you know, I am by nature an optimistic soul. I always look on the bright side of things. But the present grim and stunning disaster did not seem to have any bright side. I could not then, and I cannot now, explain why Sammy Simpson wrecked this town the way he did. I have never been the kind of a man who tries to pass the buck; and I will admit that I myself directed Sammy to run the machine through the center of town. But that was because I had never seen one of these high-powered rotary snowplows in action. I thought that the paddle wheels rotated in a reasonable and civilized manner, lifting the snow gently out to the sides of the road. I never supposed that the thing was a combination of a Swiss avalanche and a volcanic eruption on wheels. But Sammy Simpson has always been one of the best men we have. Why didn't he use a little judgment? Why didn't he look around? Why didn't he see what he was doing, and stop before he ruined the whole region? And when he got stuck out in the country, why did he run away and leave the whole mess on my hands?

If we ever find Sammy, we may get the answers to these questions. But in the meantime, everything is a puzzle to me. The only thing I'm sure of is that Smedleytown, Iowa, today looks very much like Soissons, France, in 1918.

I walked the whole length of the business section—more than half a mile—and every single store on both sides of the street was smashed up in a way that was sickening to see. When I had passed the last wrecked store, I turned up a quiet residence street and strolled slowly along, trying to collect my thoughts and decide on some plan of action. But I could not think of anything.

Before long I found myself in front of a large brick building set back among a lot of trees. As I was vaguely wondering what this building could be, an automobile drew up at the curb beside me. A man started to get out. I paid no attention to him and walked on, but he came running after me and laid a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Those glasses pretty near fooled me," he said, "but I know you just the same, Alexander Botts."

A feeling of black despair settled upon me. Apparently my disguise wasn't so good after all.

And at this point I will have to stop, as the hospital nurse won't let me write any more. She will see that this report is mailed to you tonight. And in a few days, if I am able, I will write you again and let you know more about this most distressing affair.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS.

FARMERS' FRIEND TRACTOR COMPANY
SALESMAN'S DAILY REPORT

Date: January 14, 1925.
Written from: Smedleytown Hospital, Smedleytown, Iowa.
Written by: Alexander Botts.
Subject: Final Report on Smedleytown Snowplow Demonstration.

It gives me great pleasure to report that I am now sitting up and taking nourishment. For the first time in several days I am strong enough to write; so I will give you the additional facts, as far as I know them, regarding this interesting and curious snowplow business.

In my last report I think I told you of my walk through the main street of Smedleytown, and of my bewildered surprise when I found the whole place looking like The Last Days of Pompeii. I think I also told you how I walked up a side street, and how a man got out of an automobile and called me by name. At first I was sure it was the sheriff. But my fears were groundless. For when I turned around I saw that it was none other than my old friend Doctor Merton, former physician to the Botts family.

"Take off those glasses," he said. "I want to look at you." I took off the glasses. "Alexander," he said, "you look sick."

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I feel sick."

"And I know what's the matter with you."

"So you have just come from downtown, too?"

"No," said the doctor, "I have just been making some calls out in the north end of town."

"So you haven't been down on Main Street for quite a while?" I asked.

"Not since early this morning."

"Then very likely you don't know what makes me feel sick."

"I do," said the doctor. "It's that appendix. When you left here several years ago you had a very well-developed case of chronic, low-grade appendicitis. And you

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admitted yourself yesterday that it had been bothering you off and on ever since."

"That's right," I said.

"All this time," the doctor went on, "it has been filling your system with poison. You're a sick man."

"Yes," I said, "I feel bad all over."

"You ought to have that appendix out right away," the doctor said. "This is one of the best hospitals in the state." He pointed to the brick building in front of which we were standing. "I'll get you a room here any time you want. It's a simple operation, and in a couple of weeks you'll be out again and feeling fine. What do you say?"

Rapidly I considered the situation. There were several courses open to me. I could try to sneak out of town, in spite of all the deputy sheriffs that were looking for me. But I have never been a quitter, and I felt that it was my duty to stick around and do everything I could to smooth out this horrible mess.

I could go back downtown. But I had a distinct feeling that for several days at least the county and town authorities would not be in any mood to listen sympathetically to what I had to say—assuming that I could think of anything to say. It appeared certain that for the present I would accomplish nothing except getting myself locked up in jail, or even lynched.

But here was another possibility. I could enter this excellent hospital, where I could rest my weary body, and where my troubled spirit would find refuge from the turmoil of the wicked world.

Somehow it seemed to me that there was something very attractive in the idea of a pleasant bed, a quiet room, and a gentle, sympathetic nurse to look after me. And I was reasonably sure that if I were a sick man in a hospital the deputies and others would not bother me. And they might even feel sorry for me, so that they would be easier to talk to when I got out again.

"All right, doctor," I said, "let's go."

At first he wanted to delay the operation until the next morning, but I told him it would have to be that afternoon or never. And after he had learned that I had eaten no luncheon, and that I had had only a very light breakfast, he consented. He had several other operations to perform that afternoon, and he saved me until the last, so I had time to write up my daily report. It is now four days later. The first couple of days I was a pretty sick pup, but it seems that the operation was very simple and entirely successful, and now I am feeling fairly good again.

This morning they told me I could have visitors. And a few minutes later in walked Sammy Simpson. I was not pleased to see him.

"You don't belong here," I said. "You're supposed to be in jail."

"Why?" he asked pleasantly.

"You know why," I said. "Why did you do it? After you got started, you should have seen that a high-powered rotary plow is no machine to take through the business section of town that way."

"Exactly so," said Sam. "I tested that plow down by the freight station, and as soon as I saw how it threw the snow around I decided not to go up Main Street after all. I drove right out into the country and spent the whole day plowing the main highways. And the machine worked so well and cleaned up so many miles of road that the county commissioners have bought it. They gave me a check in full payment and I have mailed it in to the company."

"Then you didn't smash up the town after all?"

"I certainly did not."

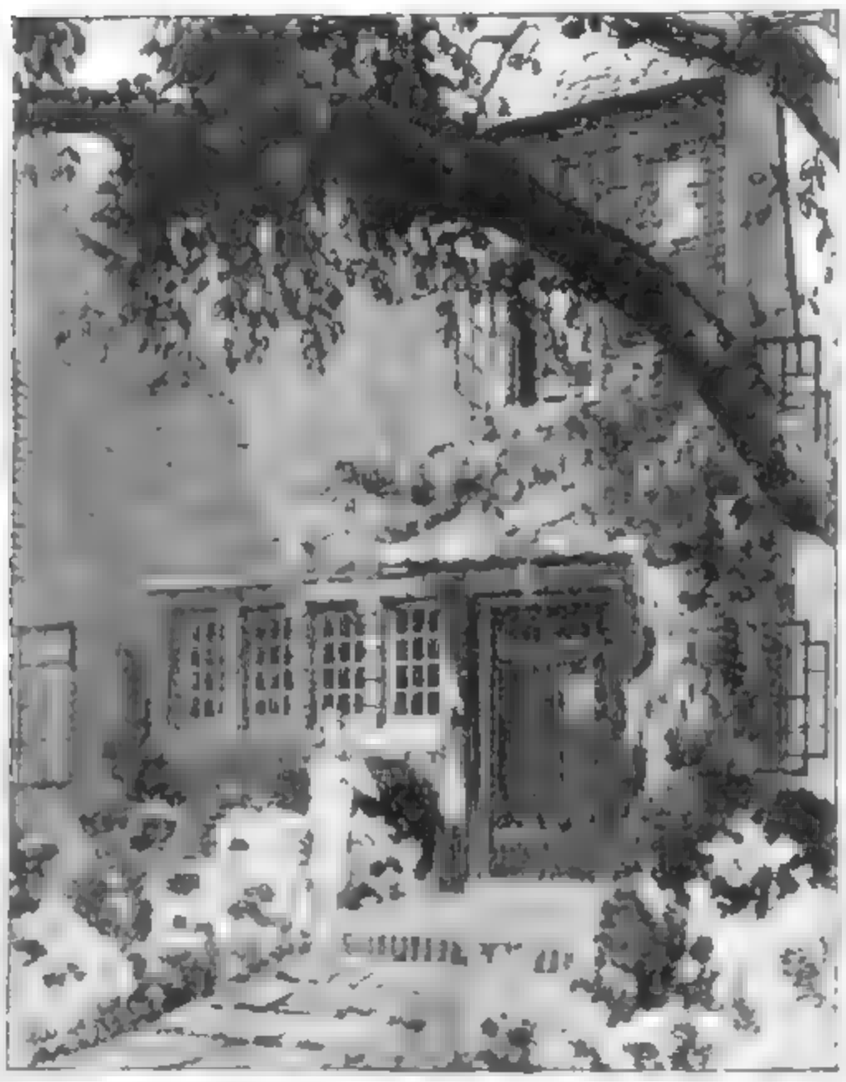
"Sam," I said, "this ether must have affected my brain more than I thought. Because I seem to have a very distinct memory of walking up Main Street and noticing that every single plate-glass window was smashed into very small fragments. Everything seemed so clear and distinct that I could have sworn that it was real. And now it turns out that it was nothing but a dream—just a bad dream."

"Dream nothing," said Sam. "That part of it was real enough. After I got back from plowing the roads I found that a demonstration Steel Elephant tractor and plow had come in on the morning freight a few minutes after I had left. The Steel Elephant operator had been on some sort of a party the night before, and he was still so lubricated that I guess he didn't know just what he was doing. He went down and unloaded the machine; and you saw what he did with it. He certainly did plenty. They caught him that night, trying to hop a freight out of town. He's still in jail. They arrested the Steel Elephant salesman and let him out later. But I hear they're bringing suit against the Steel Elephant Company for two hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars."

So that is all I have to report at present. The nurse says I have to stop writing and get a little rest. But I will be all right soon. And now that my appendix is gone I have a feeling that in the future I am going to be a greater and finer salesman than ever before.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS.



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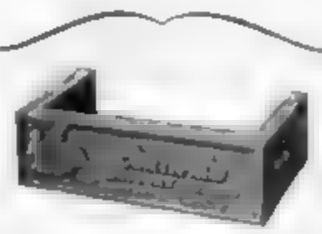

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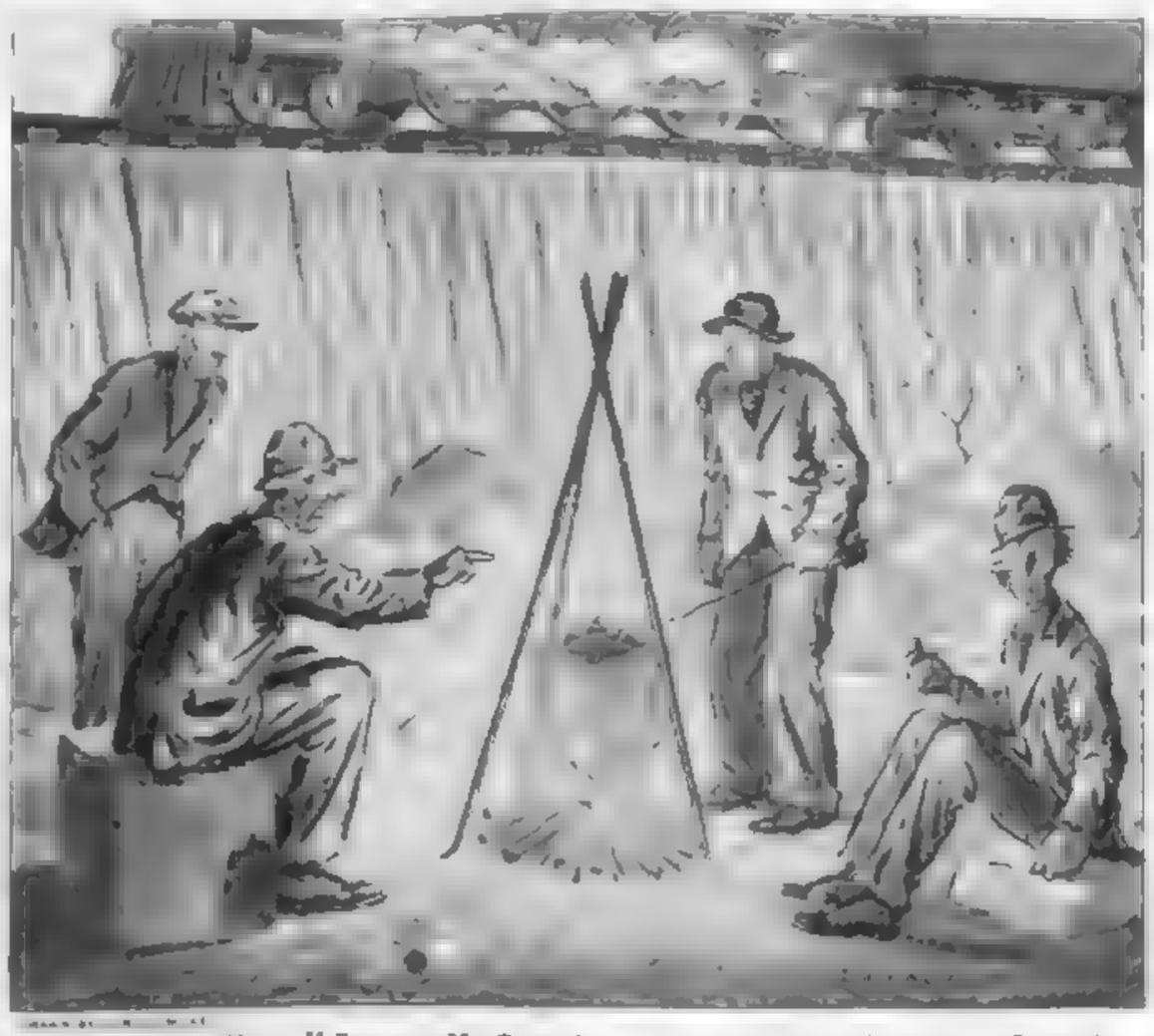

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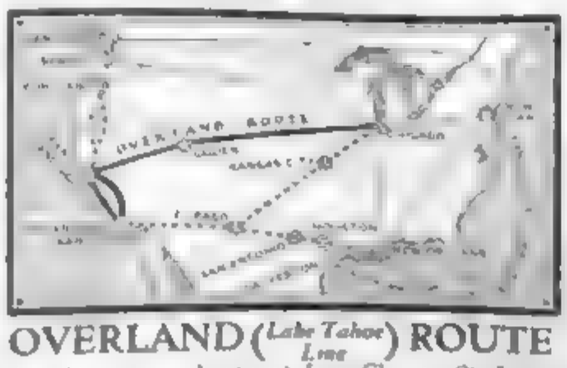

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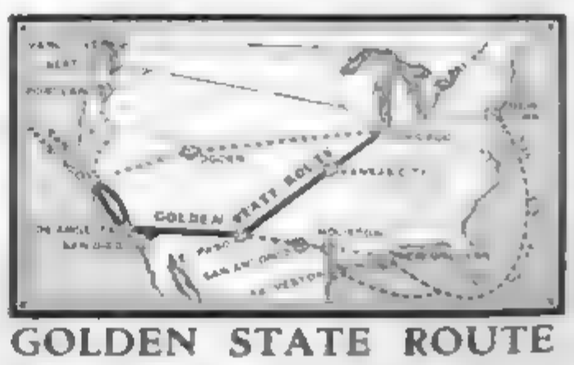

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THE ROAD AWAY

(Continued from Page 9

"No?" Madame Urruty lifted tolerant eyebrows. "In my place, *gatchutcha*, what course would your greater wisdom have pursued?" she inquired.

"I should have married her out of hand to that nice Lewis boy from New England. Tubal himself admits that he would have been the ideal husband for Bette."

The matriarch smiled a little, without comment; and suddenly it occurred to Emily that this was just the thing the sage old woman had endeavored in vain to do.

"I might have known it! Forgive me" She kissed the other's wrinkled cheek with one of the quick, remorseful gestures which made her so much beloved among her husband's undemonstrative people. "Oh, *madre*, is it too late? Can't we do something even now? Just think! When Bette is still a gay little matron like me, with a dancing foot and plenty of eye left for a fine young man—you needn't glower at me, 'Steban, you know you'd hate not to have any competition!—there will be poor, dear Tubal tottering along toward the grave on two sticks, like Anna Damasa, trembling with palsy and wanting a hot posset every night at nine o'clock to put him to sleep!"

"All the more need, then, of our Bette. The child makes herself very useful in such ways," equably remarked Bette's grandmother; but she, too, sighed a little. It was Esteban who spoke out, warmly and finally, on behalf of their friend and neighbor.

"It appears, my Emily, that you regard happiness as the final duty and obligation of your sex?" he remarked with some asperity. "That is perhaps a national point of view. We older peoples understand that happiness, pleasure, are in their very nature incidental and ephemeral. Bette has been brought up in a sterner school; to such, a duty finely performed will bring content more durable than mere happiness."

"Pooh and bah!" said Emily, unimpressed. "I notice you didn't find it your stern duty to marry a noble character almost three times your age!"

Esteban disregarded such wifely flippancy.

"You do not perhaps realize," he continued, "what ties of obligation bind us to Tubal, not only ties of a certain feudal nature -for when an Etcheverray rode out to the first Crusade, it was an Urruty who rode with him as equerry—not only his long services to us as *chenhango*, nearest neighbor, sharer and guardian of our closest affairs. No, there is even more; remember that his fortune, his reputation, his entire youth were wasted in the effort to protect the virtue and good name of a woman of our family who had neither. Our charming Pilar was a woman whose honor required much defense. In the end she ruined him, as she ruined others; though many believe that he was the only man she ever truly loved, and therefore would not shame by marrying. Truly, Bette has done well to remember debts which our family can never repay! There is no boon Tubal could ask of us which we Urruty should not grant with gratitude."

His grandmother remarked that in this case the boon was not even asked of them; it had been offered.

"You mean," said Esteban with growing approval, "that the little sister suggested herself to him? *Bon!* For that her dot must be doubled! She has done well indeed. How should a penniless man of honor propose himself in marriage with so rich a family as ours?"

"And how could a penniless man of honor, or any other sort of man, decline such an offer, so made?" thought his wife rebelliously. But she said no more; only that night when she lay, as always, close in the crook of Esteban's arm, listening to the precious breathing of her babies from their cribs on either side, Emily wept a little for the dear girl sister who was never to know such "incidental and ephemeral" joy as the eager, jealous, ever-increasing love of a young husband.

Preparations for the wedding went on apace. It was to be a proper Basque affair, in the grand manner: the trousseau displayed in procession on ox sledges, which would carry the bridal bed and marriage chests and the various gifts from the bride's house to the groom's. Six enormous conical marriage cakes had been ordered to be borne aloft in this parade, cakes of the sort to be eaten afterward, as well as the non-edible ones which are kept in Basque families from year to year and generation to generation, for purposes of display. Roadside shrines along the route were to be hung with lace curtains, lamps, paper flowers, as for the Month of Mary. Olhaiby, the blacksmith, as largest man in the village was to march ahead of the bridal pair, themselves on foot, in the ancient dress of a halberdier, twirling an elaborate baton, and followed by masked mimes and mountebanks and all the young men of the parish, stepping the *mutchikoak*. Afterward there was to be a *mascarade* on the village green, with more dancing, and a feast for all the world, of Gargantuan proportions.

Guests had been bidden from far beyond the valley—old French-Basque families of the two St. Jeans, and Biarritz, and Bayonne; fashionable Spanish-Basque cousins from San Sebastian and Bilbao and Santander; the Duke de los Canellos, with his two noble grandsons, who had accompanied their acceptance of the Urruty invitation with the truly noble gift of a traveling automobile equipped with phonographic attachments—this at the suggestion of the younger grandson, the Marquis de Viciana, who had been one of the disappointed suitors for Bette's hand.

There were also to be guests from far America, who had visited the valley before; the two ardent young fishermen remembered as Messieurs Pooch and Pat, and their friend the Monsieur Lulu, with his recent American bride.

Never in the history of the village had occurred such an orgy of housecleaning: for this influx of visitors would overtax the capacities of Madame Pantchika's little inn, and even of the larger Urruty hospitality. Every house in the vicinity was prepared to fling itself into the breach. It is not every day that an Etcheverray marries into the family of Urruty!

Yet to critical and intimate eyes, such as those of Emily and John de Maytie, the scholar himself did not wear entirely the look of a radiant bridegroom. He had a slightly distrait air, the bewilderment of one awakened rather too suddenly from a long dream; as if he might, at the first opportunity, retire with some relief into his dream again.

Because of all the disturbance going on about him, he was unable to write or study, but wandered vaguely about with the aimless restlessness of one to whom the habit of regular mental labor has become the chief function of existence. It was he who insisted that the more ruinous portions of the *chastel* be left untouched.

"Some part of this poor old place of mine," he protested to Emily, who spoke his mental language, "belongs to the past, to its ghosts! Even as some part of myself ——" he paused abruptly.

"Even as some part of yourself belongs to its past and its ghosts," she finished for him. "I understand, Tubal—and Bette understands. Don't worry about that! The girl will never intrude where she is not wanted."

"I cannot conceive of a place in my life or my heart where she would not be wanted," he protested quickly—rather too quickly.

One night there was a new music in the valley, a very different music from the vigorous major rhythms of drum and bagpipe and basaufiûte practicing naive Basque wedding dances. A whisper of it came

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LA MONTE

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blowing along the wind to the ears of a girl who lingered at her window still long after she should properly have been asleep. Violin music, the lure of a gypsy fiddle—Bette wondered whether she could be dreaming this, and why. It was late in the year for passing gypsies. Suddenly she closed the window and locked it fast, and fell to her knees and prayed prayed to become a true wife and a tranquil one, with many, many duties.

But in the morning Anna Damasa, the ancient of the house, had news for her. "*Gitanos!*" she reported gleefully. "*Gitanos*—down in the Etcheverray meadow!" To the *aïeta-anna*, as to all children old or young, the arrival of gypsies was an event. "Through the night they were dancing there, all in a ring, like fairy folk. *Hei*, my little one, you heard them?"

Bette frowned. "They must go away! My brother Esteban has warned Matteo and his band more than once never to come again to our valley, miscreants that they are! It was they who stole our horse Tarasque, who sold him to the bull ring. If Esteban finds Matteo here, he will surely do him mischief now! Go, Anna Damasa—go and warn them," she urged.

"Eh, but it is not Matteo or his band!" the old crone chuckled. "There are proper *chals* and *chics*, young ones, who sing and dance and play. All the night I watched and listened—*hei*, the fine fiddling! And 'Steban cannot send them from another's land, nor even your father, without reason. Listen." She came close, whispering. "There is among them a *chovihani* who knows magic—the deep magic—as in days when I myself was young and learned it of the *gitanos*."

"You? You associated with *gitanos?*" said Bette, surprised. "But was it not then forbidden?"

The crone cackled. "*Ai'e*, truly was it forbidden! In this house what is not forbidden? But I was a girl of spirit, me, and at night our windows are not locked. The blood is strong, *gatchutcha*—the blood is strong."

Bette let this pass. She was accustomed to dark hints of gypsy blood from the *aïeta-anna*, as to reports of familiar imps and devils. But as one grew older, one listened less attentively to the tales of ancients.

She asked instead, rather intently: "This one who makes the magic—it is not a very dark young man, with a fiddle that cries like a human child?"

She was relieved when old Damasa shook her head. "They are never the *chals* who make such magic, girl, but the women! It is a true witch, this one. Her hair curls at the ends, and her eyes also! She reads the *dukkeripen* with hot lead in water, she looks into the seeds and tells which grain will bear and which will not; she makes a charm for wives who remain barren ——"

Bette asked sharply, "How do you know such a thing?"

"*Hé, hé!*" chuckled the other, peering. "Did I not see the miller's wife give the *chovihani* silver for sending twins this past year, and yet more silver that she send no more twins?"

"Anna Damasa," said the girl after a moment, rather wistfully—for after all, this was an old, old woman, who must have gathered with her years some wisdom—"is it true that the *gitanos* are always evil folk who have no souls?"

The crone had rare moments of complete clarity. "Is it true," she retorted in a whisper, "that your father, the alcalde, is an evil person without soul? For truly as I speak to you here, Pedro Urruty, his sons, his daughters—yes, and I myself!—all, all are of the caló blood—the dark blood! Ask Léocadie, your proud grandmother—ask her which of the hot young Urruty men took him a wife out of the tents and could not keep her, but would never give her back their child. *Ay de Dios*, her own little child That is one of the things the *gitanos* do not forgive us Urruty! . . . Ask her why our hair is black and thick into old age as a horse's tail Why we understand what animals say when they talk together. Why at the changing of the seasons our feet always itch to follow the road away—*aïe*, the road away!"

Her moment of clarity had passed; she began to mumble toothless, grinning foolishness. But Bette knew that the old creature for once had spoken truth, strange and terrible though the truth might be; understood at last a something within herself which had long troubled her like a secret sin. She wanted, once before her marriage, to see again the young gypsy *chal* who had played to her, sung to her, there at Toledo, there on the savage Spanish *vega* where the Duke de los Canellos grazed his bulls.

"I shall go to this soothsayer who tells of grain which will bear and which will not," she told herself quietly, thinking of the miller's twins. "*Enfin*, since I am of the blood myself, why should I fear such people? But I will leave behind my fine *esmeralda* ring of betrothal and carry with me a rosary in the pocket."

She did not slip away by night—surreptitious climbings out of windows were not for such as Bette—but walked quite openly down from the Etcheverray house to the tents pitched in the meadow below. And the first of the gypsies to see her coming was the one she had most dreaded and hoped to find—a swarthy, graceful youth with earrings and a head handkerchief and silver buttons to his coat, who at sight of her began to pluck upon his violin as upon a guitar, singing under his breath a certain Moorish *copla* which she remembered:

"By Allah, I fear not death!
My only fear is
That I shall die
And not see her tomorrow."

For five days the tents remained in the Etcheverray meadow, and each day Bette went down quite openly to visit them. Nor was she their sole visitor, despite the anger of good Père Marcos, the priest, and the sober warnings of their alcalde, Pedro Urruty. There were many willing enough to exchange hard-earned silver for surreptitious advices concerning the future, it being the business of Romany always, whatever else its affair, to mutter knowingly of that which is not known. Bette was surprised, on her second visit, to encounter Etcheverray also there consulting the soothsayer; a handsome, pantherine creature, no longer young, whose bold glance exercised a curious fascination for youths who came to buy of her love philters, news of hidden wealth, and the like. Yet Bette had seen her more than once repel their coltish familiarities with fierce hauteur.

Etcheverray was talking with her, when the girl saw them, in a musical staccato tongue Bette did not understand.

"What! You speak also the language of the tents? Is there anything you do not know, Monsieur Tubal?" she asked wonderingly.

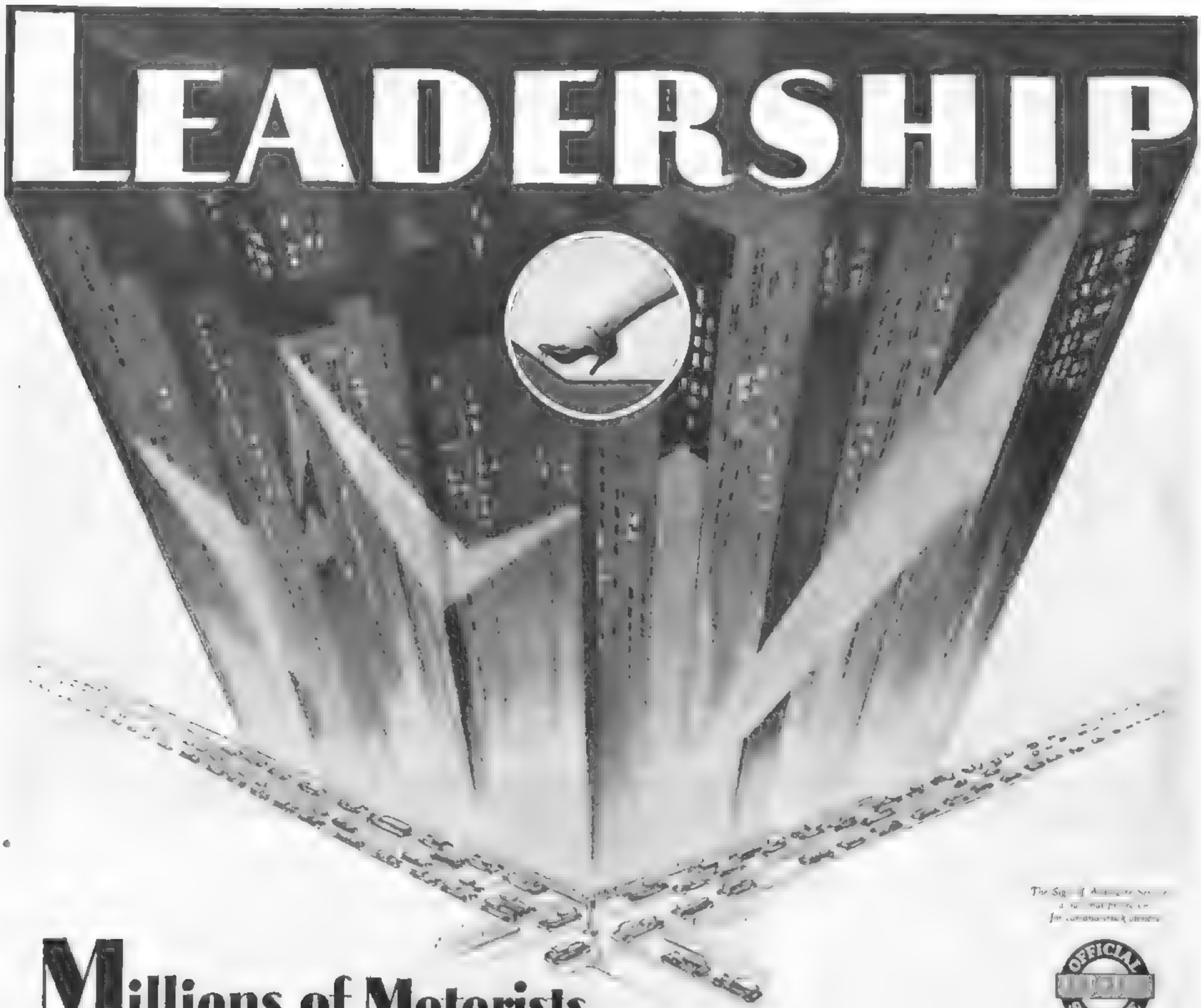
He shrugged and smiled. "To '*rakker Romanes*' is not difficult, especially for a Basque; the language, like ours, has many words of Sanskrit. These people," he added, "are of the true deep Romany—Spanish-Mauresco *gitanos*, the aristocracy of the road; all singers and dancers apparently—a company of artists. I am interested to know what has brought them here."

He spoke to a youth who stood near by—the one who had played a greeting to Bette—and translated his brief answer. "This young man says they are on their way to a Romany wedding—a 'fine, rich wedding' somewhere." And suddenly all of them burst into a great gypsy shout of laughter, as if at some delicious joke.

Etcheverray smiled in sympathy. "This is the only people," he said, "who know truly how to laugh, even when they are old."

"You like gypsies, monsieur?" asked the girl in surprise. "You do not believe, then, that they have no soul?"

(Continued on Page 185)



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(Continued from Page 182)

He shrugged. "What need have they of souls who have such violins? Listen!" The youth with the silver buttons had drawn a wheedling bow across the strings of his instrument, staring the while at Bette, who never once glanced his way. "People do not require souls to be likable. These rogues can make themselves as ingratiating as naughty children. I have even sworn blood friendship with one of them," he added presently. "And if you are friends with one gypsy, you are friends with all. That is why these strangers feel they may make so free of my meadows."

"Blood friendship!" She asked him how so curious a thing had happened, and he told her:

"Once a young man of their people died in our village, and I gave him burial, since he was not Christian and so could not be interred in consecrated ground. The Romany folk attach great importance to decent burial. Being a race of wanderers through life, they have rather a piteous dread lest their bodies be not allowed to rest at last in peace. That is why many accept Christianity—in order to be buried in consecrated ground, I think, for they believe in no future life for the soul, except transmigration. They will return year after year to places of interment to be sure their dead are safe. Knowing this, I gave their young *kral* burial on my property."

"And how," demanded Bette, with her proprietary matriarchal interest in the affairs of her community, "did this young man happen to die, then, in our village?"

Etcheverray, after a moment of hesitation, told her that also. "He was killed, *mignonnette*. By your cousin, the Sieur de Maytie, father of Pilar, who found the gypsy boy making love to his daughter and was naturally very angry. I carried the body away myself, to save unnecessary scandal. That is why their *kral*, or chief, the boy's father, offered me blood friendship."

Bette asked, slowly, another question: "Was that chief named Matteo, Monsieur Tubal?"

Etcheverray answered "Yes."

And the youth who was playing for them at that moment, whispering to her with the fiddle which perhaps sufficed him for soul, was, as she well knew, the grandson of Matteo. He had told her so during their one conversation together in Madrid. After an orchestra concert at the Teatro Real to which her grandmother and the Duke de los Canellos had taken her, the gypsy had come close behind her suddenly in the crowd, murmuring, so that her elders did not hear:

"I shall see you again, *chibori;* do not fear! I am the grandson of Matteo. You will not forget?"

Now Bette said to the savant, nervously, "Since you speak their tongue, Monsieur Tubal, perhaps you can tell me the meaning of the word '*chibori*'?"

"It means 'mistress,'" he told her, "or 'little queen.'"

Bette shivered. She remembered how in her childhood gypsies who passed in the road had sometimes called to her wheedlingly, urged her to come away with them and be their little queen.

"The *gitanos* may be your friends, but they are not ours," she said soberly.

"Ah, no! Because you are relatives of the Sieur de Maytie, although he himself has been so long dead. That is why you Urruty find them troublesome, I think, in the matter of stolen livestock, poisoned crops, and the like. Romany have the memory of elephants—or of Basques," he added, smiling.

It occurred to Bette that the enmity between this strange people and her family lay deeper than he knew, deep as consanguinity, as their unacknowledged kinship. She spoke to him of this, flushing, her honesty forbidding further concealment. "Monsieur Tubal, do you know that we ourselves, we Urruty, are *sangré;* that my grandfather was, I think, the grandson of a gypsy woman?"

Etcheverray seemed unperturbed by this damaging admission. "Ah, then, with you the blood is somewhat stronger than with us others. *Au fond*, I believe that we are all brothers—Basques and *gitanos* alike."

"Brothers in God, you would say?" she asked in pious convent parlance, rather doubtfully.

He laughed. "Ah, no, not in God, I fear!—decidedly not in God. If the gypsies have any god at all, except for purposes of expediency, it is a god whose name suggests the antithesis of a Christian heaven—they call him Duvel. What I meant was a fact accepted by many ethnologists, and by gypsies themselves: That originally Basques and gypsies were one and the same people."

"But they say they are of Egypt!"

"In passing, yes; as they were also, in passing, of Persia, and before that, of India. But from whence did they come to India? For they differ racially in many respects from the native Hindu Jāt. Doubtless from the same lost continent," he said, mounting his favorite hobby, "which sent our own ancestors in prehistoric times to people the Pyrenees—Atlantis, yes. Only we were more intelligent in our choice of land and climate; we remained and put out new roots and prospered. Whereas, our less fortunate 'black brothers,' as they call themselves the *caló pralor*—wandered from place to place in the hot flood countries, ever seeking fresh pasturage for their cattle, until at last they became a wandering folk by nature, like the Arabs, accumulating no property, therefore acknowledging no laws, therefore outcasts and strangers in every land through which they pass—as they are today."

Bette drew a great breath. "Then, *cher* Monsieur Tubal, the gypsy blood in the veins of us Urruty is no great matter for shame?"

"It is even, so the *gitanos* will tell you, a matter for pride!" smiled the ethnologist. "For every race of man believes itself, fortunately, to be the superior race; Romany folk quite condescend, in fact, to Spaniards and French, although willing to concede to Basques a possible equality."

"Indeed!" said Bette, with some hauteur, and asked no more.

At her first visit she had passed Matteo's grandson without looking at him. "If you do not wish to see me, why do you come when I call?" he demanded petulantly, ceasing to play.

But Draga, the soothsayer, at the door of her van, had reproved him, smiling: "It is not for such as you that the young *rani* comes, Chikno, my son. It is for the *dukkeripen*, the fortune telling. Eh? And you come in good time!" she exclaimed, taking Bette's hand to draw her within. She was studying, with quick, birdlike glances of her peaked eyes, more the girl's face than her extended palm. "I see error here, *miri pen*, my sister—a most dangerous error! It is well, indeed, that you have come to me," she muttered over the palm in true gypsy singsong.

"*Aïe, miri pen*, one you would follow to his tent is not your *rom!*" pronounced Draga dramatically at length, having thrown lead into water and consulted coffee grounds and otherwise conjured the spirits of her calling. "Of such a marriage there can come no blessing."

No blessing! Bette knew only too well what was meant by that. She took a firmer grip of her rosary. "*Alors, madame la gitane*, is it so that you know a charm to make for those who wish to be sure of children?"

The woman gave her a knowing, impertinent leer. "I know a charm for that—a true charm. *Si covar ajaw!*—it is so. But to make it takes a little time, *miri pen*. You will come again? You will come as often as is needful?"

At the door of her van the youth she called Chikno had begun to play once more, a low and throbbing note which made the girl start like a hand laid against her bare heart. It has been said that all the music in the world is of two sorts, wild or tame. The

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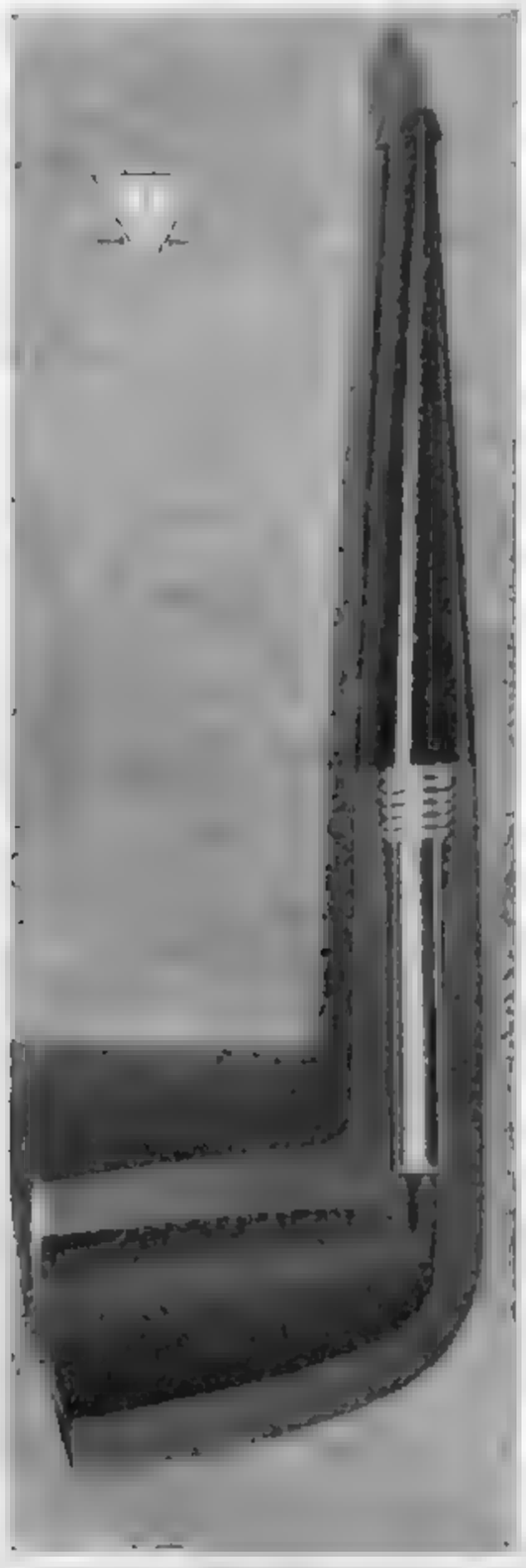

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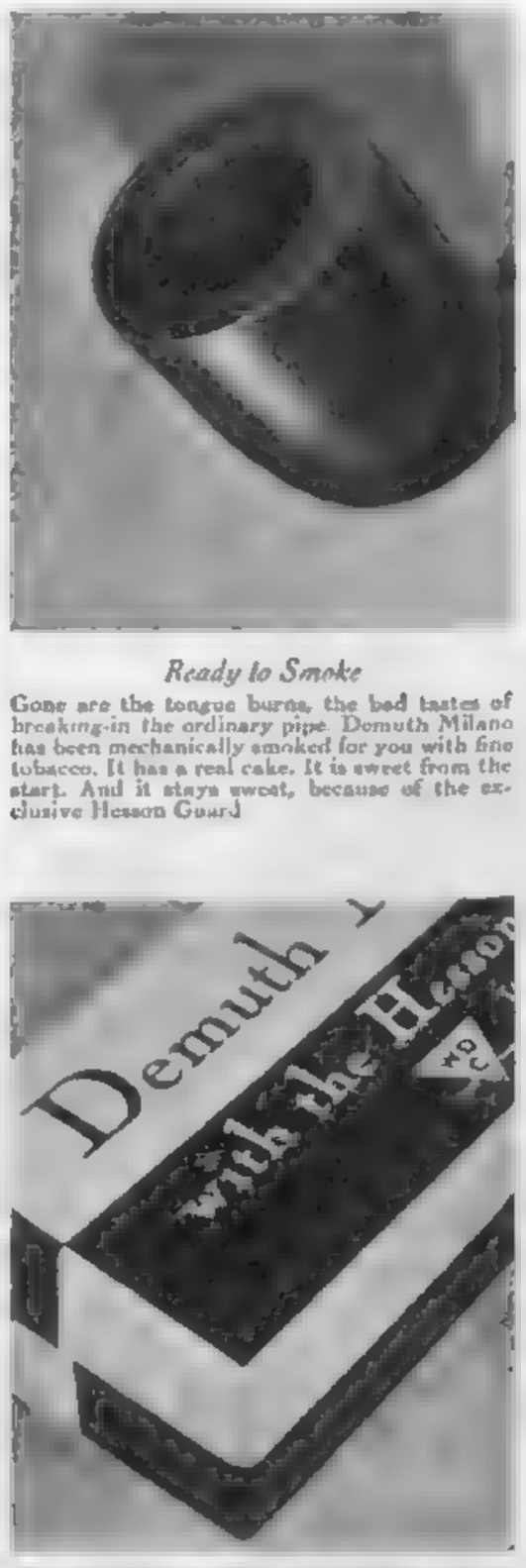

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music that followed after Bette's dragging feet, and kept her at night from sleeping, and brought her back again and again to the fire about which the strange folk danced or sang at will or rested lazily, indifferent to any audience, was not music adapted to civilized ears.

Emily Urruty might have found it even ugly, as she had found the *flamenca* dancing and *jondo* singing of the Spanish *vega*. But the ear for which it was intended was not a civilized ear; Bette, starved from birth for music that she could not make, was drugged by it now, by the wild, rushing harmonies of Chikno's fiddle, as Arabs drug themselves with hashish into the strange state of *kef*.

For Etcheverray, too, such race music had its charm; so that he was never surprised to find Bette lingering about the tents, listening. Once, for his benefit, the youth Chikno suddenly swung his bow from a weird Moorish monotone he was playing into the suave full tide of a Saint-Saens concerto, that famous announcement played entirely on the G string which is very civilized music indeed. Etcheverray started. A strolling gypsy fiddler playing Saint-Saëns?

"You are a stranger here, *praia*, yet I think I have heard you play before," he said, puzzled. "Where?"

"I do not know, *rye*," replied the other indifferently; adding with a flash of the eye toward Bette: "Ask the *buenee* there where she has heard me before. Perhaps she will tell you, perhaps not "

Bette, thus challenged, quietly mentioned the Teatro Real at Madrid. "Only his name on the program there was not 'Chikno'; it was 'Hasul Chavas.'"

Etcheverray gave an exclamation: "What? You are Hasul Chavas?"

"*Avali, rye*," said the other, with a slight bow. "Yes, I am that one."

"It is a great privilege to hear you again," declared the other, rising. "Bette, this young man is already considered in Paris and Madrid one of the few great violinists of the world! One had no idea, Chavas, that you were of the tent people!"

"No, *rye?* I am the son of Draga, who is daughter to Matteo Amayo, who is, as you may know, the greatest master of violin among our tribes." And still indifferently, with a look half of scorn and half of pride, he made his fiddle dance to the rollicking air, with its undercurrent of pathos, that is current among gypsies the world over:

Can you speak the Romanes? Can you play the fiddle?
Can you eat the prison loaf? Can you cut and whittle?

"I cannot promise you a prison loaf, Chavas," said the Comte des Luynes, smiling, "but it will be a pleasure if you care to dine with me tonight at my house."

The other inclined his head with cold politeness.

"I thank you, *rye*. We *pralor* prefer not to eat the bread of gorgios unless it is necessary."

"Come, monsieur," said Bette indignantly. "It is not necessary to waste any courtesy on this fellow, or any bread either! Give him the piece of money he expects for his fine playing, and let us go."

That night, however, she did not offer Hasul Chavas a piece of money for his playing. Hidden behind a tree, she listened to it—listened hour after hour, until houses and tents alike were hushed with sleep, and the young winter moon before which gypsies bare the head disappeared among the hills, and darkness itself passed into that long, magic half light before dawn which the Spanish call so beautifully "*madrugada*." And it seemed to her that the lone violin voice in the night was now a child calling to her—a lost child—and now a lover, pleading; whispering "into the ear," as the saying goes.

Into the ear, indeed, and the heart, and all the senses; until Bette had to hold on to her tree to keep from answering. And at last the gypsy came straight toward her, as if he knew her to be there, still playing and singing under his breath:

The sun said to the moon, "Give me your eyes, my sister!"
But the moon was afraid to look at him, and so ran always away.

"Of what should one be afraid?" said Bette haughtily, stepping out from behind her tree to face him. She gave him her eyes, as he had dared her; and found that she could not take them back again.

Had Emily Urruty been one of those who visited the gypsy camp, she would have been upon her guard. But she had her family position to consider; the daughter-in-law of the alcalde could not encourage things forbidden! She had also caught the contagion of her husband's curious dislike of these people, a hatred which, in the case of his grandmother, had translated itself into frank fear; and when old Léocadie Urruty feared anything, there was good cause.

On the day the gypsy tents disappeared from the Etcheverray meadow, Bette was sent to St. Jean-de-Luz for the final fitting of her bridal dress. While the simpler necessities of matronhood were intrusted to Madame Chibou, the neighborhood tailoress—for Madame Urruty was a loyal patron of home industries—it was felt that for world-going purposes, and for the great occasion itself, a certain *chic* was required somewhat beyond the capabilities of the worthy Chibou. Therefore Bette was intrusted on several occasions to the care of one Miss Dibbs, an English friend of the family living in St.-Jean-de-Luz, whose spinsterly discretion and sentimental interest in all affairs of youth well fitted her for the rôle of chaperon. Usually Emily accompanied Bette, but on this occasion the girl was going by *char-à-bancs* under the care of Madelon, the experienced duenna of the Mesdemoiselles Olhagarray, who, having transacted certain affairs of her own in the little metropolis, would escort her home on the day following.

Pedro Urruty, who chanced opportunely to be in the plaza, noted Madelon descending full-armed from the returning *char-à-bancs*, but quite alone.

"What, then, have you done with our little bride?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

Madelon dropped her packages. "She is not arrived *chez vous?*" The thing came out spasmodically. The good woman had delivered her charge at the door of the English lady. Next morning, at the hour appointed for return, Bette was not at the rendezvous. "I commanded the *char-à-bancs* to delay itself." Madelon dramatized the situation breathlessly. "I ran, I flew to the house of the Mees Deeb. Behold, it was closed, empty! The *char-à-bancs* became impatient, it made loudly with the horn. Seeing that one had already paid out good passage money, one mounted the *char-à-bancs*, believing that Mademoiselle Bette must be returning with friends by automobile. Miserable that I am! I should have waited—waited until my two feet grew to the ground and put out roots! Ah, if one has lost for the price of an omnibus ticket the little Mademoiselle Bette ——"

The alcalde said reassuringly, after a moment's thought, that his daughter had doubtless gone for a last visit to the good sisters at her former convent school, to make perhaps a little pious retreat there before her marriage, neglecting to notify them in advance of this sudden intention. But when he reached the hacienda, more perturbed than he cared to confess, he found they had a strange visitor, a young gypsy lad who had entered without knocking, while they were at table, and stood in the center of the room staring around him with bold, fearless gaze, as he would have stared in the presence of royalty.

"Which of these *ranis*," he had demanded presently, "is the mother of the one who names herself Bette?"

Madame Fancine burst into tears of maternal premonition, "*C'est moi! Ah, Dieu*, what has arrived then to my little one?"

(Continued on Page 189)

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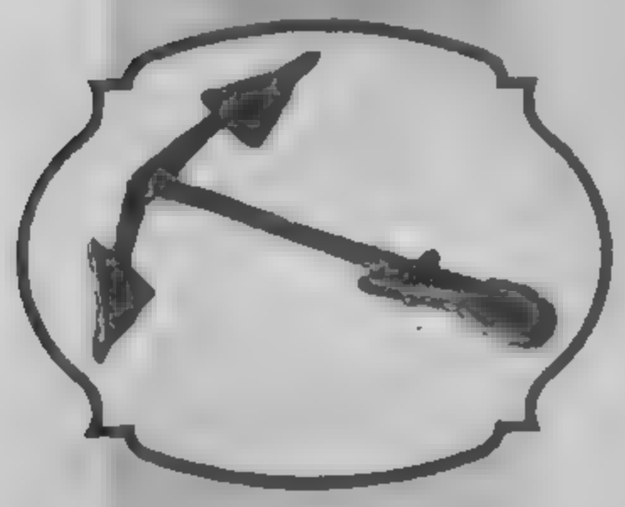
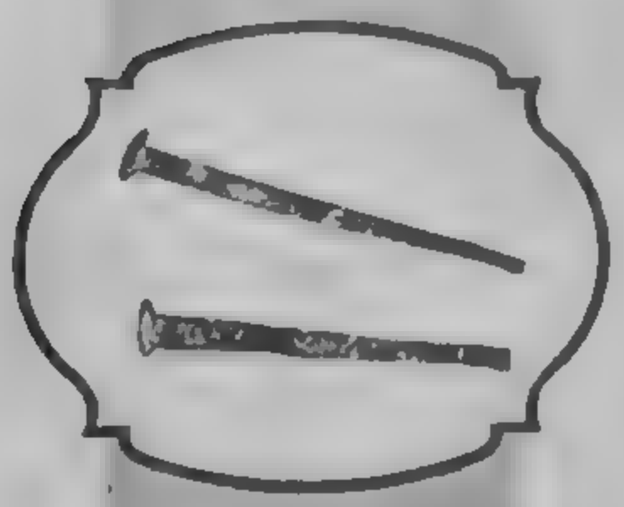
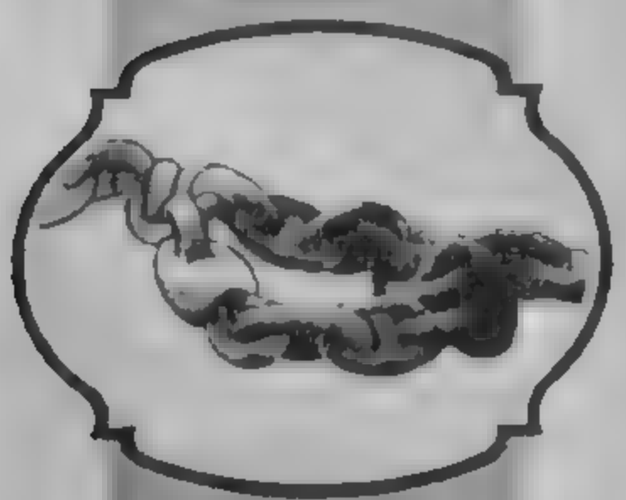


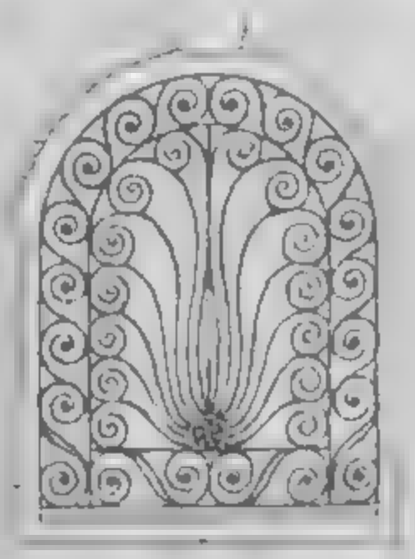
Columbus Anchor, believed to have been carried by the historic navigator's flagship, the Santa Maria, in 1492. Presented to the United States by Spain during the Columbia Exposition. Now in the Museum of the Chicago Historical Society



White House Nails of wrought iron, drawn a few months ago. [illegible] as good as when [illegible] October 18, [illegible]

Wrought Iron Chain steel hooks [illegible] Mayflower [illegible] Civil War [illegible]





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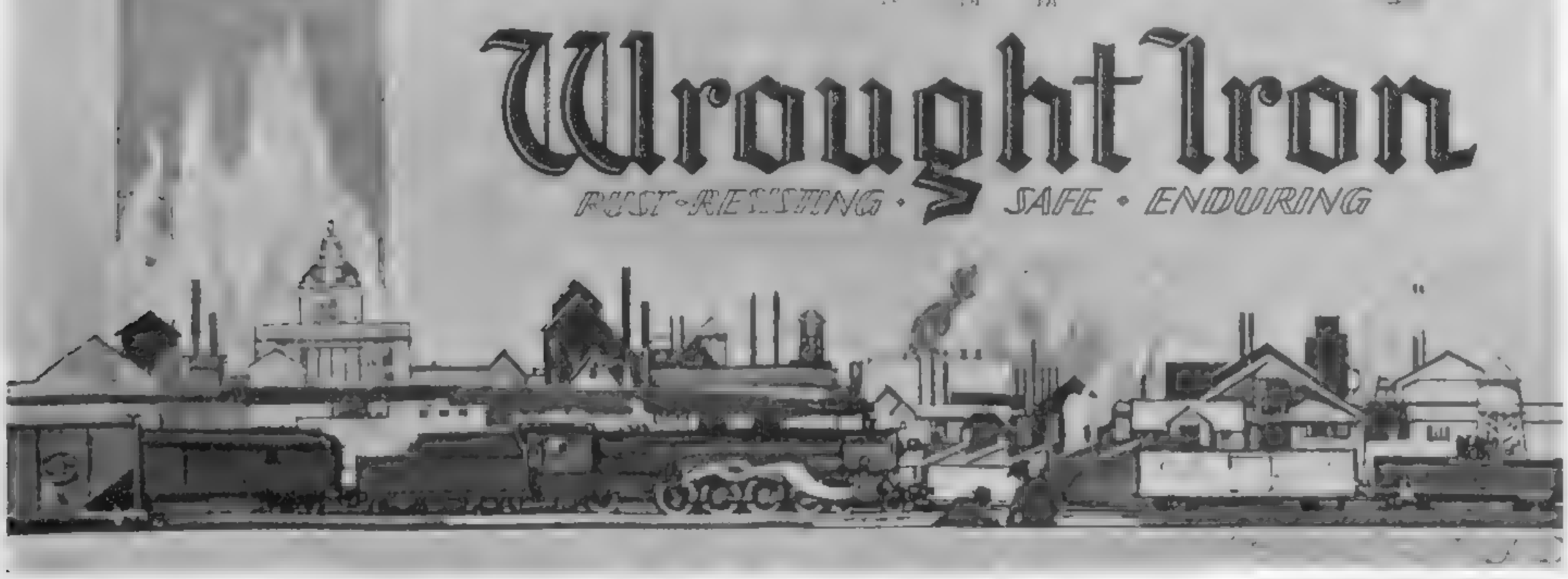

(Continued from Page 186)

The gypsy, turning his back on her, had addressed Etcheverray, who happened to be present; speaking in deliberate mincing Spanish, like one reciting some ceremonial: "We have lost, with us, a little cow, señor."

Esteban jumped angrily to his feet. "And you have the insolence, scoundrel, to come here looking in our pastures for your miserable stray cattle?"

"Be quiet, Urruty!" exclaimed the savant, very pale. "This means more than you know." He exchanged some quick sentences with the gypsy in the *caló* dialect, and then said very distinctly in Spanish: "What, *amigo*, is the value of this little cow whom you hope to replace with one of ours?"

The gypsy wheeled about, and flung into Madame Fancine's lap a wallet of money. "This is the value!" he said loudly. "I bring to you the gold gift, the *son-kaypé*. The *choomapé*, the kiss gift, has been delivered already!" And laughing out impudently, he turned and ran from the house.

"Quick! Stop him! Follow him!" cried Etcheverray, hurrying to the window. But in the gathering darkness the gypsy had already disappeared, after the uncanny fashion of his kind.

"What does this mean?" demanded the alcalde.

Etcheverray's voice shook as he answered, haltingly: "It means—take courage, my friends—it means that Bette has gone away with the gypsy people. This was a ceremonial announcement, according to Romany custom. The gold gift is the marriage price paid by the father of a gypsy groom to the mother of his bride."

Esteban ripped out an incredulous oath. "*Sangre de Dios!* Quick, father, Tubal! We'll soon show them how easily a black Romany takes his wife from among us!"

But Pedro Urruty sat down heavily in a chair. "No use, my son; too late. They are far from here. She has already been with them for two days. And *gitanos*—am I right, Etcheverray?—do not pay the gold gift until they have already taken the bride."

It was then that Madame Urruty spoke for the first time, her voice grown thin and querulous like that of a very old person: "We have here in the wallet a letter addressed to me, Pedro, as *cap de casa*. It is from your child." She read it aloud, unflinching:

"Grandmother of my heart, you will not grieve for me? I have done that which I have always known I must do, soon or late: I have followed the road away. My man is not one for whom you need feel shame, being young and handsome and very strong, and also, as Monsieur Tubal will tell you, an artist already of fame in the world, who earns much money. Nor shall we be married merely in the barbaric fashion of his people, but also quite suitably by a priest, since Hasul has been baptized and goes whenever convenient to the mass, like anybody. Monsieur Tubal will forgive and understand, he who forgives and understands all things. He will be even a little glad, I think. He knows how, when a longing takes the heart, there is room for nothing else. And Emilie knows. Only if I cause pain to you and my parents and my brothers, the feast of our marriage day will be forever to me a feast of sorrow.

"Your Bette, who in reverent salutation kisses always your most dear hands."

After a moment, Emily went over to the old woman and put both arms around her. "*Madre, madre*, don't look like that, don't feel like that!" she said, weeping. "'Steban and Tubal will find her; they will find her very soon!"

"To what end?" asked the cracked voice.

"To bring her back to us, of course!" wept Emily.

Then the matriarch said what she had to say, tonelessly: "Never, while I am *etchekandere* of our house, shall this girl who has so disregarded decency and duty, who has betrayed our trust and broken faith with an honorable gentleman—never shall this girl who has chosen publicly to disgrace her *etcheonda*, claim again the honest shelter of its roof."

"My mother!" exclaimed Pedro, aghast. "Think what you are saying! Our little Bette?"

"It is said," replied the old woman, and spoke no more of it.

For some time Emily Urruty could not credit this nightmare occurrence—Bette, the responsible, the discreet, the "recollected," as the nuns of her convent school were wont to describe her; Bette upon whom the household and the whole village had relied almost as securely as upon the matriarch herself, "away with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O" like some heroine out of melodrama! It was a thing incredible to the American, who had followed her own share of wild and curious impulses. Her fastidious taste shrank at the thought of that "black drop" which European people accept so casually.

"She *couldn't* have gone of her own accord! They must have stolen her!" she insisted to Etcheverray, who was much with his friends in those days.

He shook his head.

"They would not have dared. But there are compulsions other than physical force. The gypsies are undoubtedly gifted with a certain psychic potency besides their much exploited arts of divination and chiromancy; their music, their dance is full of it. Chavas himself has a most curiously compelling eye."

"You mean," exclaimed Emily, aghast, "that Bette was hypnotized?"

Etcheverray hesitated. "Not against her will, perhaps. That would be difficult with so strong a personality. What I mean is that the fellow exercised over her imagination a sort of spell, caused her unaware to revert to type—the human type, *genus rir* ——"

"In other words, plain woman; which is just as virile, not to say virulent, as plain man!" nodded Emily.

"The man Bette has married probably returns to the life of the tents only at certain seasons, as do many distinguished people of gypsy blood. His wife will at least have her chance to wander the ways of the world, as she has always longed to do, being Urruty."

But Emily could not reconcile herself to the thought of that born housewife and matriarch wandering the ways of the world in company with a strolling fiddler, no matter of what distinction.

"As for being his wife—oh, Tubal, a gypsy wife? Isn't it true that they marry each other by jumping over a broomstick?"

He assured her that the ceremony was rather more complicated than that. "Three days of it, and endless formalities to be complied with. In such respects Leis Prale, Law of the Brothers, has something to offer people more civilized. Marriage is surrounded with every possible dignity, their fidelity to their mates is as great, at least, as that of Christians—that is, if the mates are Romany born; outsiders do not count. Offenses against Leis Prale are punishable by death, as are offenses against fidelity of any sort, for that matter—to the family, to the tribe, to those with whom they have sworn blood friendship. There is one provision in the marriage contract which civilized races would do well to emulate: The groom swears to free the woman he has chosen to bear his children whenever love ceases to exist for her in his heart. In that way, you comprehend, is assured health and beauty to the race quite eugenically, since gypsy children must be invariably love children."

Emily caught eagerly at an idea. "Then divorce is permitted them?"

"Only on the judgment of the *kral*, the tribal head, who is selected for his wisdom. But Bette," he reminded her with a sad smile, "has been also married by a priest, I fear; for her no divorce is possible. Ah, my friend, do not so distress yourself!" he added gently, comforter where he needed comforting. "The little one may yet manage a certain happiness out of it. Chavas is an artist, and artists—be they musicians, painters, writers—are a helpless lot who need, as you know, much mothering. Bette

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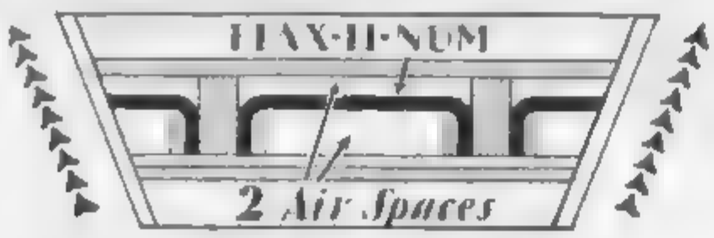

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is happy when she has something to mother. Let us take heart!"

It was for the Urruty household a strange and lonely winter. Not only Bette was absent but much of the time Esteban also, who, with Etcheverray as companion, was constantly disappearing upon false clews after gypsies. Their neighbor had promised Emily never to let Esteban go alone upon these expeditions, realizing as she did that his hatred of the race, always keen, had reached danger point.

"When 'Steban finds Hasul Chavas, I believe that he will try to kill the fellow," she said fearfully, "and you can imagine what would happen then!"

The other nodded soberly; he had no need to imagine what would happen then. Even Madame Urruty spoke a word of warning to her grandson, though no mention of Bette had passed her lips since the girl disappeared. "You know the saying, *mon fils?* Cut a gypsy in ten pieces and you have not killed him; you have only made ten gypsies."

Esteban gave no answer. His lips remained set in a fierce, grim smile; his fighting grin. Bette had always been particularly dear to her big brother.

Emily tried to soothe him with reassurances borrowed from Etcheverray; the old comfortable fallacy that no news must necessarily be good news. "If things were wrong with her, we should have heard from the child long since. To go with the man she must, after all, have loved him; and if she loves him, 'Steban, as Tubal says, she may be happier than you think."

"You do not know the girl as we do," was the somber reply. "Bette was never one to cry when hurt; on the contrary. If she were happy she would have shared her happiness with us. *Tiens*, it is not suitable that she should be happy!"

So he came and went on his fruitless secret errands, secret because the name must be protected from public disgrace at any costs; accompanied sometimes by his stern younger brother Nacio, when the boy could get leave from military duties; and always by their silent, sad-eyed neighbor.

For Etcheverray felt the defection of his little betrothed bride too deeply for speech, far more deeply than Emily had secretly believed was possible for him. Only once he had spoken of it: "I blame myself for everything. I should have known—ah, should I not have known!—that love is something which can never be coerced, which indeed resents coercion. The child set herself a task too great even for her great heart. The fault was mine!"

"Yes," admitted Emily, cruel in her own distress, "the fault was largely yours, Tubal! But what's to be done about it? When you find Bette, even if you persuade her to leave her husband—what then? The matriarch says she shall never return here, and I believe she means what she says!"

"Ah, yes, there is one who always means what she says. But the child has no need to return here. Bette," said Etcheverray quietly, "will, I hope, make me a home at l'Ey Kahatcia, as we had planned."

"Live with you! As another's wife? Oh, come now, even here in Arcady, what are people going to say to that?"

"I think we have long since passed, Bette and I, beyond any need to consider what people will say of us. If she can no longer come as my wife, she shall come as my daughter. I am already starting legal steps of adoption; in fact, having no natural heirs, Bette and Bette's children," he said steadily, "are to become my heirs."

"Oh, Tubal! Even if they are half-breed children?"

He did not think it necessary to remind her that her own two babies, her sturdy little beautiful Urrutys, were also tinged with the hated gypsy stain.

As winter passed, still without news of the missing girl, the household became more and more a house of mourning. The matriarch went as usual about her duties, capable and serene, but there was a new stoop to the formerly erect carriage, and her hands, since the day they opened Bette's letter of farewell, had never quite ceased to tremble. Madame Fancine, lachrymose with self-pity, was of less use than ever in the ménage, and Emily found herself taking over duties which she would once have found impossible, in the effort to aid and comfort the old Spartan who was so visibly breaking beneath a grief she would not confess.

Esteban had sought his sister without result in all the places where Spanish gypsies congregate: At Cordova; at the Triana of Seville; in the whitewashed caves of the Albaycin at Granada, with their incongruous telephones and electric lighting; among the gypsy cattlemen along the Tagus, where the Duke de los Canellos, aghast at the catastrophe which had overtaken the family of his friend, had put at their service all his powerful influence. It was in vain; nothing was to be seen or heard either of Hasul Chavas or of his grandfather, Matteo Amayo, or even of the particular tribe of Romany of whom Matteo was the head.

In spring, when the tent people, like the birds from which they believe themselves descended, move always northward, Esteban took up his relentless search on the other side of the Pyrenees; across the Languedoc plain to Tarascon; down through the melancholy brightness of the Camargue, where wild horses and cattle still roam the salt marshes, and flamingos mount in rosy flight against the low-hanging sky, and the ancient plague-ridden city of Aigue-Mortes stands desolate and grim as it stood when Saint Louis departed thence for the last Crusade, from which he never returned.

Here, as Etcheverray knew, took place the first of the great annual assemblies of Romany, at the seaside fortress church of the Three Maries, or Trémaie, as it is named in the Provençal. Beneath this church lie the bones of Egyptian Sarah, the servant of Mary of Magdala, whom the gypsies claim for their own because of her dark skin; and here their tribes congregate yearly from every part of the world—music makers out of Hungary, the *ursari*, or bear leaders, from the Transylvania Mountains, horse-dealing *châlanes* of France and Spain, basket makers, tinkers, blacksmiths, from all over the world, even from lands beyond the Baropanj, the Beautiful Great Water; all come to practice strange rites of fire worship and to bring their sick to be healed of the water horror—that hydrophobia which is the dread of all people who live among animals, and for which only gypsies know a cure.

Here the stern-lipped young Basque, with his courteous, *caló*-speaking companion, was received indifferently, and given, politely enough, no information whatever. An old *châlane* named Matteo—his grandson, the fiddler Chavas?—the Romany, one and all, could have been no more ignorant of such names and persons, let alone their whereabouts, than if they had been Basque themselves.

"It is of no use, 'Steban. To seek a gypsy who does not mean to be found is like seeking a nightingale in the winter forest," said Etcheverray at last. "Let us return to your wife, who will be needing you." For Emily had not been in her usual health that winter.

At home they found awaiting them their first clew. A letter had come from the young American, Lewis, who had himself wished to marry Bette, speaking of his pleasure in hearing over a New York radio station the remarkable playing of Bette's husband, Chavas, and asking for their present address, since he had been unable to locate Chavas in New York. The first fast steamer sailing out of Marseilles for the United States carried Esteban, and, as always, his guardian, Etcheverray, pleading the necessity of interviewing American publishers.

A cablegram shortly advised Emily of results: "Chavas found. Bette not with him. Says inquire of Matteo."

She began to breathe more freely; but where and how to find Matteo, that one might inquire of him?

(Continued on Page 193)

The story of a typewriter that went to war

Advance of 18th Inf., 1st Div., O 11, 1918. Photo U. S. Signal Corps.

By a War Correspondent

IT was in July, 1916. The commander of the British Flying Headquarters at Saint-Omer took me for a flight over the lines.

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(Continued from Page 190)

Help came from a hitherto unsuspected source. Anatole, the chauffeur, long her friend and protector and confidential adviser upon many subjects, made the suggestion that gypsies were to be found elsewhere in the Midi than at the *romerage* of Tarascon or the Trémaie. There occurred also, upon the estate of a certain nobleman in the Estérel, the yearly *romerage* of the beggars at this season.

"As madame knows, where one has beggars, one has also thieves, and where one has thieves, one has also gypsies—*ça va sans dire.*" It was as a beggar, in fact, that Anatole had himself once encountered the gypsy, old Matteo, in the Rastro, the famous thieves' market of Madrid; and he now suggested very respectfully that if madame cared to intrust herself with him alone, in the absence of monsieur—"who is not *simpatico* with such as gypsies, *n'est-ce pas?*"—he would undertake, being a native of Provence and acquainted with its customs, to conduct her into the probable presence of Matteo.

She hesitated. "Should we be quite safe, Anatole?" Emily was no coward, but her fears just then were not entirely for herself.

"Strangers are not too welcome, as madame will comprehend, among *ces gens-là*. But one had occasion in early life to learn something of their patois." Anatole skimmed lightly and hurriedly over this rather surprising detail; adding with courtly delicacy: "And madame being a mother—*voilà tout!* Maternity is a thing which men of all professions find themselves compelled to respect."

Emily, sensing in his offer a certain moral courage on the part of one in whom courage was not the outstanding feature, accepted without further ado, explaining to the household that she wished to go over to the Riviera for a few days' visit with her invalided friend there, the Princess Trastavere.

It is a picturesque and picaresque celebration which takes place yearly in a certain woodland of the Estérel, within a few hours' drive of one of the most fashionably populated sea coasts in the world. By day nothing is to be seen of the hundreds of persons who come to worship at the hidden shrine of a certain Madonna de l'Esperance, who is believed to have a womanly sympathy for erring mortals. But by night the woodland is a veritable feast of lanterns, lighted candles twinkling everywhere among the trees, the night resounding with faint, strange cries from deep within the forest, and fainter music of guitars and tambourines and fiddles.

Emily, wrapped closely in a dark cape and accompanied by Anatole, moved among them with a lighted candle of her own, unquestioned. Now and again someone spoke to Anatole and was answered by him in a strange tongue. Emily's respect for her chauffeur's abilities grew apace. They came presently to a small forest chapel, surrounded by kneeling, wailing rows of pilgrims who had been unable to find room inside. The place was ablaze with votive candles. The music from beyond became louder. They went on. Presently, after walking a long distance, they came in sight of a rather pretentious house set high on a terrace, every uncurtained window of which was ablaze with light. Here the religious part of the festival apparently ended. Within the house, as at a play, one saw varied entertainment going on—in one room games of chance, cards, roulette, *petits chevaux;* in another a great feast was in progress; in another people danced two by two in ballroom fashion. But Emily's eye was arrested by a ring of dancers on the terrace outside, circling round and round a fire to the swinging rhythm of a dozen violins. The musicians danced with the rest as they played, leaping faster and faster to the increasing beat of the tambourines; now and then whirling their fiddles above their heads, but never losing a beat of the wild air.

"Basques!" exclaimed Emily; and then corrected herself: "No, gypsies"—seeing the vivid coloring of the women's dress and their many tinkling necklaces of coins or beads.

"Ah, *oui!* I have thought that there would be *gitanes,*" murmured Anatole with satisfaction, "seeing that the proprietor of the establishment is himself *gitane.*"

"A gypsy! But I thought you said it was the estate of some nobleman?"

"There are nobles even among the *gitanes,* madame—of a sort," explained the Frenchman deprecatingly. "Not the *haute noblesse,* you comprehend, but of a sort. There is even royalty. This is the winter residence of one who serves at present as King of the Beggars, their *Balubasha.* . . . Ah! *Le voilà!*"

There had come to the door, where he stood smiling benignantly out upon his guests, a fine-looking old man in conventional evening dress, but with the rather startling addition of a red sash and earrings. It was the very man she sought—the gypsy, Matteo.

He welcomed her urbanely, with that exaggerated Oriental courtesy which forbids any expression of surprise, and since she declined more substantial refreshment, led her through several corridors to a small room beyond, lined with mirrors, where three women sat drinking wine.

"What a splendid establishment you have here, Matteo!" commented Emily, knowing the Oriental fondness for flattery as for all sweets; and indeed it was rather oversplendid, the rooms crowded with gilt furnishings, a confusion of pictures, bric-a-brac, fine fabrics displayed everywhere in a sort of lavish disorder which gave an effect of impermanence, of curious unreality, as if at any moment the whole house might disappear at the waving of a wand, or be rolled up and carried away with all its contents like a circus tent.

The women also gave the effect of unreality. Two of them, ignoring the profusion of fine gilt furniture, sat on rugs upon the floor. They wore clothes which they might have bought in Paris or Chicago, but had been unable to resist supplementing these colorless habiliments of civilization with innumerable dangling chains and ornaments; while the third wore the beautiful headdress of Seville—a tall comb filled with flowers and draped with that coveted mantilla which is forbidden in Spain to gypsy women.

Suddenly this people lost for Emily their effect of the sinister, and became childlike and a little pathetic; savage children playing at being civilized for a while. She recalled having once in her youth got the same impression from a group of elaborately elegant negroes.

But Matteo had rather a shock in store for her. "These," he said with a careless wave of the hand, "are my wives, cousin. Xuri, offer the *rani Ingrés* a chair."

"Wives!" repeated Emily, taken off her guard. "Have gypsies more than one wife?"

"Not where the law forbids—we *gitanos* are great respecters of the law," said the old man blandly. "In Western countries the younger women of my tent become wife's sisters. But we out of the East have customs older than yours, cousin. . . . Bring wine, Xuri!"

The oldest of the women, a typical brown gypsy *dye* with a rather motherly expression, offered Emily a shallow bowl which she would have refused but for a warning glance from Anatole, firmly in attendance at the door. She drank from it, and the bowl went the rounds in turn: Matteo first, and then the women.

"Now," he said with satisfaction, "since all who are with us are ourselves, we may speak freely! I hear that my cousins Urruty seek me. What is it that they wish?"

Emily met his bold and mocking gaze very steadily. "I think you know what we seek—my husband's young sister, Bette. What ransom do you want for her, Matteo?"

The gypsy lifted injured eyes and hands to heaven. "You see how they still mistake us; these gorgios, for thieves, marauders, kidnapers of little children? What

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need have we of gorgio children, we Romany? Have we not plenty of our own?"

"Then," said Emily quickly, on the alert, "Bette is not yet married to your grandson?"

His bold gaze flickered. "Yes, and no, cousin! There has been the tying of the wrists, the mingling of the veins for their blood friendship. They have danced together the marriage dance. Also one of your priests has performed his rites over them. But since we are of one family I will not conceal from you that the *hijita* was a little angry—jealous, I dare say—because she found that Hasul had already his wife of the tents, his *tacho romadie*. He promised to put her away, the little Ayesha whom he no longer loves, but even that did not satisfy the Basque *hijita*, who is hard to please, cousin! She would not on the third day go away into her husband's tent. When Hasul would have beaten her for it, as was his right, she demanded of me protection. And who throws himself upon the protection of Matteo Amayo"—he thrust out a self-glorious chest—"is safe as in the arms of God! . . . You believe me, cousin?"

"I believe you," said Emily, and did. "Then," she added, clutching at hope, "Bette is here with you, in your house?"

"Not so fast, *miri pen*, my sister, not so fast!" chuckled the gypsy. "Does a man display his favorite jewel within reach of the eye which desires it?" His gaze dropped deliberately to the string of small pearls which Emily had worn habitually since the birth of her first child. "If so, his name should be called Bobo, the fool. *Na, na*, the daughter of our Urruty cousins—and enemies—should make one day for our tribe a good *chibori*, a little queen of great usefulness. She knows already more cures for sickness than our *chovihanis*, she teaches our women new gorgio ways of preparing food, and our little *chabies* obey her better than their own mothers. Moreover, my grandson, who is to become the greatest violinist in the world, will require a wife other than a mere *tacho romadie* to do him credit among the gorgios. Never fear, cousin, the bride will soon reconcile herself, once she has her bridegroom back again! Nothing to unite lovers like a little parting. What an eye the *chavo* has for making love, eh? And what a fiddle! Few women resist Hasul Chavas."

Emily warned herself to be careful here: above all things, not to lose her head. "If Bette is not with you, will you tell me where she is?"

"I regret that I cannot do so," said the gypsy quite politely. "It is possible that in a moment of natural homesickness she might be tempted to desert the tents of her husband's people; which would be very wrong, would it not, on the part of a lawful wedded wife? And also," said Matteo, suddenly dropping his mockery and drawing himself up to full height, "which would deprive us of a revenge for which we have waited long—too long! The Romany are patient; they have learned to be very patient. But do they forget? No!"

"What revenge?" asked Emily, her heart sinking.

"You have not heard how they treated, there in your village, one of our people who was my son? They killed him, yes. Killed him because he dared to speak love to a *busnee* girl who wanted him. And more, they left his body—the body of a young *kral* of his tribe who was my son—lying there like a dog in the ditch, unhonored, until one who was not of our blood, a Christian *rye*—Duvel guard him!—took that dishonored body into his house and gave it rites of burial. Afterward they offered money to me—me, his father!—to keep silence, lest their own law discover this crime of theirs and punish it. Do you know who put this shame on us? Men of our blood who do not confess it! The Urruty!"

It was Emily's first startling confirmation of the hint of dark blood in her children's veins; but she had no time just then for her own affairs—she was fighting for little Bette.

"You took their money, I think?" she said, evenly.

"Ay, truly, I took their money," was the bitter reply. "We gypsies learn to take of gorgios what we can get—we who have been hunted like wolves, like mad dogs: the church bells rung to warn of our approach—you have heard perhaps of those gypsy hunts, cousin? There was once a law enacted in France and Spain—one of your Christian laws—which gave any man who caught a gypsy the right to enslave him. At harvest time, gypsy hunting was a favorite sport of gentlemen. Later they took from us in helpless infancy all our little *chabies*, to be educated into good Christians—good Christians, bah!" He spat his scorn upon the ground. "And to this day our most virtuous maidens are hunted by any Christian scum of the cities who desire their beauty—but never as wives!"

"One of them," interrupted Emily firmly, "was sought as wife by an Urruty, was she not?"

"Ah, truly it was a woman of our tribe who so disgraced us as to marry with that gorgio. Not for long. She soon pined of her cage and came back to the tents; but they kept her man child! Her heart broke of it. That was her punishment—Romany folk are for Romany folk," he said, his eyes smoldering, his voice rising lyrically like some psalmist of old. "We who have nothing else, have at least one another! The grief or the joy of one is the grief or the joy of all. And so, when Urruty men forgot their true *calé* blood to turn against one of their own to protect a gorgio, we swore an oath! We swore that one day the most virtuous of their own maidens should learn to forget their blood and return to ours. Hasul, my grandson, offered himself for this duty so soon as he first saw the girl, in childhood."

A silence fell. Emily, appalled, was presently inspired to ask which of the Basques had befriended them. "Not Tubal Etcheverray?"

"You call him so—Duvel cherish him! We call him Lil-engro, the book fellow. Also, we call him brother."

Emily leaned suddenly forward. "And you reward your brother for this kindness," she asked intently, "by taking from him his promised bride?"

She had achieved the hoped-for effect. Matteo stared at her. "His bride? They would have married the *hijita* to him? Impossible! The Lil-engro is old!"

"They were to have been married the week she came away with you."

This was obviously news to Matteo, and startling news. "Send for my daughter Draga!" he said abruptly.

The woman came who had promised Bette a charm against childlessness, looking rather frightened. "You sent for me, my father?"

Matteo questioned her rapidly in the *calô:* This was a true saying? She had known, her son Chikno had known, that the Christian girl was to have been married with their blood friend, Etcheverray?

Draga, faltering, admitted having heard in the Urruty village talk of some wedding among the Basques, a mere gorgio wedding—did it matter whose? Since Chikno had long desired the girl?

Matteo suddenly struck her with the back of his hand so that she staggered and almost fell. "My grandson, your son," he said in a terrible voice, "has committed against *Leis Prale* the unpardonable sin! He has betrayed blood friendship! In doing so, he has betrayed also me, Matteo! You know the punishment. Go then, and prepare."

The woman shrank out of the room. Above the noisy gayety outside, the free gypsy laughter and insistent music, they heard her wailing as she went; and the women in the room began to whimper also, drawing scarfs across their faces. Matteo paid no attention, but sat sunk in a deep, frowning silence. Emily saw that her welcome there was over; yet still she lingered.

(Continued on Page 197)

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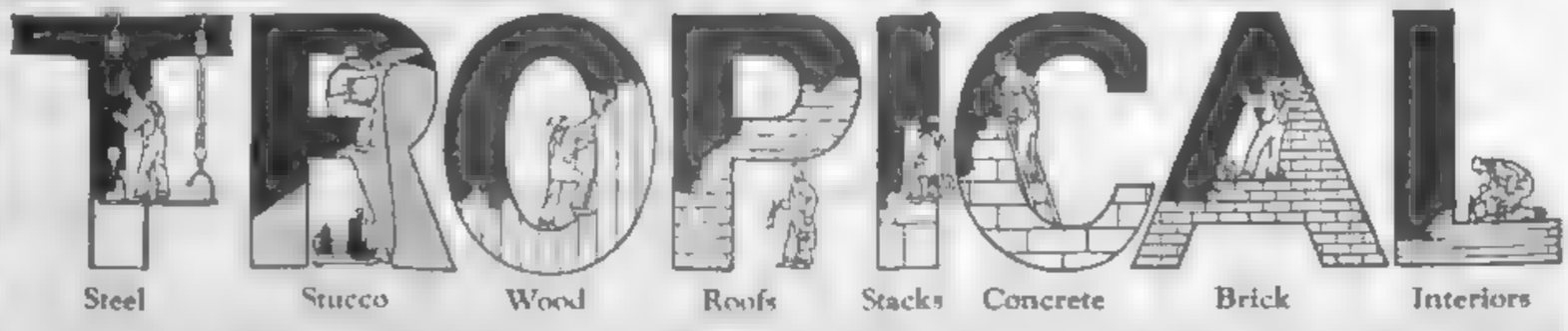

Steel Stucco Wood Roofs Stacks Concrete Brick Interiors

CUSTOM MADE PAINTS

(Continued from Page 194

"If you would only tell me where Bette is, or at least whether she is safe and comfortable!"

There was no answer. At last the Spanish half-breed woman came over to her and muttered impatiently: "*Aralí*, yes, the girl is safe and comfortable—too comfortable! We have had enough of such here! Always questions to ask, wanting water to bathe the body, eating from a fork—such airs! If you have sense to keep your mouth shut, you will get her back. If not ——" She shrugged. "Now go. To annoy Matteo further is not wise."

Emily found herself out in the candle-lit woodland again, among the pilgrims. "*Vite, vite!*" whispered Anatole beside her. "Do not appear to hurry, but make haste slowly!"

As they came with some relief back to the car they had left concealed by the roadside, Emily put her hand up suddenly to her throat, missing her string of pearls.

"Do not *fâcher* yourself; they are here, madame," reassured Anatole complacently. "I myself recovered them from the pocket of *la belle Espagnole* even while she whispered with you." Whatever his past connection with these gentry of the road, it had justified itself.

Emily heeded the Spanish woman's advice and said nothing of her curious adventure, partly because she dared not arouse false hopes, and partly because for a while her attention was directed perforce into other channels. Immediately after Esteban's return from America his third child was born: Pedro the Small, so named for the patient, kindly, self-effacing father-in-law in whom Emily had found a true father.

Some weeks after this event, and while she was still permitting herself airs of slight invalidism, a laconic telegram came to her from Paris: "Bette has been with me for some time. She needs you." It was signed: "De Maytie."

"What next?" gasped Emily. "'Steban, the large automobile, quick! We must not lose an hour getting to her!"

"But our new little son, my heart ——"

"Goes with us, of course," she said briskly. "There couldn't be a better gift of welcome for anybody than Pedro the Small! Run, darling, tell your grandmother!"

The old lady read the telegram without change of expression and handed it back to him. "*Et puis?*" she said.

"Etcheverray will want to go with us, I think. You wish us to bring her at once to you, *madre?*"

The matriarch said very quietly, "No. What has been done is done, and what has been said is said. Your sister forfeits her rights of *etcheonda*."

Esteban cried out: "What is this? Since when do Basques desert Basques because of ill behavior? God help us, my grandmother, you become senile!"

"That is as may be," said Madame Urruty. "But while I live I remain *cap de casa* of my husband's house. The influence of your sister Bette is no longer a proper influence for other young girls who grow up here."

"Then," cried Esteban at white heat, "you will remember this, madame: Either I return to this house with my sister, or not at all!"

"That is as you prefer, my son," said his grandmother, unmoved.

But when they descended to the automobile, Esteban still pale with his anger, Emily choking back tears, they found the old lady seated in the automobile, cloaked and bonneted.

"What is this?" demanded Esteban. "Where do you wish to be driven, madame?"

She replied with weary gentleness, "Naturally, to my granddaughter, who needs me."

John de Maytie received them at the foot of the stairs leading to his studio and living quarters: a very different John, no longer aloof and impersonal, but oddly humanized, his sensitive features reflecting new emotions.

"No, she's not ill exactly, but thank God you've come! She doesn't expect you, I didn't dare —— Listen!"

From above came a faint voice humming, not quite in tune, the lullaby which associated itself with Bette in the minds of those who knew her:

"Fais dodo, Colas, mon p'tit frère,
Fais dodo, t'auras du lolos!"

They entered the room above, trembling at the thought of what they were to find. Bette, however, was herself as always, lying piteously thin and pale among the pillows of a chaise longue, but quiet and calm, and so happy to see them that she could not speak; only kept stroking their sleeves and cheeks with murmured incoherences. When Emily put into her arms the round, contented bundle that was Peter the Small, she burst out laughing:

"Oh, the curly one, the sweet, fat, curly one!" Even as she crooned over young Peter, however, her eyes kept roaming about restlessly as if looking for someone.

"Jaun Smeet—but where is Jaun Smeet?" she asked at last. "He has not—he has not gone away?"

"Not far away," answered a quick and cheerful voice from the room beyond, where John had tactfully retired to leave the family to their reunion. "Never very far away, Bette; you know that!"

She gave a sigh of relief. "But come here, then, Jaun Smeet, where I shall see you. Come and tell them everything. There, that is better! One tires ——"

Her voice trailed away and her eyes closed, so that Emily took the child out of her arms. John came and stood behind her chair, where he might keep a reassuring hand on it. They saw her turn her face unconsciously until her cheek touched his hand. He flushed, and Emily dimly smiled.

"Not much to tell," he said in a low voice. "The man who brought her to my door was a picturesque old chap, respectably dressed and very polite, and she seemed rather fond of him, called him 'Papa Matteo.' He simply said that the time had come for the girl to return now to her own people, and that she had asked to be brought to me. To me!" he repeated, evidently awe-struck by the wonder of it. "I cannot imagine why!"

"That was but natural," the voice of Madame Urruty came for the first time from the back of the room. "Women trust by instinct a man who was such a son as you were to your mother, Jaun."

"I did not know what else to do," he went on after a moment, "but to keep her here, since she wouldn't go home. I've never had a sister before," he added, "and I didn't know how nice it was. My clothes put in order, the place tidily kept, all accounts straightened out—everything so comfortable and—sort of homy, you know," he said, reverting to a long-forgotten Americanism.

"Ah, we know!" smiled Etcheverray, a hand on his shoulder.

"She seemed quite happy to be here, too; only she kept getting thinner and paler all the time, couldn't eat, wouldn't let me send for anybody."

"A sort of nervous breakdown?" prompted Emily under her breath, since the girl appeared to be sleeping.

"No, the doctor said it was only—fear."

"Fear!" cried out her brother, wincing. "Fear of what?"

"Of going home," replied the painter under his breath. "That's why I broke my promise," finished John de Maytie, "and sent for you."

Later, in the studio beyond, whither the men had retired together for the mutual comfort of their tobacco, Etcheverray wandered about inspecting with some interest various finished and unfinished canvases of which the room was full. "*Alors*, I see, my friend, that you have at last found our little Bette sufficiently interesting to paint?" he said at last; for sketches and finished product alike were all of her.

"Interesting? I wish I never had to paint anything else!" said John. "Isn't it

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beyond words, that look she has now? A sort of aura about her? What did it? Grief, do you suppose, or—or shame, or the loneliness of those long, queer wanderings of which she will never speak?"

"Not these, no," said the savant gently. "It is a fortunate man who sees once in his lifetime such a look on the face of any woman. Bette's moment of beauty is for you, my friend; not for others. Once I, too, saw such beauty in a woman's face, so that I know. It comes from love."

But there still remained, unforgettably, the obstacle of the gypsy husband.

"Oh, 'Steban!" mourned Emily that night, from the safe haven of her husband's encircling arm, "if only your church recognized divorce! After all, Chavas has a first wife, if it is only a gypsy one! John and Bette—the match would be too perfect! Living right near us in the village—or better still, with Tubal, there at l'Ey Kahatcia—an ideal place to bring up crops of children. . . . For the *madre* wouldn't be too proud now, would she, to accept into the family a man who isn't quite sure of his father's name?"

"Ah, no, the poor *madre*—she is not too proud now," said her grandson compassionately. "As for the fellow Chavas"—his brows drew together—"he will not claim Bette again. I have already seen to that!"

"'Steban! You didn't—kill him?" gasped Emily, all her fears returning.

"Not quite," said her husband, simply. "And I do not think it will be necessary. *Gitanos* are not a very courageous folk."

"How should they be?" was her reply. "Pariahs are rarely courageous, except *en masse*."

As it happened, Esteban did not find it necessary to kill Hasul Chavas. Emily, noting the next morning on the street near John's studio a crippled beggar whining in a doorway, was startled to hear a low voice give her the gypsy greeting as she passed.

"*Sharishan*, cousin! The *hijita*, the little daughter—all goes well with her now?"

Emily did not recognize him until he lifted the bandage from his blind eyes and disclosed for a moment the bold, strange stare of Matteo; only it seemed less mocking than she remembered it, and more somber.

She thanked him quietly for returning the girl to the care of her family. "I think she will soon be herself again."

"*Si covar ajaw*—it is so," he said. "There is no healing for a sick heart like the sight of the home tents. . . . The Urruty are grateful to me?" he asked childishly.

"Very grateful, Matteo!" She added, feeling her way carefully: "They would be willing, I am sure, to make you a very good reward for your kindness."

"Between those of one family there can be no talk of reward—nor between friends," he said, his eye resting regretfully on her string of pearls. "Gifts must be freely given, *rani*. . . . Since the little daughter is in good hands, I return now to my own people for the great weeping, since one of my tent, the son of my daughter Draga, has lately gone into the house prepared for all living," he added with slow significance.

She repeated the phrase, puzzled. "The house prepared for all living—you mean death, Matteo?" She exclaimed in growing excitement, "Your grandson, Hasul? Is it he who has died?"

"*Si covar ajaw*. You have said. In this paper you will read. I have brought it for you to read." He handed her a Madrid newspaper, his mournful demeanor mingled with obvious pride in the flamboyant Spanish headlines above a marked paragraph:

ARTIST CAREER ENDED! YOUNG MUSICIAN OF FAME INTERNATIONAL MISSED BY COMPANION FROM DECK OF STEAMER WHILE RETURNING FROM FRESH TRIUMPHS IN THE AMERICAS. THE BOW OF HASUL CHAVAS FOREVER SILENT! ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE?

She whispered it under her breath, sharply: "Accident or suicide—or murder, Matteo?"

He drew himself up in his rags with a hauteur which was not childish. "No, *rani*. He had offended against Leis Prale, Law of the Brothers, by which we Romany live and die. What are other laws to us? Who breaks the bond of blood friendship is no longer of my tribe. So does Matteo Amayo return to his friend, without price, that which he greatly desired to keep. You will tell the Lil-engro this?"

"I will tell him, Matteo," said Emily; adding sincerely: "He will be sorry for your sorrow, cousin."

His face lighted at her use of the title. "Eh, it is nothing. One has other grandsons!" he assured her with a fine wave of the hand. "Though none with the promise of Hasul Chavas. You will tell the Urruty, also, that we do not come again to their valley, since our dead is safe with our friend, and our vow has been fulfilled. Wolf does not mate with sheep dog, nor sea-gull with chimney-swallow; why should free tent people stoop to mate in the house world of slaves? . . . Give a poor old blind man something with which to buy food, lady!" he whined in his beggar's singsong, seeing a gendarme approach suspiciously.

Emily Urruty moved away, her hand at her throat; and as she passed, something tinkled into the beggar's cup. It was her coveted string of pearls.

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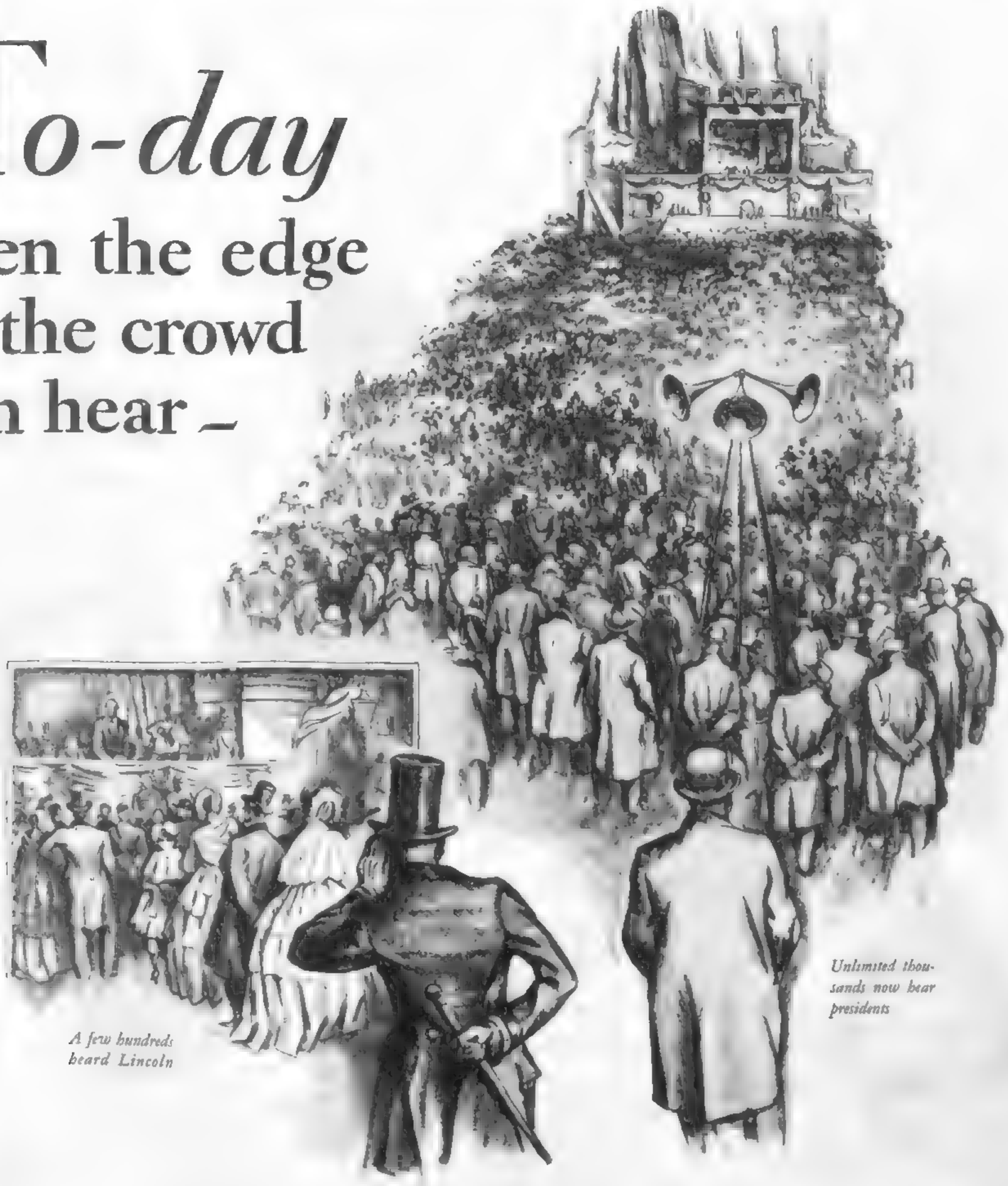

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ALPINE SUN LAMP

SPECIAL PAYMENT PLAN *now available...*

HANOVIA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO.
Dept. X, Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen: Send me at once, your special free booklet on Ultra-Violet Rays. Include description and prices of the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp.

Name

Street

City State

Getting On in the World

"Hey, Everybody, Look! Trees!"

The Mortons' Machine

OLD MAN CARTER, the keenest business man I know, took his after-dinner cigar out of his mouth last night and chuckled. I hadn't said anything funny, so he explained:

"A young fellow in my organization told a kind of lie to the company last week—a perfectly harmless fib—and I think it's going to be the best thing that ever happened to him. Now I know that there's at least two young men in the place that'll bear watching as bound to be pretty valuable to me sooner or later. You know, I've got about thirty men on the road all the time handling our products—paint, paper ware, wooden ware, hardware—a dozen other lines. They're just average fellows for the most part, and they do very well. You know, most employers boast that they've got the greatest aggregation of go-getters in the history of business, but you know as well as I do that young fellows are young fellows, people are people, and when you have thirty of them working for you they'll be of all kinds. Some are smart and some just plug. Some of the smartest and neatest don't seem to produce as well as some of the old fellows that haven't got as much pepper as they used to have. And some of the steady-going pluggers don't produce so much either.

"Well, I've known for some time that one of the young men—name of Emerson—will be my sales manager some day, and after that he's going to be vice president in charge of production, and it wouldn't surprise me if he is general manager when I retire to the front porch, and may be president of the company after they tuck me away. I don't need to describe that young man to you. He's bright—he's more than bright; he knows what it's all about and he's got plenty of energy and initiative, and he's absolutely honest with himself and with everybody around him.

"You may remember that some months ago the state commission ordered a decrease in ferry rates across the river, and the company protested the decision and asked for a rehearing. Well, at that time, pending the result of the hearing, the commission ordered the company to give rebate tickets along with every ticket sold, for the difference between the new rate it had ordered and the rate the company was charging.

"Last month the commission affirmed its previous ruling and told the company to charge the new reduced rate and pay off on all rebate checks presented to it. The amount of each rebate wasn't much—about twenty cents on each fare—but the total was a good many thousand dollars. It was so much in fact that one young fellow who was selling newspapers on the pier cashed in $1250 worth of tickets and is going to start in at the state university in the fall. He'd never taken a trip on the ferry himself, but passengers, tourists and people who didn't think the rebate would ever be paid or was worth collecting had got into the habit of throwing him their rebate checks as they drove away from the ticket office.

"You know, all my salesmen use that ferry to get over into West County, and as soon as I saw that story about the newsboy I felt sort of curious about how many of them would turn in any rebate tickets to the company. I waited a couple of weeks

Makes Life Sweeter

Because of the way we live today, the things we eat, few are entirely free from acidosis. To help the system keep sound and sweet take Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Does a hearty meal give you an uncomfortable sense of fullness? Do rich foods disagree, or bring on sour stomach? Don't suffer, and don't diet. Try this universal sweetener that every physician endorses; that the public has found so helpful. It is a gentle corrective that every stomach needs at times; whenever a coated tongue, fetid breath, and acid skin tell you the system needs sweetening.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptional product; physicians endorse; the name is important.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Milk of Magnesia has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875

Here is Extra Money

For Every Business Woman!

WOULD *YOU* like to earn money, outside of business hours, for a smart hat or frock? Would *YOU* like to build up a vacation nest egg without even touching your regular salary? Do *YOU* long for plenty of "matinee money" . . . charming accessories for your room . . . . small luxuries that count so much in every woman's life? You can earn the necessary extra dollars for these things in the same pleasant way that so many other young business women are doing.

In their spare minutes at lunchtime, during some of their evenings and on Saturday afternoons, they tell friends and office associates about the three Curtis Publications. The work is doubly pleasant and profitable for them because of their business training. Barbara Walsh "earned" $50.00 extra in one month, for manyluxuries; Beatrice Manthey paid her church pledge with an equal amount.

You'll find it easy, too, *even without one bit of experience.*

And could there be a better time to start adding to your regular income than just at this time of year? Just clip out the coupon below *now*—while you think of it—and learn how.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
223 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please tell me how I can add to my regular income.

Name ..... Age
(Please print Name and Address)

Street .....

City ..... State

BUSTER BROWN SHOES
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS FROM INFANCY TO COLLEGE AGE

Brown Shoe Company
MANUFACTURERS — ST. LOUIS

Ambitious Young Men Wanted; Married or Single

EVERY Thursday night nearly three million men go home to enjoy the newly arrived issue of *The Post*. (Which is probably what you are doing right now.) A good many of these men buy their copies from the news stand. A good many order by the year; they subscribe.

BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy and profitable way of making money. And because there are many such orders to be secured in your locality, this opportunity need not interfere with your regular work.

Many of the men employed on salary in our Home Office gained their first magazine experience just as you are invited to do. More of our former part-time workers are now regularly employed by us in the field, on a salary and expense allowance basis.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why the handy coupon appears below. Clip it today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
224 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What, please, is your offer? I assume no obligation in asking.

Name ..... *Age*
Please Print Name and Address

Street

City ..... *State*

and then I asked for a look at their expense accounts. The results were just about what I expected. Only two of them paid any attention to the commission's ruling in their weekly reports. Most of them, I guess, never saved any of the rebate checks, and it never once occurred to them that they were doing the company out of just that much money. One or two of them, I suppose, saved the checks all right, cashed them and put the money in their pockets as a proper windfall.

"But Emerson turned in a neat little package of rebate checks amounting to $46.30 for the company to cash, and this other young fellow I have in mind did something too. His name's Parker, and I'd noticed him a good many times and like him considerable. He's a handsome young rascal with a pleasant smile, dresses well, got a lot of snap to him and produces almost as much as Emerson. We had a company picnic last year, which I attended, and I couldn't help seeing that young Parker was probably the most popular man in the place. He played the piano like a professional, helped out with everything, danced well, kidded the girls nicely and had a fine time. But I never figured he was much of a stayer or would ever be fundamentally valuable to us until I read his report last week. Emerson turned in a bunch of rebate checks, as I said, but Parker merely inclosed with his expense account his personal check for exactly fifty dollars to pay the company for the rebates.

"I'm never going to say anything to him about it, but I'm positive he threw his checks away carelessly, just as the others did, and didn't think of what he was doing until he read that story in the paper. Then he dug down into his own pocket to pay the company for his foolishness. He figured it at a round fifty dollars and he paid it without a squawk, although of course he knew that nothing would be said to any of the salesmen about the rebates."

Talking Everything But Business

"I warmed up to him as soon as I figured that out, and I'm going to keep an eye on him from now on. He's just as useful in his way as Emerson is in his, and he's going to be even more useful, now that he's told what some people might call a lie. He and Emerson ought to make a great team some day, working together, with him furnishing the personality and Emerson his own particular kind of hard work—and I'd like to see any other organization get either of them away from me, now that I know Parker is honest in that way, as well as brilliant."

The old man grinned and was silent for a while, pulling on his cigar. "I'm an old gas bag," he said at last, "but I've reminded myself, somehow, of a family that used to live in our town about ten years ago. You know, this thing that Parker did is going to give him something to live up to a whole lot more than he knows, and that, in a way, is what happened to this family I'm going to tell you about.

"The Mortons—that was their name—were an old family in our town, but nobody in the family had ever been much of a success. Mr. Morton might have done well enough if he hadn't talked so much. But Lord, how that man did love to talk! He ran a little hole-in-a-corner real-estate and life-insurance business downtown, and since he knew everybody in our considerable city, he should have made a good living—but he never did. He talked too much and not about his business. He talked politics and he talked weather and he talked human nature and he talked other people's business, and after one of his prospects finished settling everything else in the world with him, he rarely had time to talk real estate or insurance with Mr. Tom Morton. Gradually that man got together enough insurance business—renewals and such—to make a bare living for himself and his family, but he almost never sold a piece of property.

"The family wasn't much different from Tom. I imagine that the three kids learned just how to peek through the front bedroom window when the front doorbell rang, to see if it was a collector, long before any one of them learned how to read. All kinds of bill collectors came to the Mortons. They were fair game for almost anything an agent had to sell. Never once, in twenty years, did the Mortons ever get completely paid up on their bills. The town librarian told me that even the kids were always four or five days overdue with their books and always had fifteen or twenty cents owing on back fines.

"It got so that nobody in town really expected the Mortons to pay any of their accounts on time, and somehow—just because of that—they managed to get everything they needed at a price somewhat less than the rest of us had to pay. The merchants seemed to have arrived by general consent at the decision that it was better to get a little less than was proper from the Mortons than to charge the full amount and get it two or three years behind time."

The Prideful Poor

"Even the doctors had the same attitude toward the Mortons. Very poor people went to a little county clinic in our town, which was the county seat, and if they became very ill they went to the county hospital. But of course the Mortons didn't feel that they could do that. They had to have the best we had and they got it. When the babies were born they wheedled a cut rate out of the best doctor in town, and even in those days, when many, many babies were still being born in the front bedrooms at home, Clara Morton's babies were delivered at the sanitarium. I think they paid $15 for tonsil operations that cost the rest of us $50 in those days. At today's prices they wouldn't pay more than $25 for a $100 operation—and probably not that much.

"And then one day, after this thing had been going on for years, Tom Morton went up to the capital of our state and came back in a shiny new automobile that didn't cost a cent less than $1800. He was very mysterious about that new machine—it was one time that he didn't talk very much—but the impression around town was that an uncle in Ohio had died and left the Mortons a considerable amount of money.

"All we saw at the time was that the Mortons were very proud of the new automobile and drove it all about town, showing it to everybody, boasting of it, taking friends for rides in it. But the right-away result for the Mortons was that every storekeeper and professional man in town seemed to make up his mind at the same moment that if the Mortons could buy and maintain an automobile they could pay their bills. The butcher and the grocer and the dry-goods store began to send in their bills more promptly and became less willing to let them run along from spring into autumn; and when the married daughter came home to have a baby, Doctor Ingersoll sent her a bill for the full amount, and when Mrs. Morton came to talk about how much more it was than she expected, he just looked out the window at the shiny new automobile and cleared his throat and wouldn't say a word. Mrs. Morton, so the office nurse said, got sort of red and walked right out of the office and got into that car—and each month after that the doctor got a check until it was all paid.

"But the Mortons, for all that they had their nice new car, didn't seem quite so happy as they had been. They looked worried, for one thing—not so jolly. Mr. Tom Morton didn't talk so much; he was quieter; he seemed to do more thinking, and naturally he did more business, wrote more policies. He had to do it to get the money to run the family's increased expenses. And since he did less talking himself, he heard more that other people said, and when the car was a couple of years old he heard one day that the Acres—a nice country estate just outside of town—could

(Continued on Page 206)

The New Kelvinator

Brings a new meaning of "QUIET"

1 SILENT POWER: Simple, vibrationless, quiet, even when starting and stopping. You need never give a thought to it.

2 A COLD-KEEPER: A wonderful economy feature of the Kelvinator. Acts as a constant reservoir of cold.

3 A TEMPERATURE WATCHMAN: Your Kelvinator will always maintain an even temperature. Never high enough to permit harmful bacterial growth—never low enough to freeze and spoil your food.

4 ROOMINESS: Kelvinators are remarkably roomy. They have been planned for your utmost convenience. Removable wire mesh shelves. Rounded corners for easy cleaning.

5 BEAUTY: The New Kelvinators are beautiful. Simple, yet distinctive, with a marvelous finish. Fitted with handsome, powerful hardware that will gleam cheerfully through the years.

6 UNUSUAL DESSERTS: Kelvinators are generously powered. They provide an ample supply of ice. And there is also plenty of room to prepare dainty desserts for every meal.

YOU can't believe your ears when you first hear the New Kelvinator running. It is so quiet that you can scarcely realize that here is machinery that is working. For the Kelvinator engineers have achieved a new standard of quietness.

This quietness is typical of the wonderful perfection in the construction of the *New* Kelvinators. Dependability, sturdiness, convenience, beauty, long life—all the qualities which have made Kelvinator the accepted standard everywhere, have been developed to an amazing degree in this remarkable new machine.

In truth, the *New* Kelvinators should be seen to be appreciated. Ask the nearest dealer to explain their many points of superiority. Let him tell you, too, of their remarkably reasonable prices. And of the generous terms on which they can be installed. You will be most pleasantly surprised. Let us send you our interesting, free booklet, "The Effect of Refrigeration Temperature on Food and Health." Simply send your name and address to the Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich., or to Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario.

THE NEW KELVINATOR

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Goodness guaranteed . . . money saved . . . when your eye for value guides you to the best

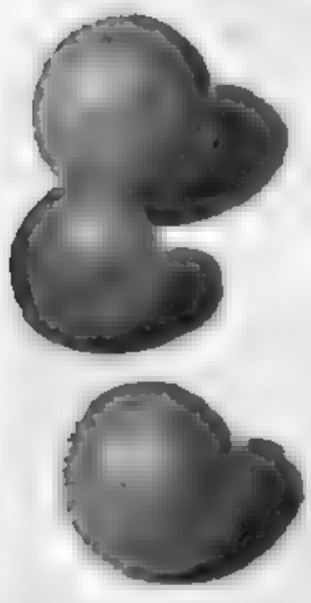
"I didn't know I was *wasting* my market money!"

Dollars do buy more when women know Blue Goose shopping secrets

IF fresh fruits and vegetables were always the same in quality, price tags would be sufficient shopping guides. But even the old adage, "Alike as two peas," must be disregarded by the woman who wants to make her marketing money go far. She must shop with an eye trained to see those signs that reveal quality, that indicate the minimum of waste in serving, that guarantee goodness.

And oftentimes she actually saves money by spending a few cents more.

To make it easy for all women to recognize quality bargains no matter when or where they shop, the American Fruit Growers offer a unique book of shopping secrets—the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." They have also placed a mark of standard excellence on the skin, wrapper, crate, box, or barrel of the finest products of garden and orchard. Easy to remember . . . Easy to say . . . Just two words—Blue Goose.



YOU'LL SAVE MONEY *if you choose grapefruit and oranges that are heavier than other fruit of the same size. Even if they might cost a few cents more, they'll really be cheaper in the end, for you'll find them thin-skinned, full-flavored, packed with juice. Make use of this simple weight test when you buy—*

OPEN YOUR EYES *before you open your purse when you buy celery, potatoes, tomatoes. Know signs of quality and you'll pay for but little waste. The "Blue Goose Buying Guide" tells you what to look for, how to tell at a glance the best products of garden and orchard. Send the coupon for this most helpful book. It's free.*

. . . *or simply ask for*

BLUE GOOSE

American Fruit Growers Inc.
2100-h Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me a copy of Colonel L. Brown's new booklet, "Blue Goose Buying Guide."

Name_____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Save Postage . . . Paste coupon on card . . . Mail for 1¢

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How to Start the Day Wrong : with a bow to BRIGGS

YOU FIGURE LATE AT THE OFFICE, HOPING TO CLEAN UP AND START FRESH IN THE MORNING

YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A GOOD HOME DINNER—AND ALL YOU GET IS COFFEE AND A SANDWICH AT A HASH HOUSE

LATE TO BED, YOU FIGURE AWAY TILL YOU DROP OFF TO RESTLESS SLEEP JUST IN TIME TO GET UP AGAIN

YOU'VE GOT TO START FIGURING WHERE YOU LEFT OFF THE NIGHT BEFORE—AND SO THE DAY IS UTTERLY RUINED

NINE-TENTHS of all overtime, with its attendant evils, is due to needless delay in getting necessary figures. With the Monroe Adding-Calculator, all figure work is done rapidly, accurately and automatically. Visible proof of accuracy, step by step, prevents those human errors (sometimes necessitating prolonged hours of search) which inadequate methods of figuring make inevitable.

The Series 3 Monroe is the adding-calculator of universal use—the machine for all the figuring in every office. It divides, multiplies, subtracts—as easily as it adds.

This Is the Best Test

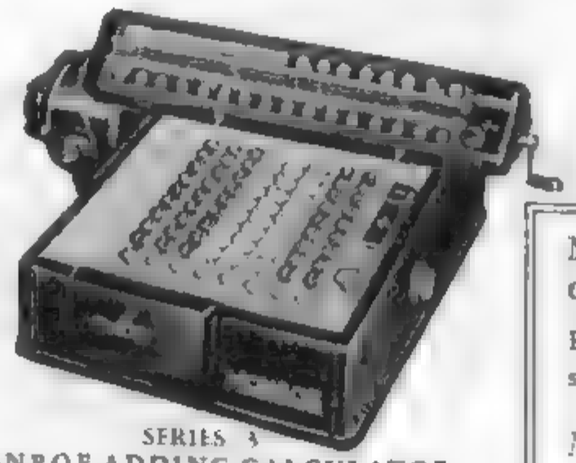
Let one of our representatives show you how a Monroe will handle the particular kinds of figure work you have in your own office. In many instances, he can show you time-saving short-cuts that are saving hundreds of dollars in offices similar to yours.

Such a test involves no obligation to buy unless you are convinced the Monroe is a profitable investment for you. Telephone the office of the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., in your city or write our home office at Orange, New Jersey.

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Machine for Every Desk



SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

Send this Coupon

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE CO., INC.
Orange, New Jersey

Please send me a copy of "A Giant Stride Ahead," describing the Series 3 Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name

Firm

Address

7 Cool
Ingram shaves are yours for the asking!

AND until you do clip the little coupon down below — until you try Ingram's Shaving Cream yourself—you can never know all the cool comfort a man can now get with his morning shave!

The point is that Ingram's is cool . . . *cool* . . . COOL . . . *COOL.* It's different. It's unique! The first time you get it on your face you can't help knowing it's a cooler, more bracing shaving cream!

For Ingram's is the shaving cream purposely planned to take the sting out of the morning shave and to leave a smooth skin and a clear cheek when the job is finished.

Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face!

Ingram's is a shaving cream, a lotion and a face freshener all in one! No lotions need apply after Ingram's has been foaming on your face! Ingram's has three special healing and cooling ingredients which tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* And after the job is done you're as fresh as a daisy.

Ingram's does these four things and does them superlatively well:

Number One. It cools and tones your skin while you shave.

Number Two. It keeps your skin in better shape.

Number Three. It enables you to shave closer and without discomfort.

Number Four. It gives a lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

That coupon just below brings you seven glorious, cool morning send-offs. Our sample is no beauty to look at but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had!

Don't fail to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life! Clip the coupon! Do it now!

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A39
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

(Continued from Page 202)

be picked up cheap, now that the old folks had passed away. He managed to get hold of it for practically no down payment at all. He cut it up into town lots and developed what very soon was the best residence section in the whole county. He made a lot of money in three or four years, and the Morton family soon had two other cars and a nice home on the best slope of his subdivision, with a No Peddlers sign out in front of it, and, I suppose, a whole drawerful of receipted bills.

"And one day when Tom had just been elected to the country club and was in a happy mood, he let drop the fact that he'd never bought that shiny new automobile at all. He'd won it!

"Seems that on one of his trips to the city he'd bought a cigar in one of those big chain tobacco stores and had been given a chance on an automobile it was giving away. His ticket had won. But some whim or other had made him decide to keep it a secret for a while, and afterward, when he saw how all the tradespeople and the like of that came down on him so hard, he got mad and a streak of iron cropped out in him, and he was too proud to tell anybody the truth until he was on Easy Street.

"I don't know whether the Mortons ever realized just what that automobile did for them, but everybody else in town did, and it made an impression on me that I'll never forget. This case of young Parker and the fifty dollars he paid out of his own pocket reminds me somehow of the Mortons. Of course he's got a lot more stuff in him right now than the Mortons ever seemed to have, but perhaps it would never have come to the top if the rebate business hadn't come along to pull his head back and give him something to think about. He's going to remember that fifty dollars a hundred times and it's going to do something to him, I'm sure.

"And somehow or other—perhaps I shouldn't have it, but I do—I have a kind of feeling for young Parker that I don't have for that other young fellow that saved up his $46.30 worth of rebate checks and had them right on tap when it came time to collect on them. He sort of confirms a theory I have, which I don't often talk about to young men—that about the best thing that can happen to some people is to tell a good big harmless lie, get away with it completely, and then have to live up to it all the rest of their lives."

—MARSHALL MASLIN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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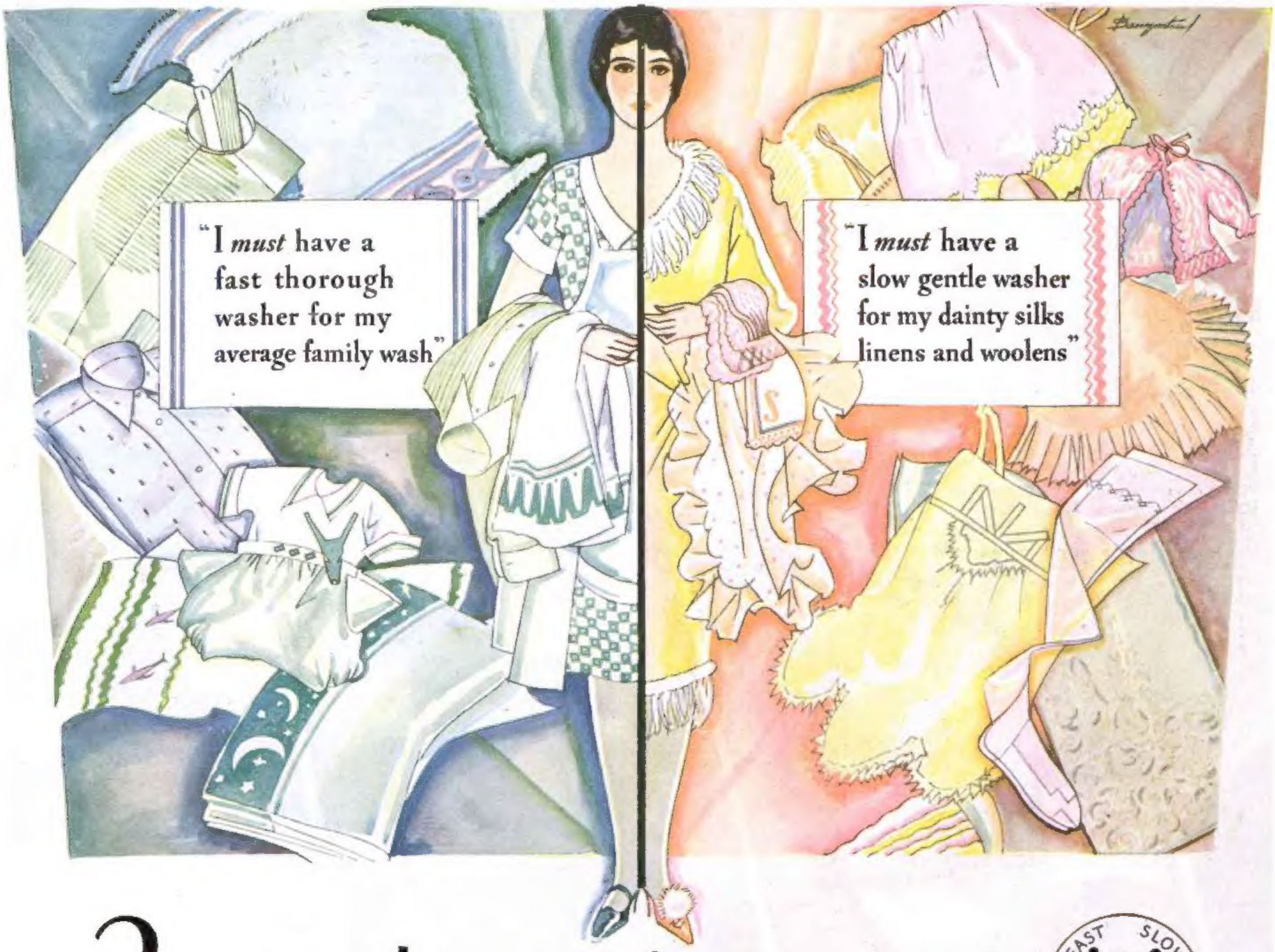
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